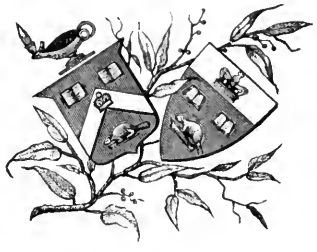
The University of Toronto Song Book

J. Suckling & Sons
Toronto
Publishers

The

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

SONG * BOOK.



"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

*

TORONTO:
I. SUCKLING & SONS,
PUBLISHERS.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1887, by I. Suckling & Sons at the Department of Argiculture.

TORONTO:
TIMMS, MOOR & CO., TYPOGRAPHICAL MUSIC PRINTERS,
OXFORD PRESS,
23 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

NATIONAL ELECTROTYPE & STEROTYPE CO.,
TORONTO.

To

Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E.,

PRESIDENT OF

University College.

Nor can the snow that age can shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fire within;
But all that youth can be, thou art.

COWLEY

COLWELL'S POPULAR MUSIC HOUSE,
171 Dundas Street,
London, Canada.

PREFACE.

THE accompanying work, compiled and edited by a Committee of Graduates and Undergraduates of the University of Toronto, is offered to the University public and to the musical world as a comprehensive, and, in many respects, a unique collection of College Songs.

Its design is two-fold,—to meet the requirements of the University College Glee Club, and of the undergraduate body, and to be a suitable collection for use in the drawing-room and around the camp-fire.

All the music in the book has been carefully edited by Mr. Theodore Martens, of whose thorough and painstaking services the Committee desire to make especial mention. Wherever necessary or desirable, songs have been re-harmonized, transposed or arranged for male voices, and—a special feature of the work—nearly all choruses have been arranged with parts suitable for college and general use. Great economy in the disposal of space, and the almost entire use of the short score, have made it possible to include an unusually large number of songs. Among them will of course be found many, original, or peculiar to the University of Toronto, that have never before appeared in any permanent or accessible form. Numerous German songs, for which translations have been specially written, will be particularly serviceable and acceptable. To give added interest to the collection, and greater permanence to its value, a large amount of standard music has been included, while many valuable copyright songs have been purchased, or are used by special permission.

The Committee desire to express their cordial thanks to the President and Faculty, to the Graduates and Undergraduates of the University, and to many others less intimately connected with the College, for the assistance generously afforded them in the prosecution of their work.

For permission to reprint certain copyright songs, the Committee and the Publishers acknowledge their obligations to John Farmer, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford; to Messrs. Chappell & Co., Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., Mr. Edwin Ashdown, Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., and Mr. John Blockley, of London, England; and to Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, of Toronto.

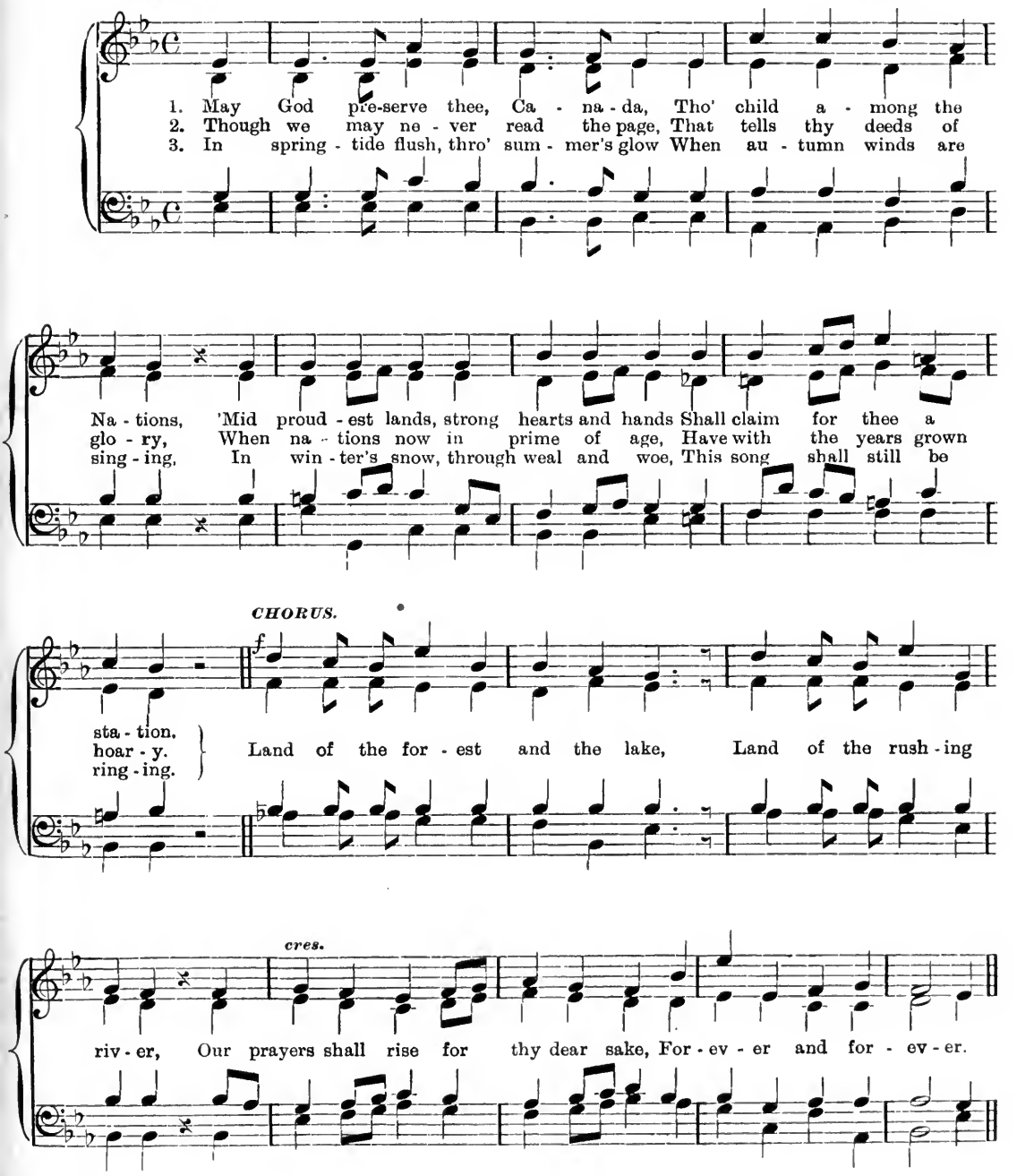
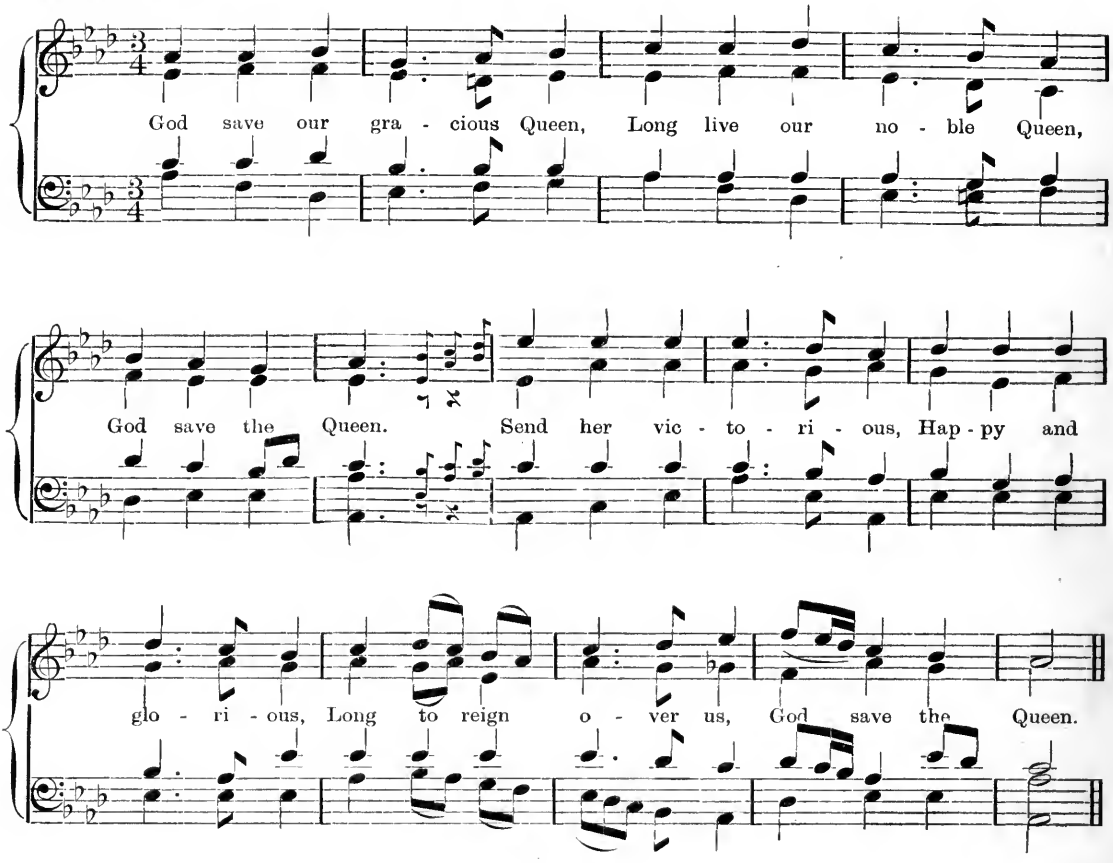
The Compilation Committee and the Publishers, Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, have made every endeavour to discover the authors and owners of all songs in the work. Should any cases have eluded their vigilance, the Publishers ask the kind indulgence of those whose permission would gladly have been sought.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,
TORONTO, *December, 1887.*

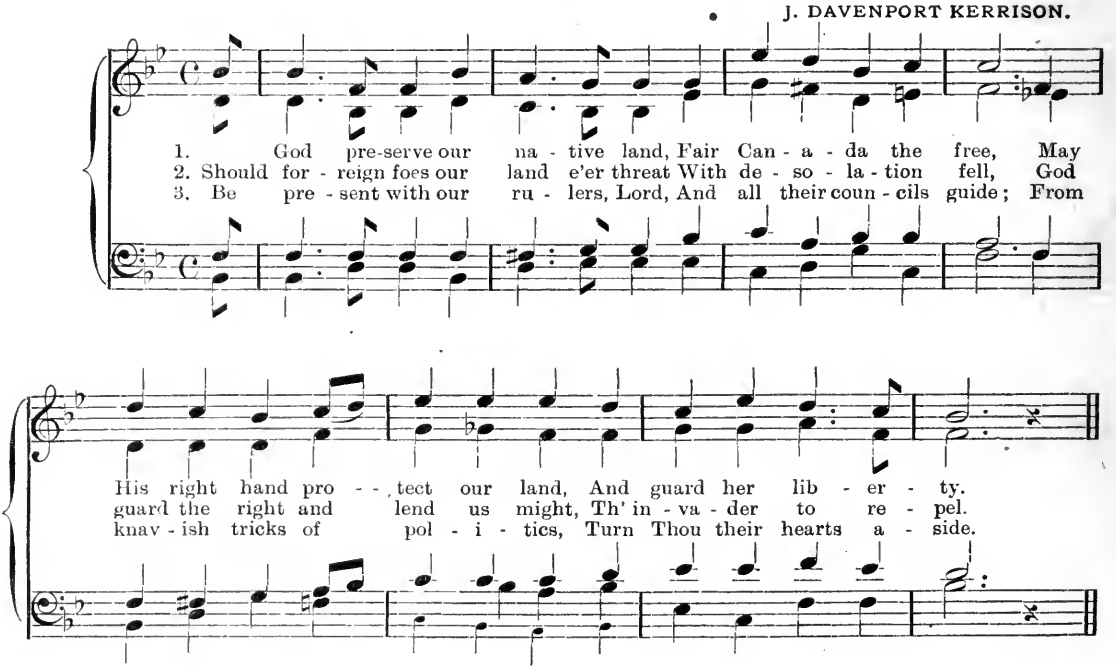
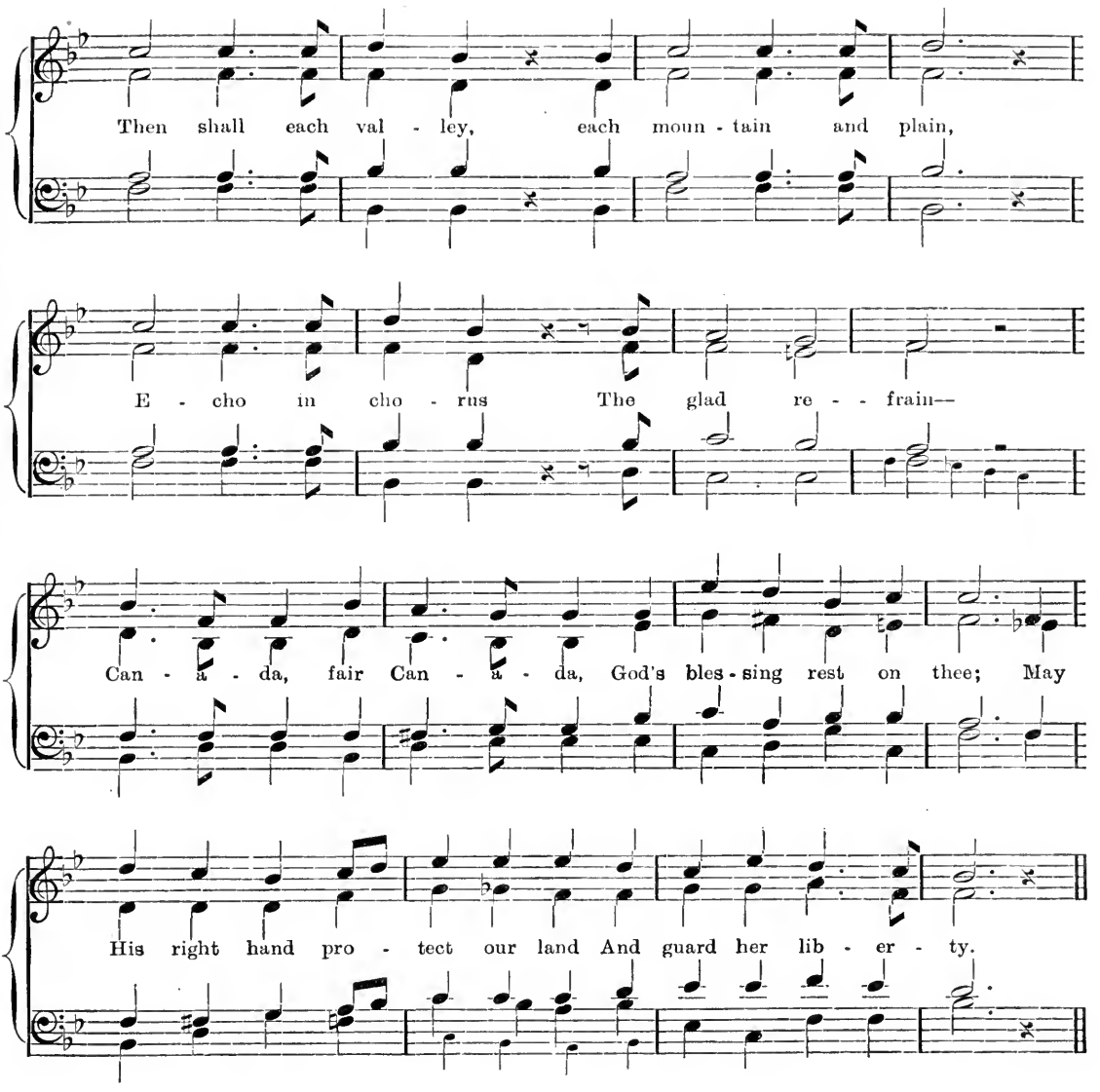
TORONTO UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

National and Patriotic.

MAY GOD PRESERVE THEE, CANADA.

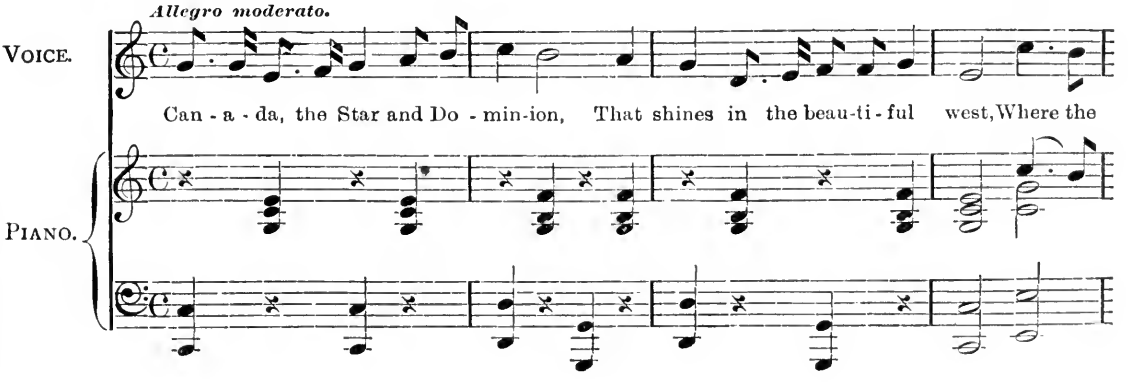
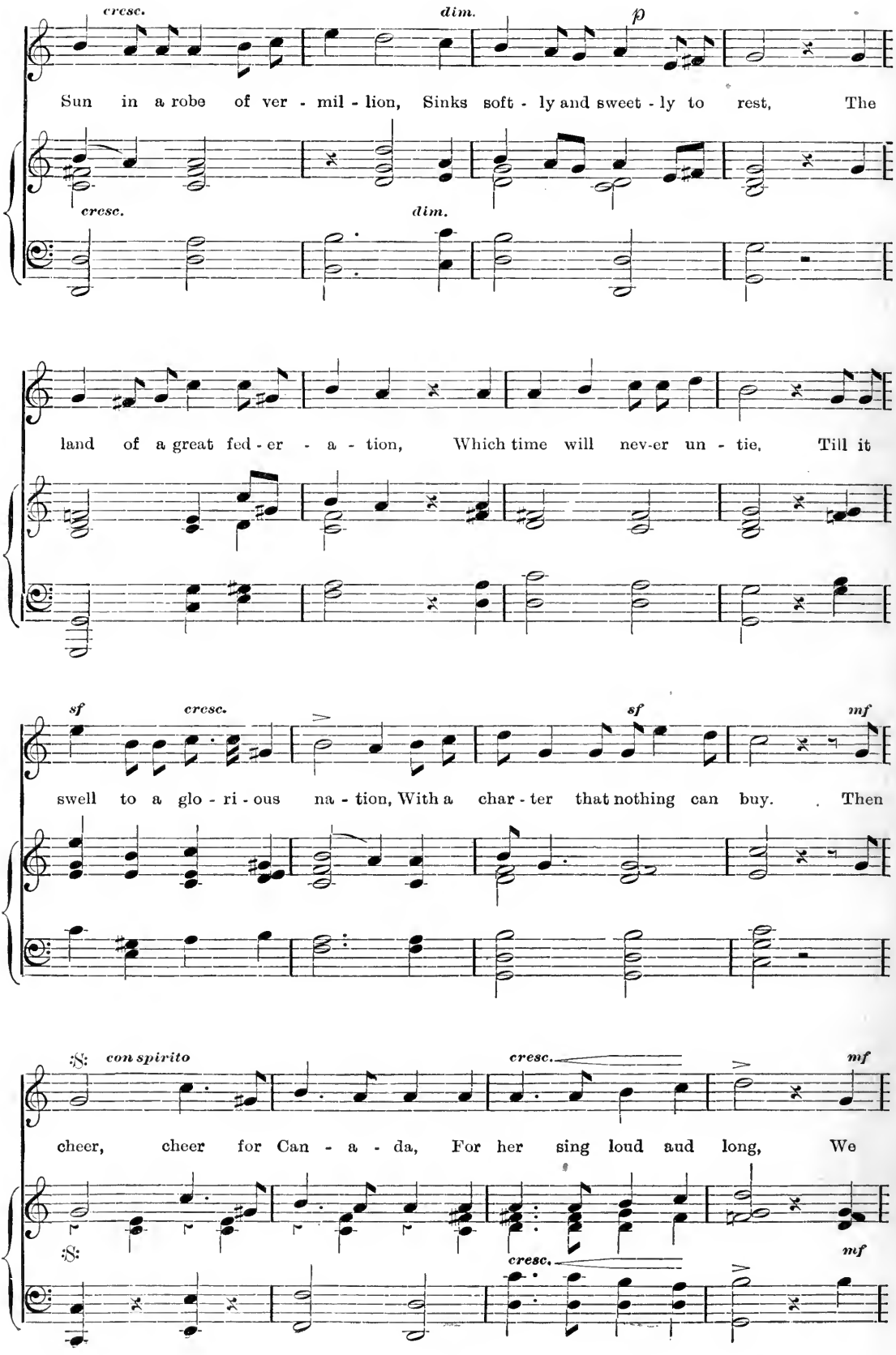
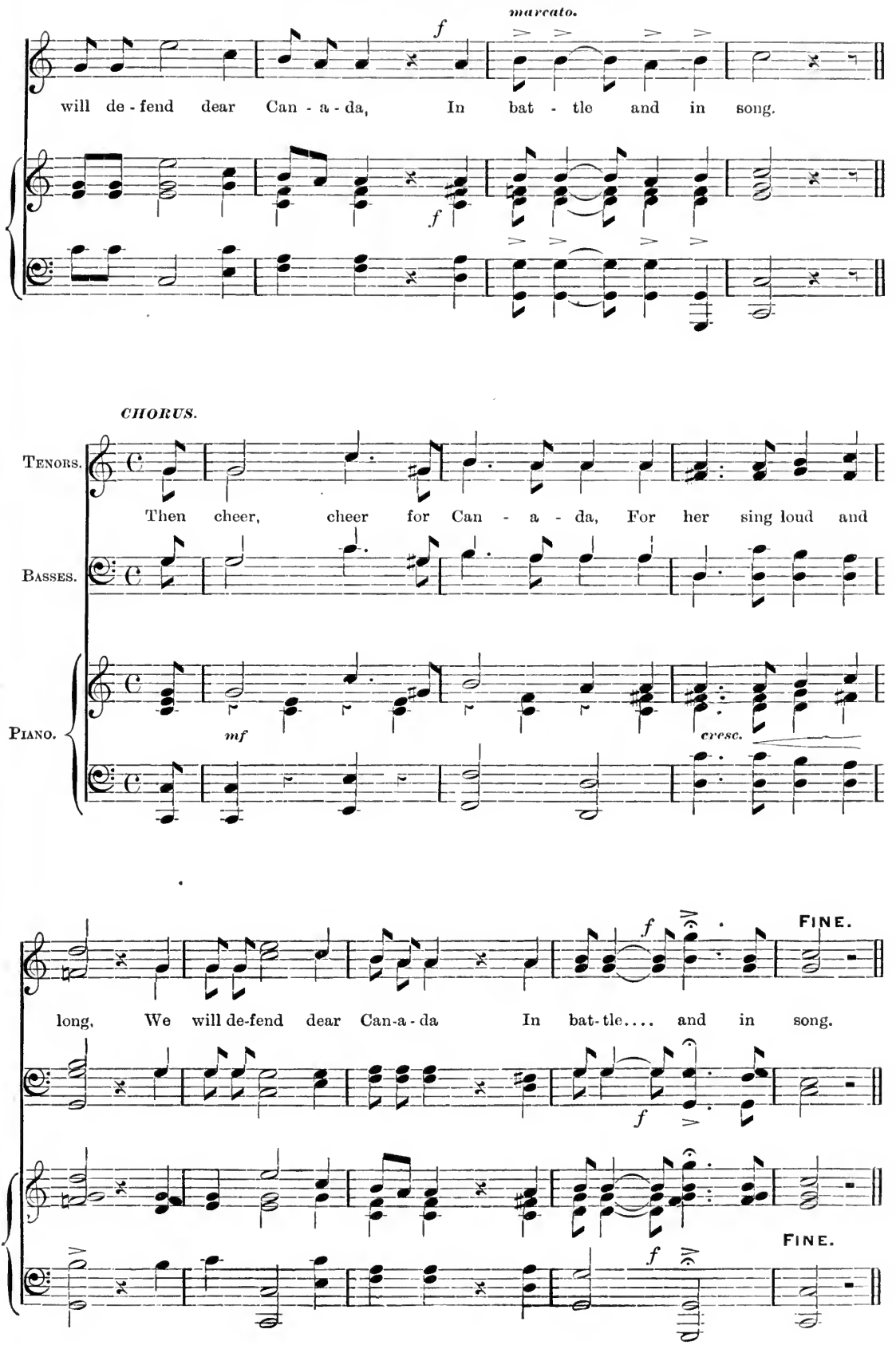
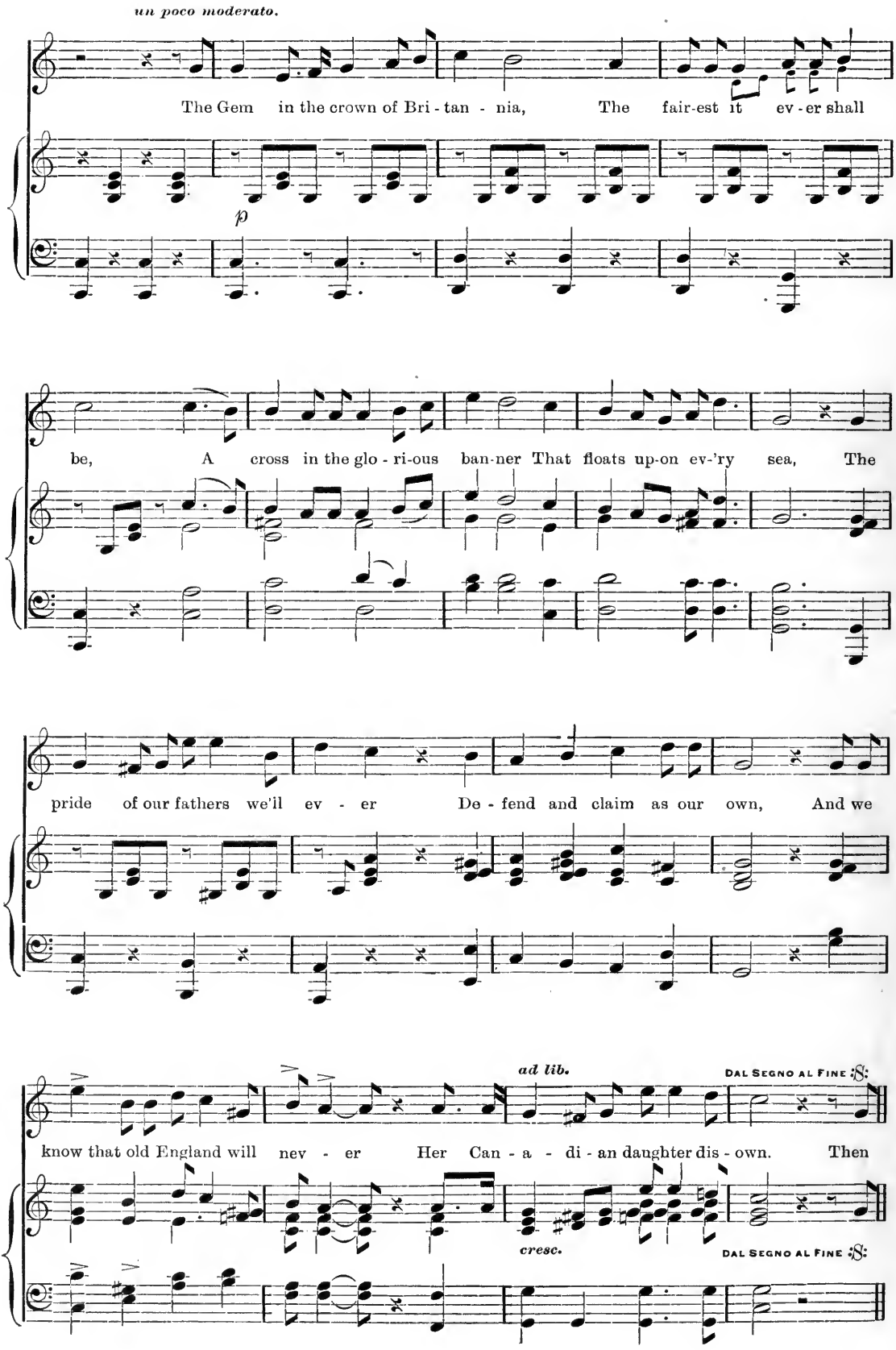
Moderato. R. S. AMBROSE.

After 3rd verse.

GOD PRESERVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.



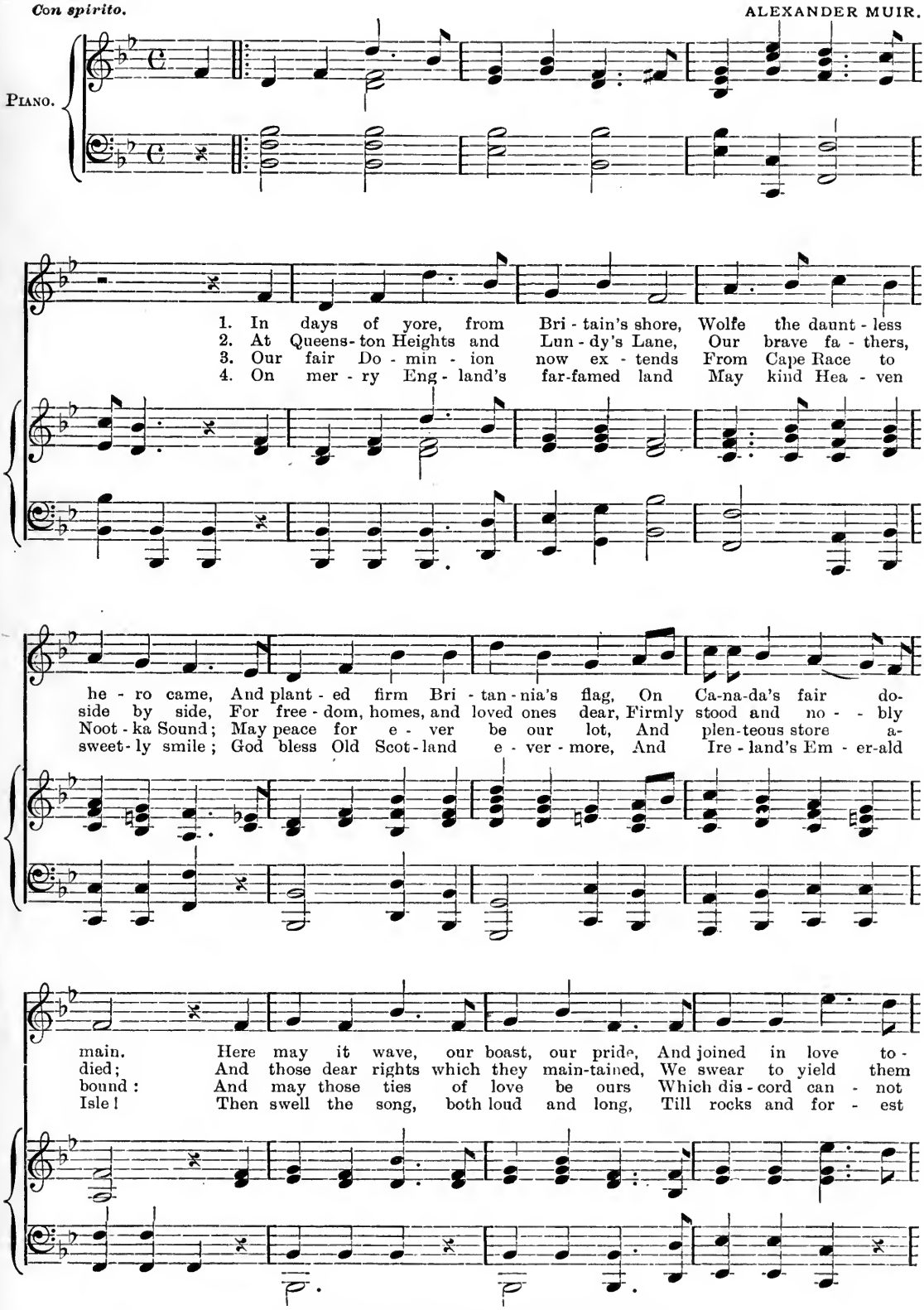
CANADA, THE GEM IN THE CROWN.

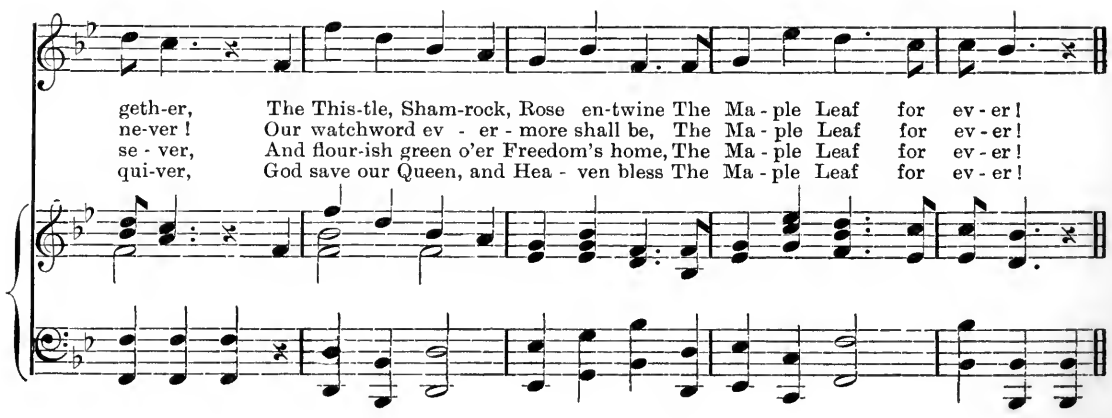
Words by J. DAVIDS. Music by F. H. TORRINGTON.

Allegro moderato.

cresc.
dim.
p
Sun in a robe of ver - mil - lion, Sinks soft - ly and sweet - ly to rest, The
cresc.
dim.
land of a great fed - er - a - tion, Which time will nev-er un - tie, Till it
sf
cresc.
sf
mf
swell to a glo - ri - ous na - tion, With a char - ter that nothing can buy. Then
con spirito
cresc.
mf
cheer, cheer for Can - a - da, For her sing loud aud long, We
cresc.
mf

marcato.
f
will de - fend dear Can - a - da, In bat - tle and in song.
f
CHORUS.
Tenors.
Then cheer, cheer for Can - a - da, For her sing loud and
Basses.
Piano.
mf
cresc.
f
FINE.
long, We will de-fend dear Can-a-da In bat-tle.... and in song.
f
f
FINE.

un poco moderato.
The Gem in the crown of Bri - tan - nia, The fair-est it ev - er shall
p
be, A cross in the glo - ri-ous ban-ner That floats up-on ev-'ry sea, The
pride of our fathers we'll ev - er De - fend and claim as our own, And we
ad lib.
DAL SEGNO AL FINE
know that old England will nev - er Her Can - a - di - an daughter dis - own. Then
cresc.
DAL SEGNO AL FINE

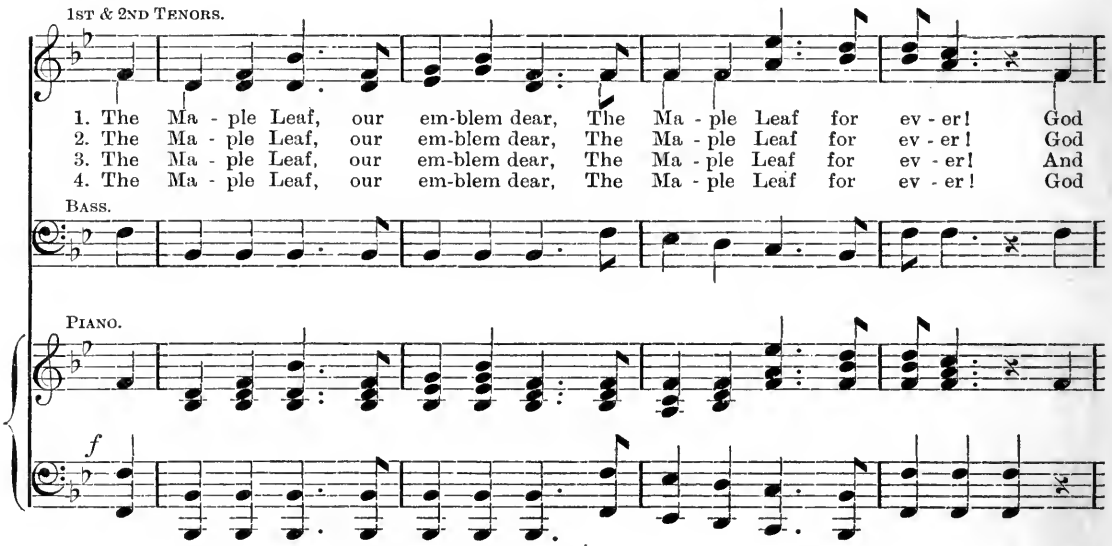
THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER. *

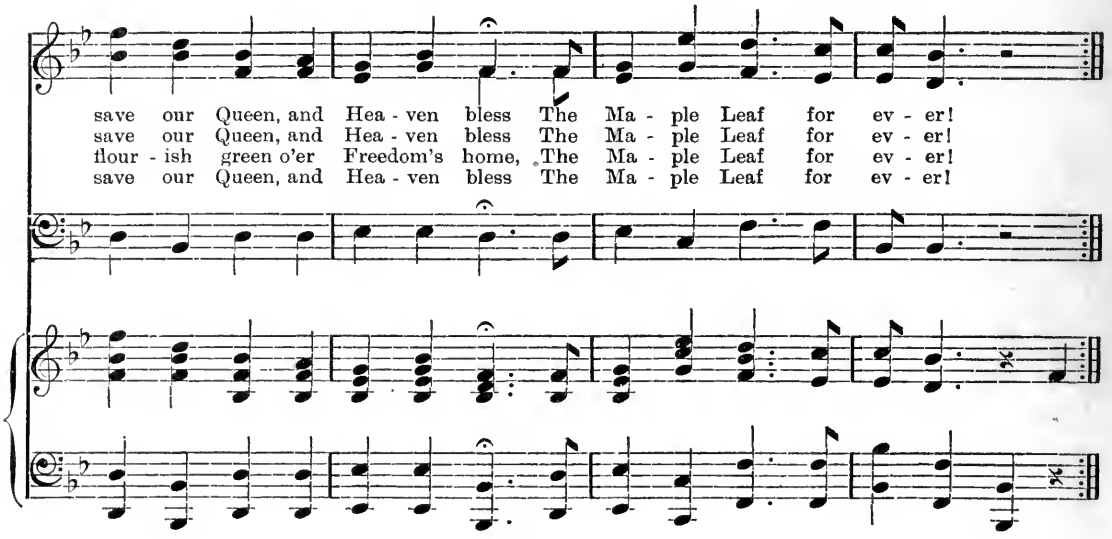
Con spirito.

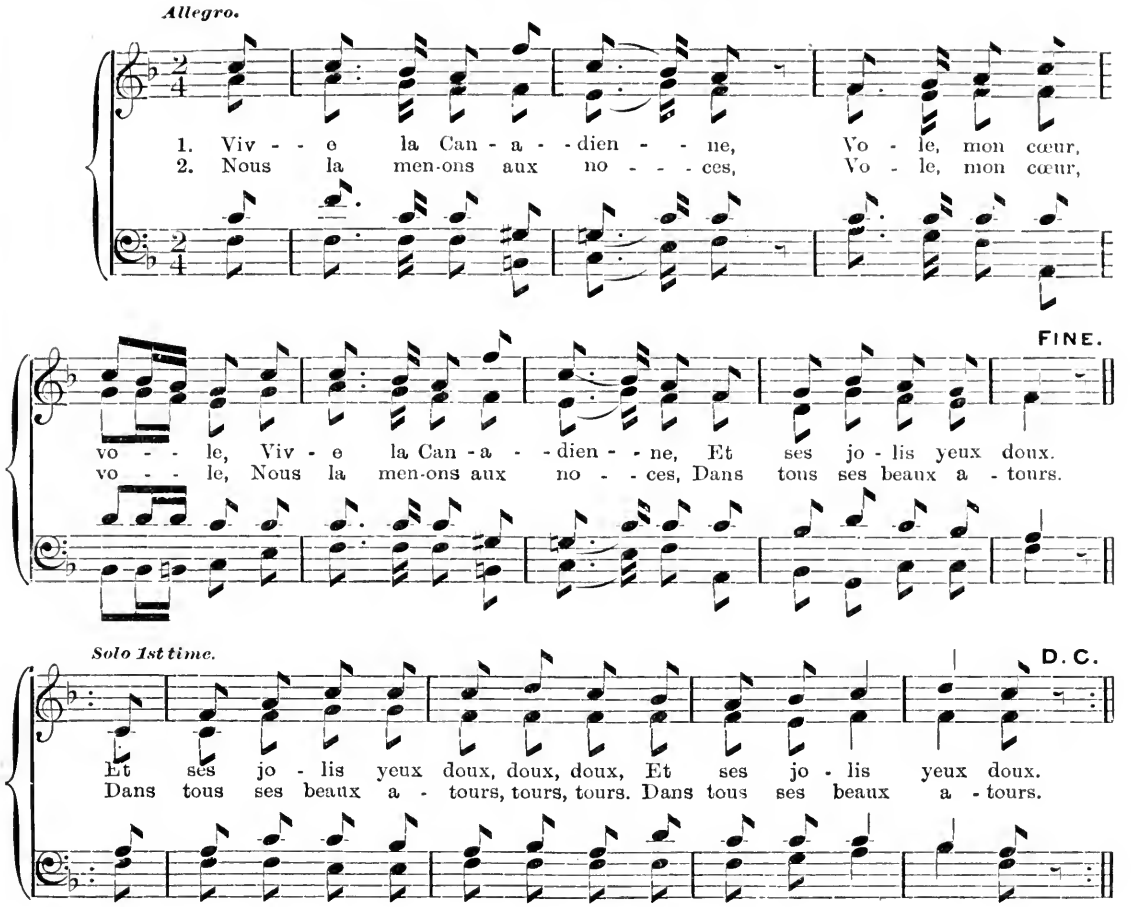
ALEXANDER MUIR.

* By permission of Messrs. A. & S. NORDHEIMER, Toronto.


geth-er, The This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
ne-ver! Our watchword ev - er - more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
se - ver, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
qui-ver, God save our Queen, and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!

CHORUS.


1st & 2nd Tenors.
1. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
2. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
3. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! And
4. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
Bass.
Piano.
f


save our Queen, and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
save our Queen, and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
flour - ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
save our Queen, and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!

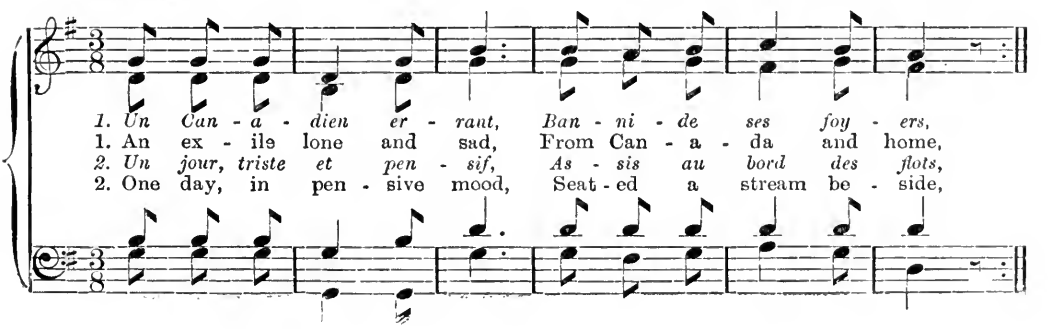
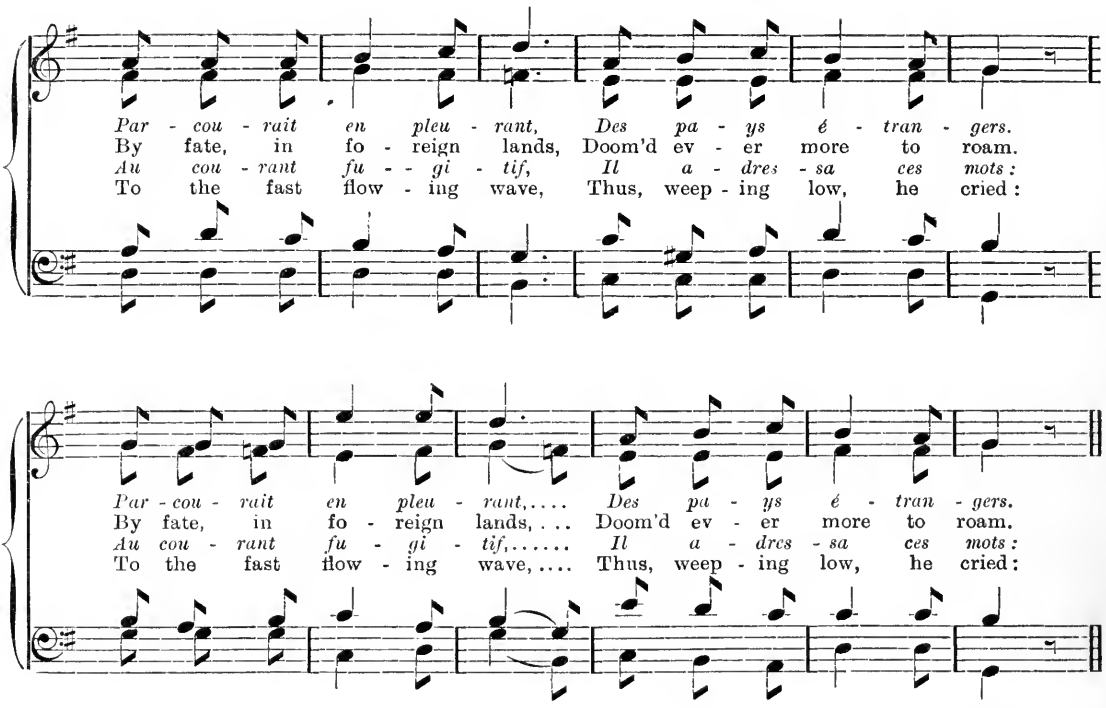
VIVE LA CANADIENNE.

3. Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère,
Et nous avons bon goût. (*ter.*)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

4. On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour á tour. (*ter.*)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

5. Alors toute la terre,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Alors toute la terre,
Nous appartient en tout. (*ter.*)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

6. Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Ainsi le temps se passe,
Il est vraiment bien doux. (*ter.*)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

UN CANADIEN ERRANT.

With feeling. Translated by B. MORTON JONES, '91.

3. "Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va, dis à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.

4. "O jours si pleins d'appas
Vous êtes disparus,
Et ma patrie, hélas !
Je ne te verrai plus !

5. "Plongé dans les malheurs,
Loin de mes chers parents,
Je passe dans les pleurs
D' infortunés moments."

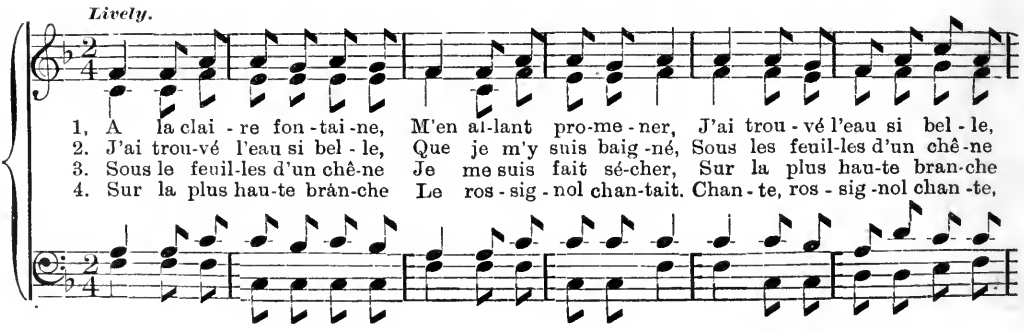
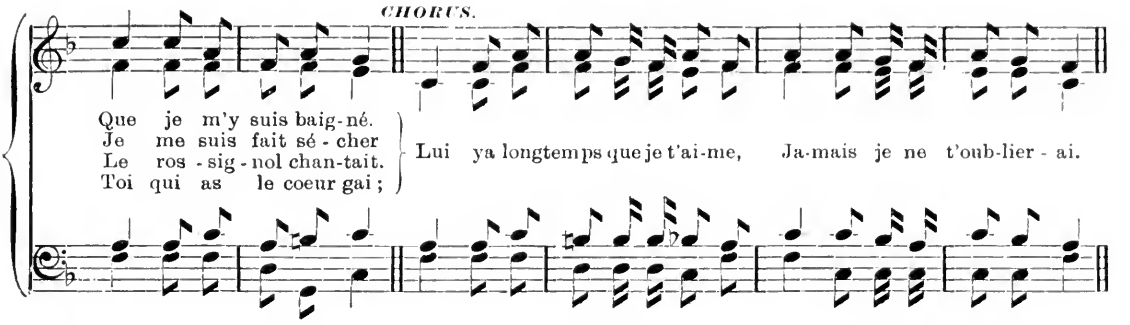
6. "Non, mais en expirant,
O mon cher Canada !
Mon regard languissant
Vers toi se portera."

3. "If thou, in onward course,
Should'st see my land, oh then,
Go, tell my friends that I
Mindful of them remain.

4. "Oh hours so full of joy,
Fled with the years long o'er,
And thee, my native land,
I shall behold no more.

5. "Plunged in the depths of woe,
No friend to soothe appears;
The moments as they pass,
Bring only sighs and tears."

6. "When low within my breast,
Life's flick'ring spark shall burn,
To thee, oh Canada,
My dying eye shall turn."

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

5. Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai ;
Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

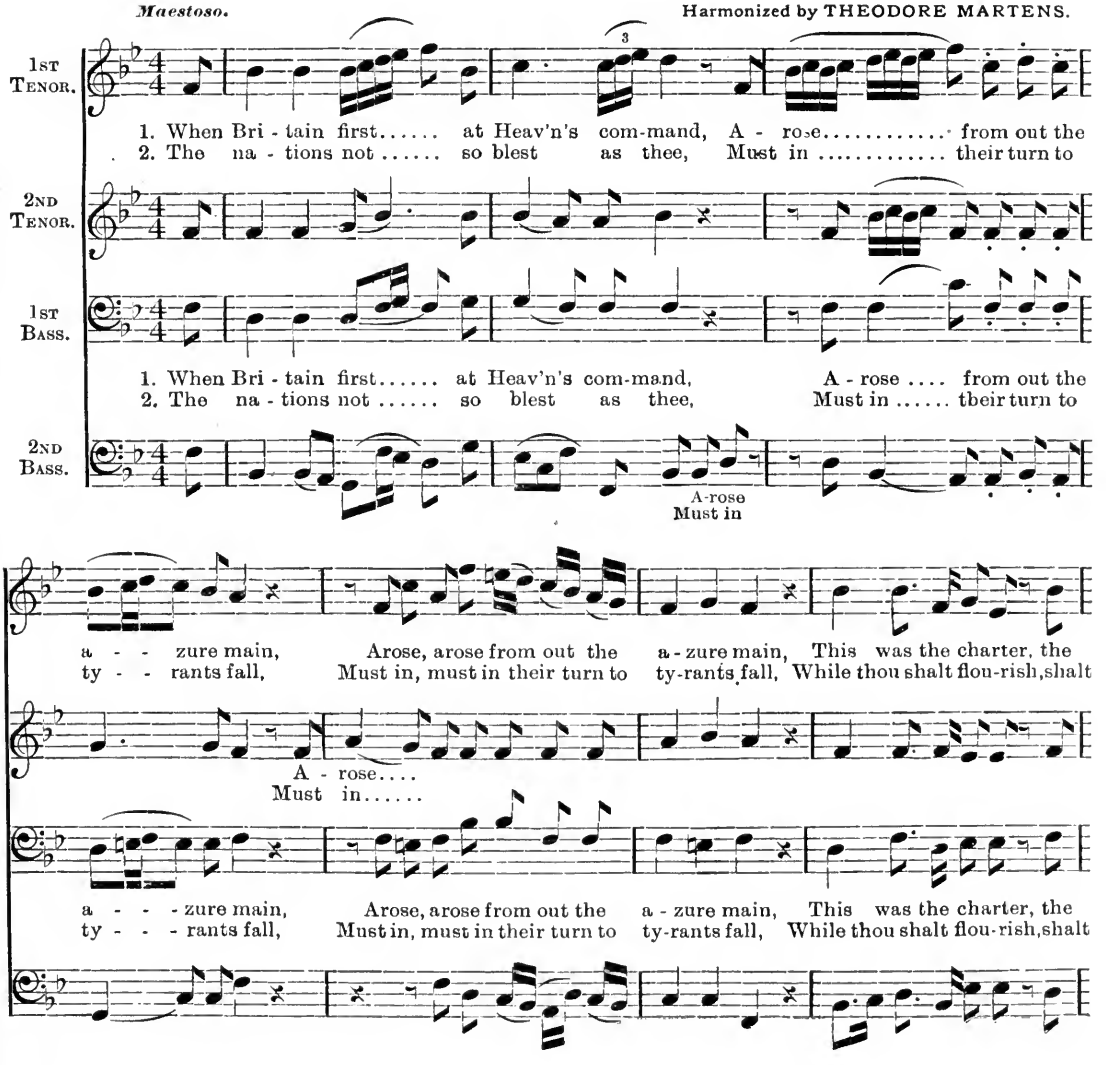
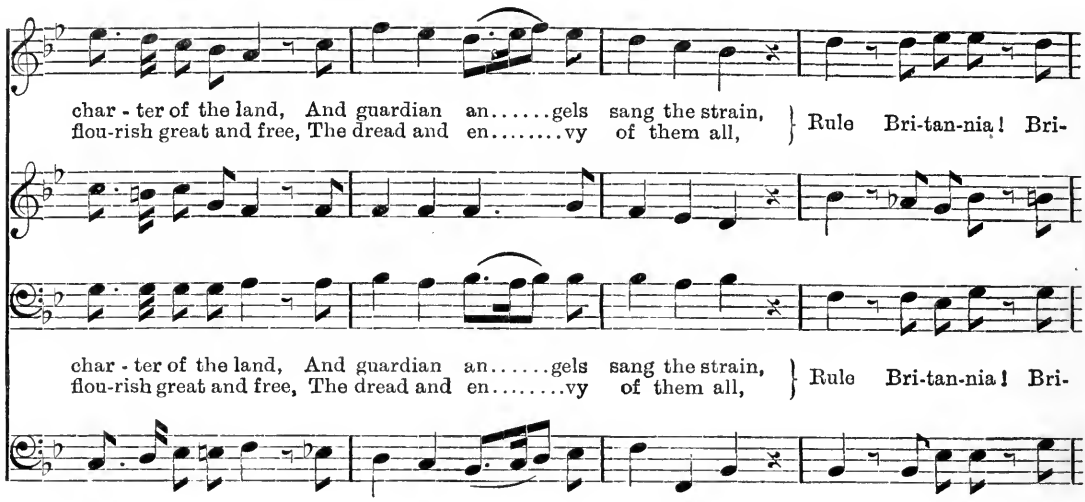
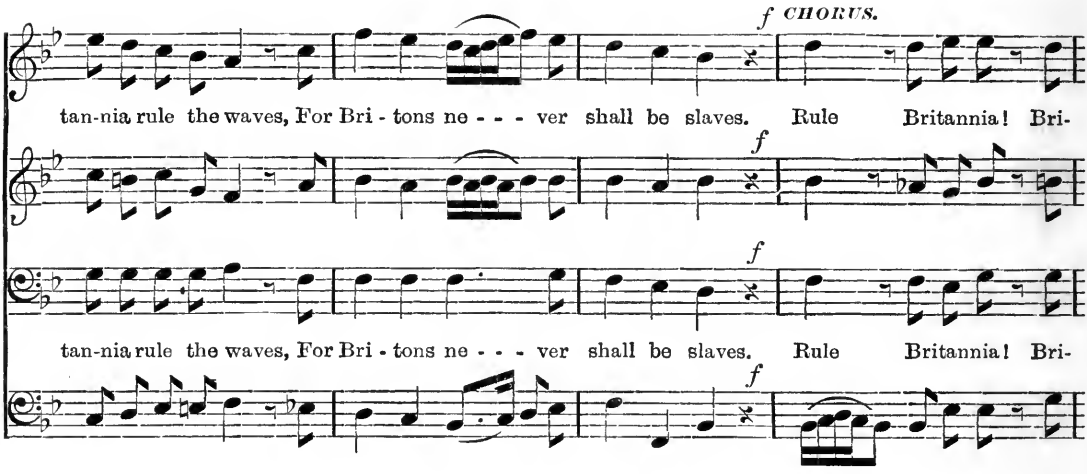
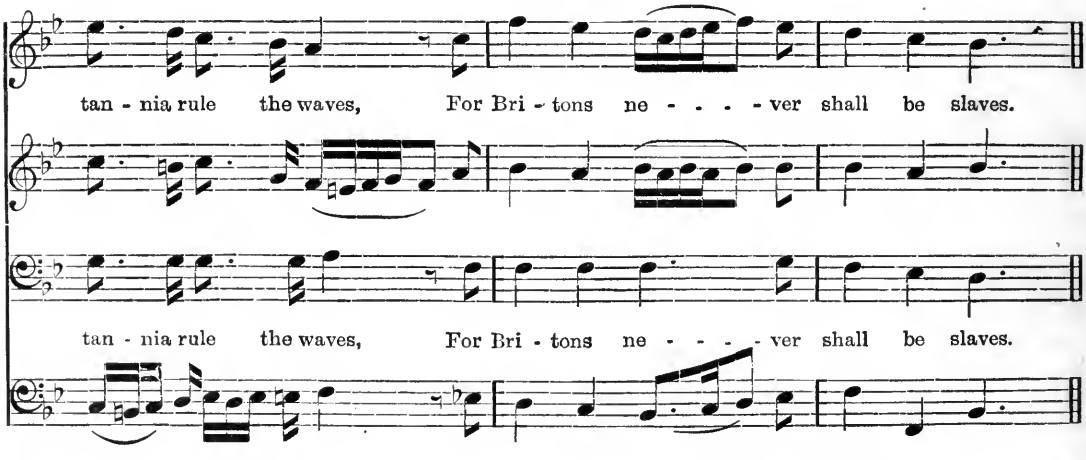
6. Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi, je l' ai-t-à pleurer.
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l' avoir mérité.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

7. J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

8. Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

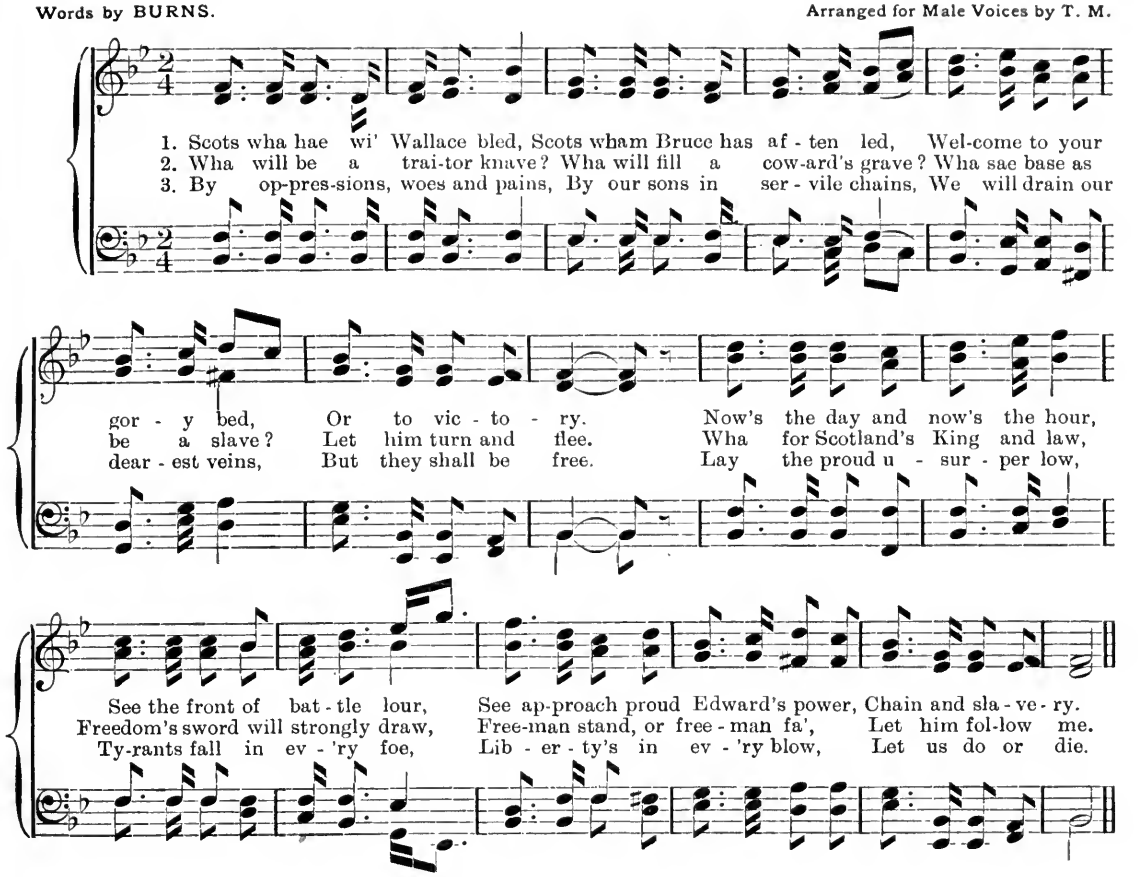
9. Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés,
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

RULE BRITANNIA.

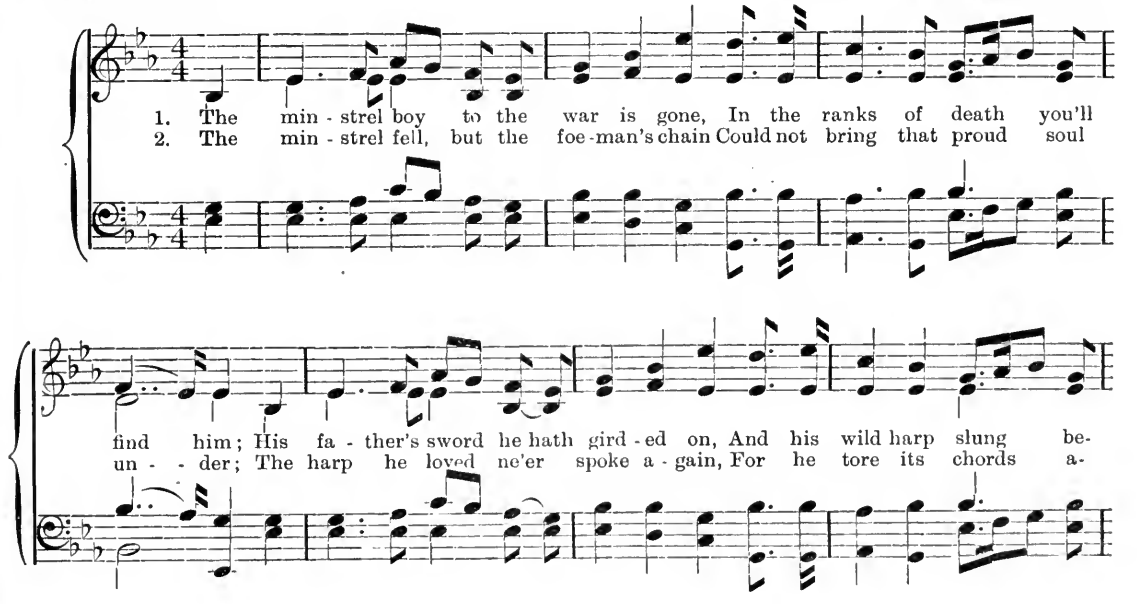
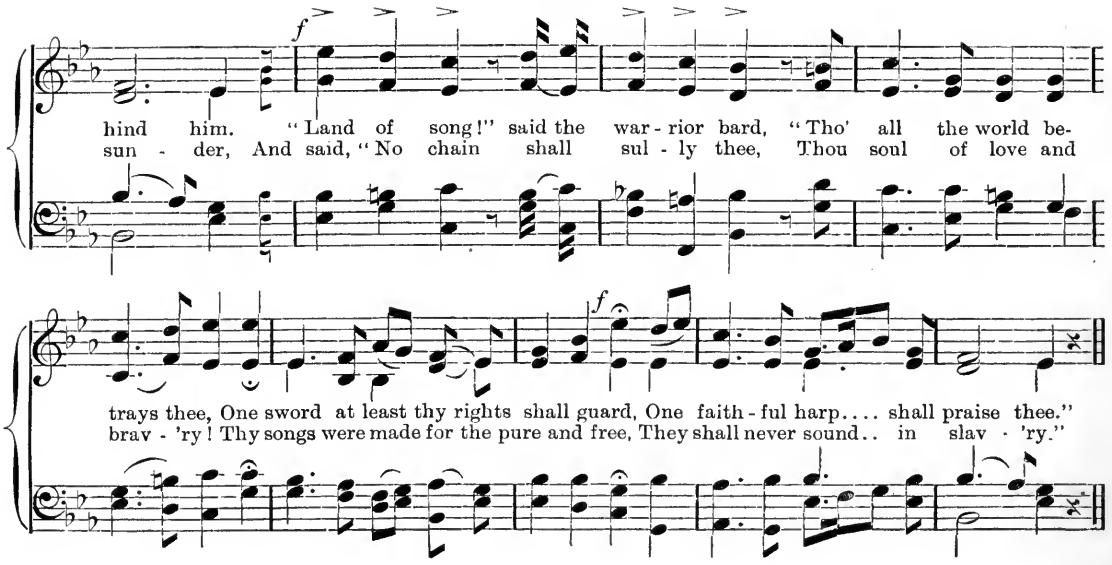
Maestoso. Harmonized by THEODORE MARTENS.

3. Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast, the blast that rends the sky,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Chorus.—Rule Britannia, etc.

4. The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle with beauty, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Chorus.—Rule Britannia, etc.

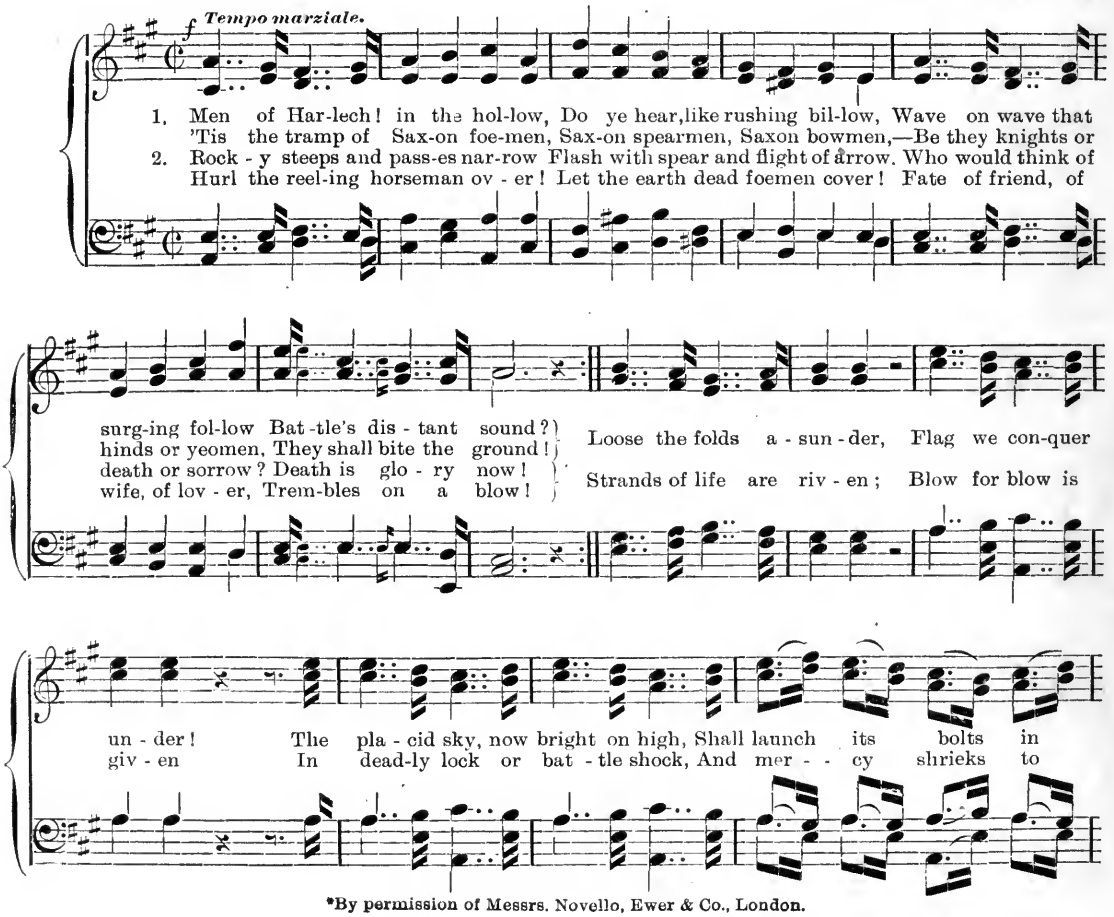
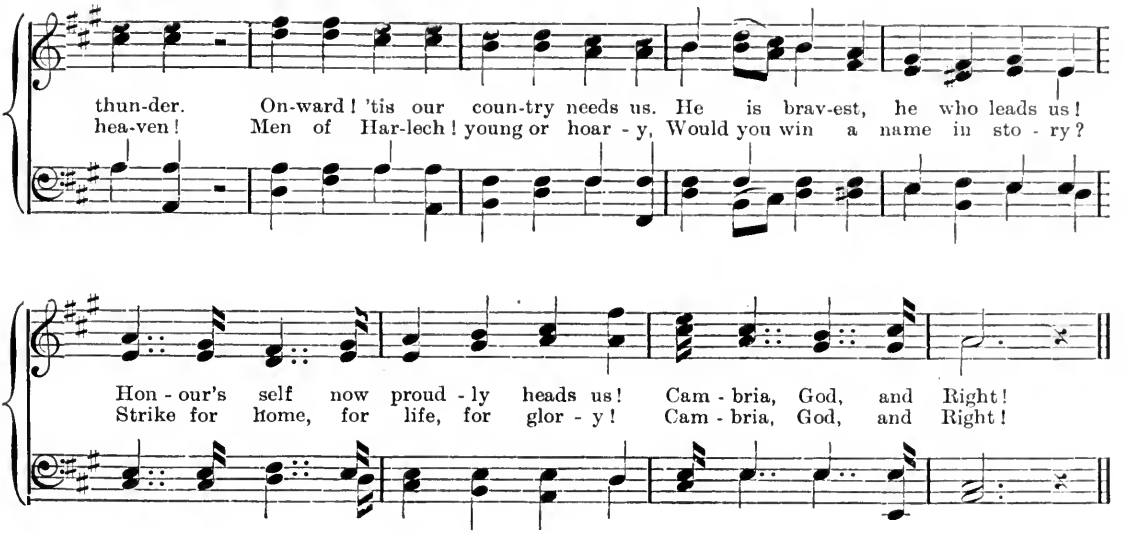
SCOTS WHA HAE.

Words by BURNS. Arranged for Male Voices by T. M.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

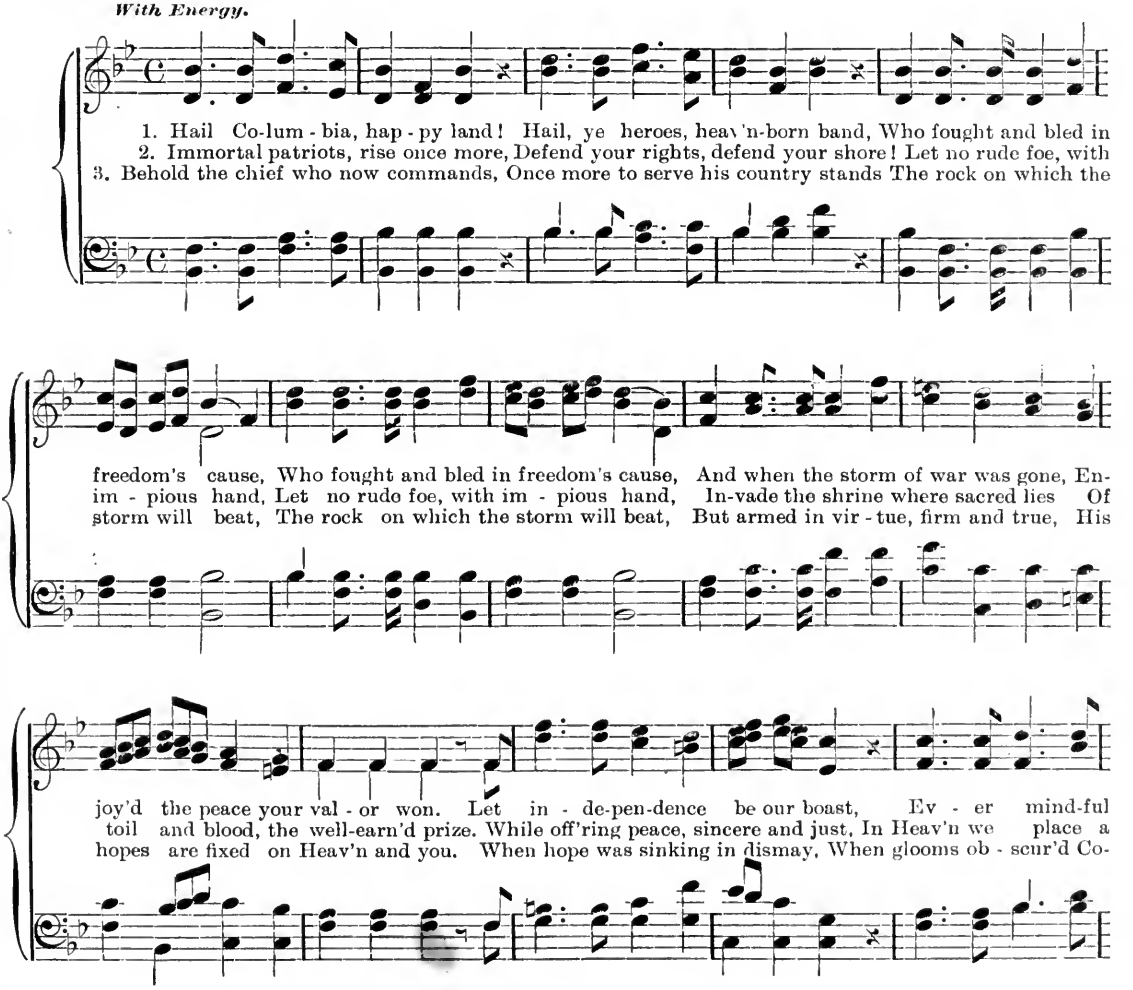
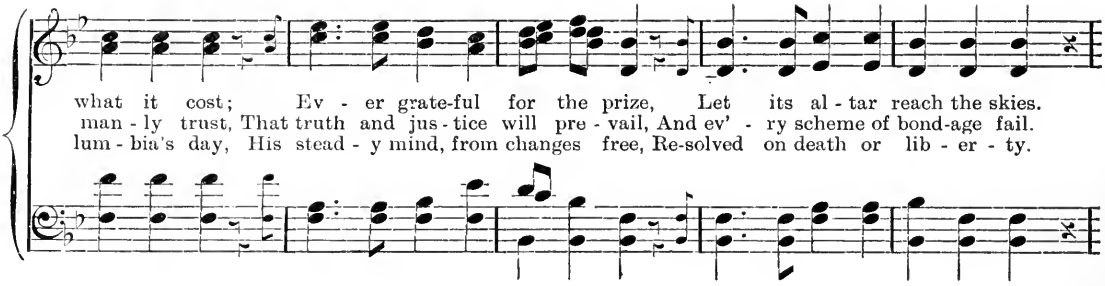
Words by MOORE. Arranged by BALFE.

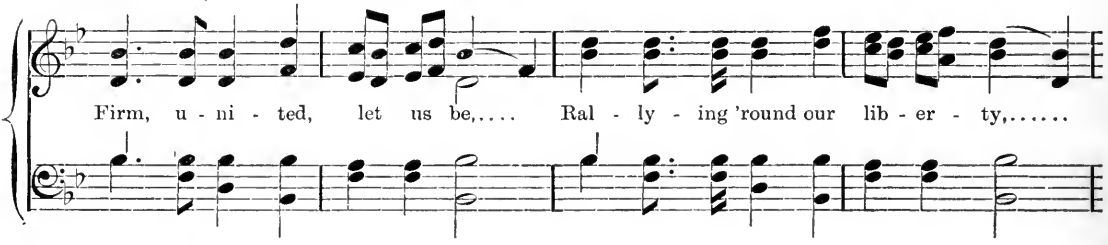
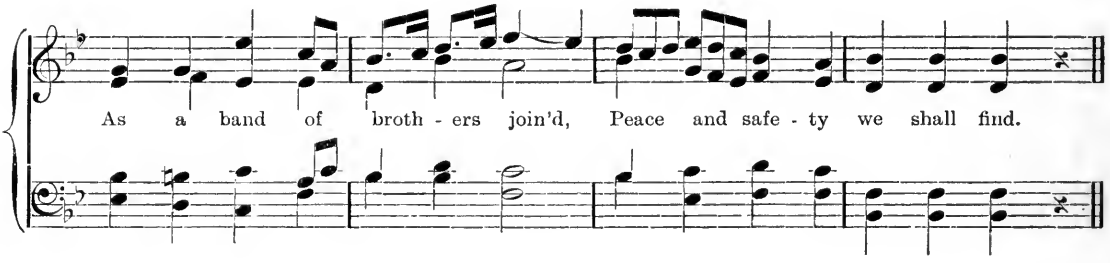


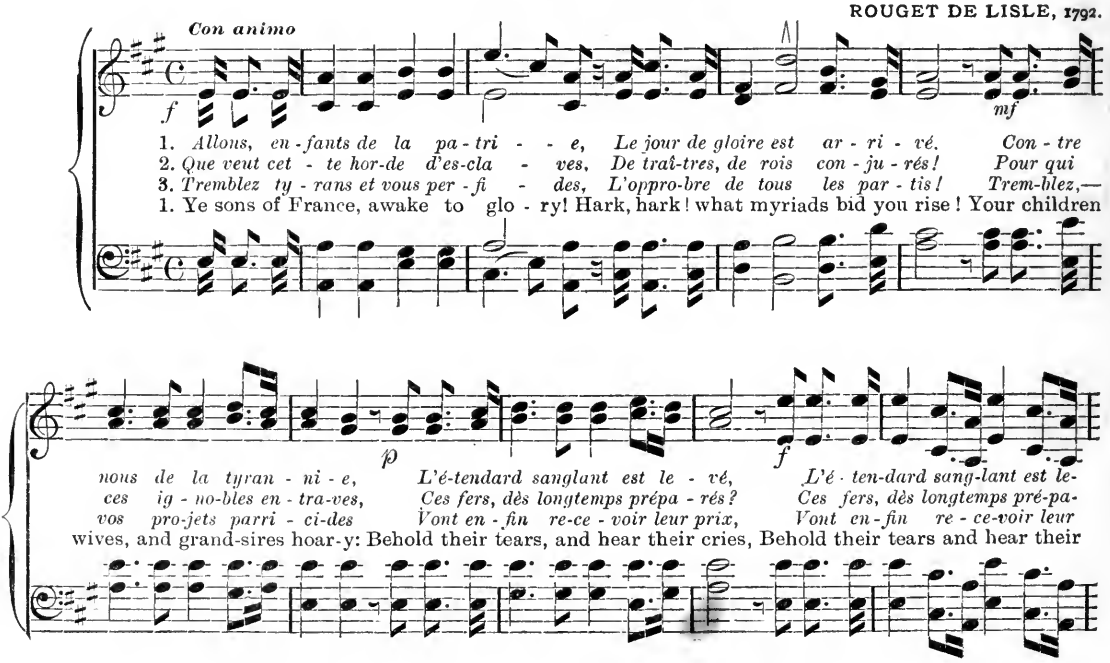
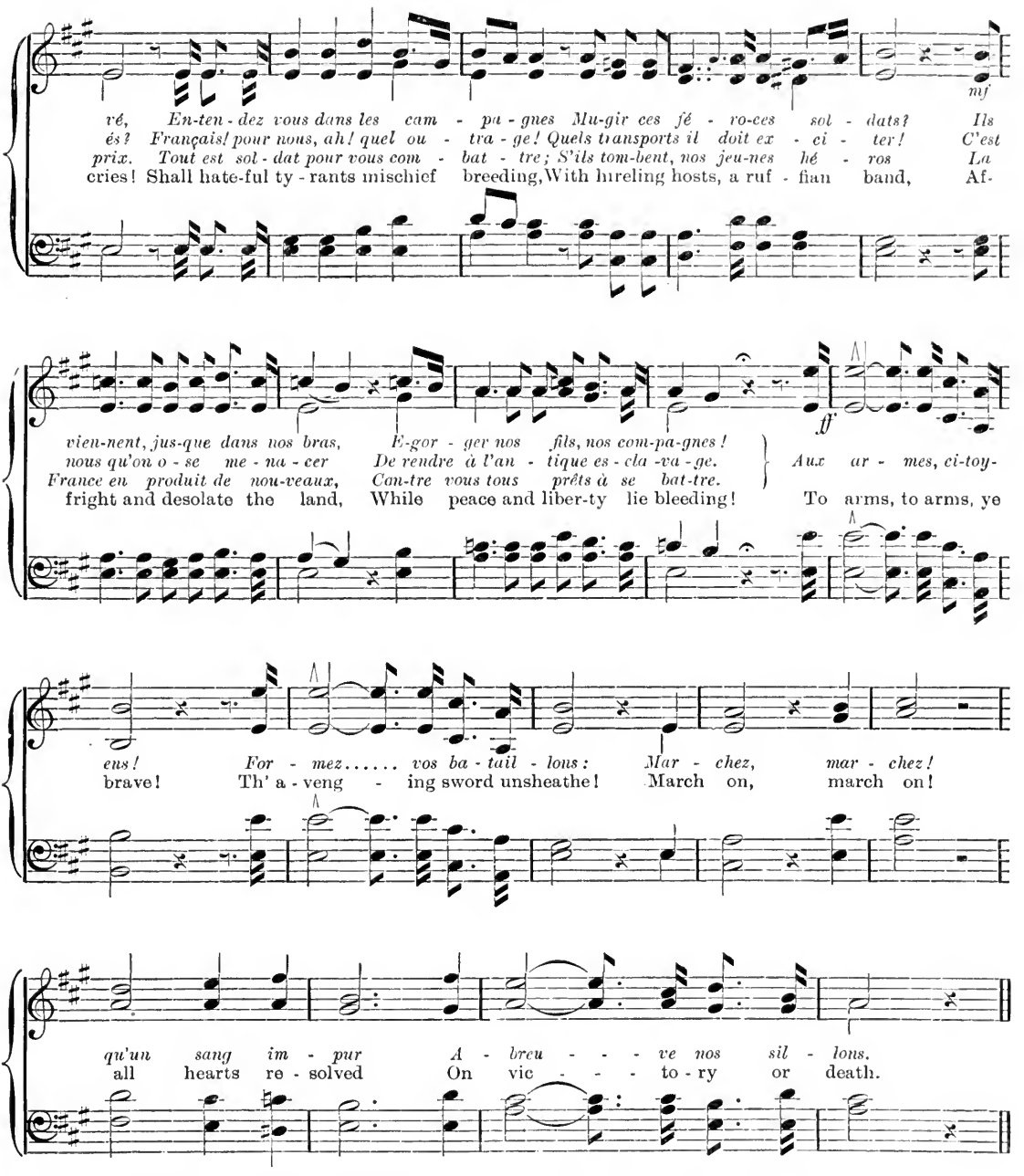
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Words by WILLIAM DUTHIE.* Harmonized for Male Voices by T. M.

*By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., London.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Words by JUDGE HOPKINSON, 1798. PROF. PHYLO, 1789.

With Energy.



CHORUS.

LA MARSEILLAISE.

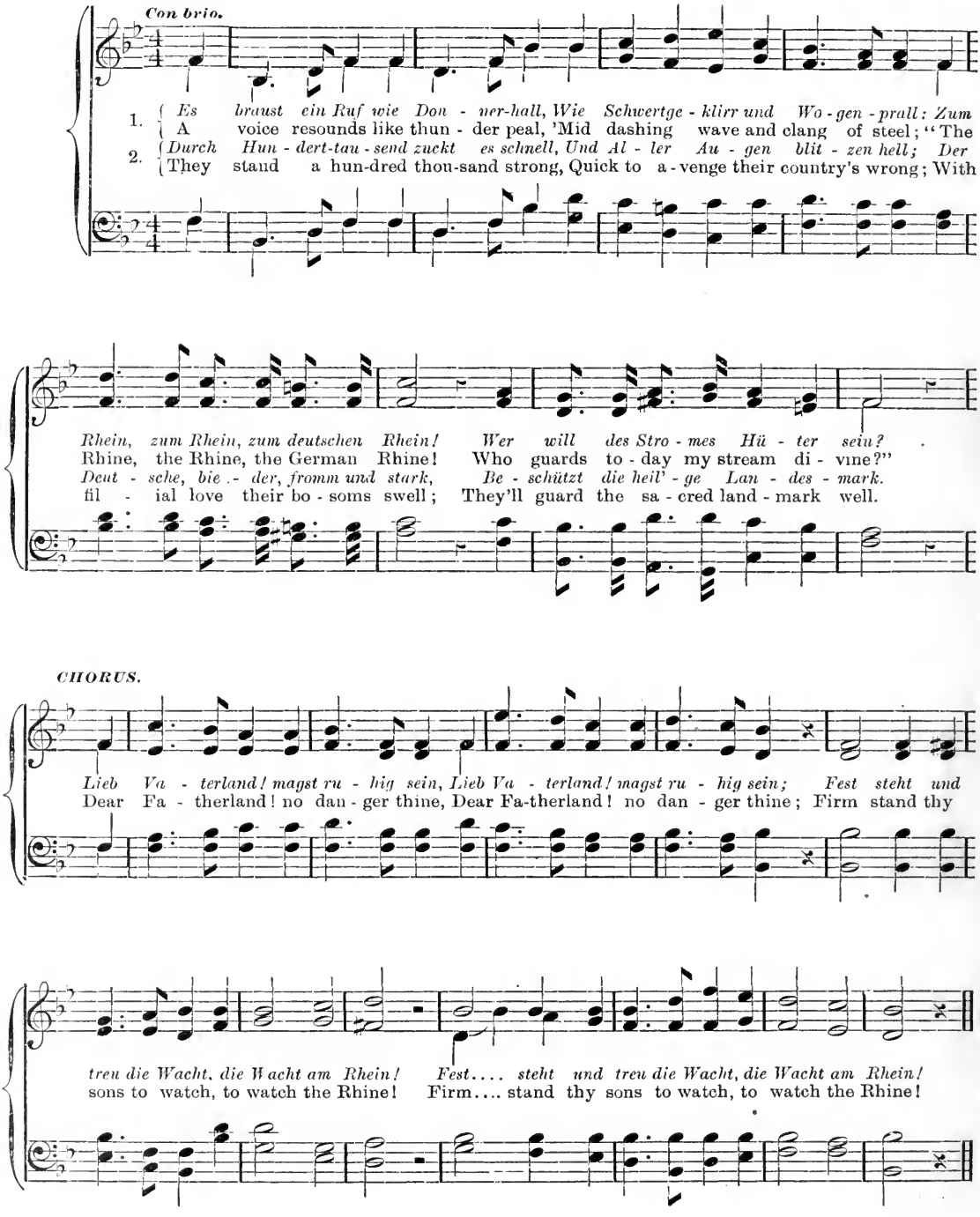
ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.

4. *Français! en guerriers magnanimes,*
Portez ou retenez vos coups;
Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
A regret s'armant contre nous;
Mais le despote sanguinaire,
Mais les complices de Bouillé—
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié
Déchirent le sein de leur mère.
Aux armes, &c.

5. *Amour sacré de la patrie,*
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs;
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents,
Que tes ennemis expirants,
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, &c.

2. With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, etc.

3. Oh liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

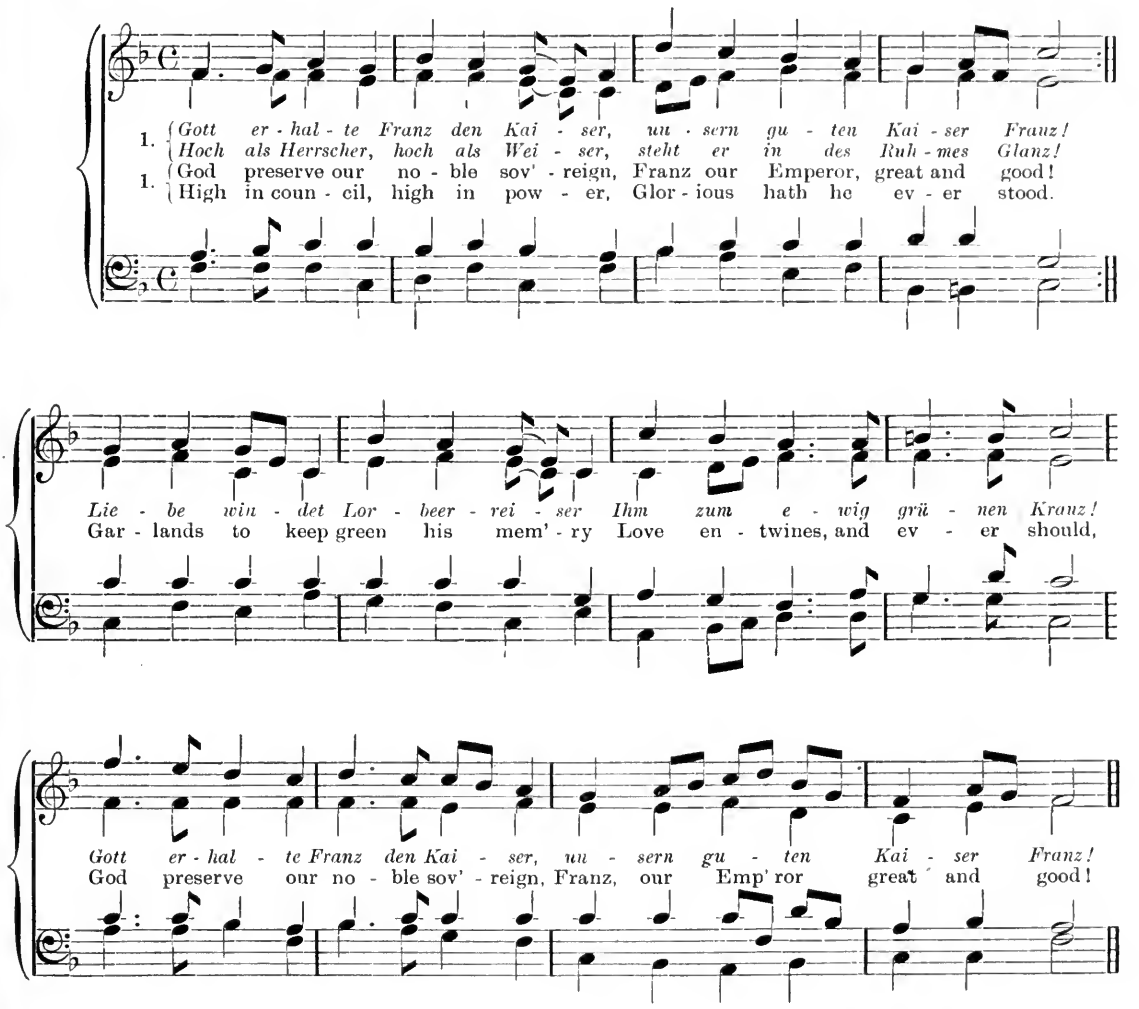
Words by MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, 1840. CARL WILHELM, 1854.

3. *So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,*
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.—Chorus.

4. *Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,*
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind;
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!—Chorus.

3. While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!—*Chorus.*

4. Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!—*Cho.*

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Translation by J. EDMUND JONES, '88. HAYDN, 1757.

2. *Ueber blühende Gefilde reicht sein Scepter weit und breit;*
Säulen seines Thron's sind Milde, Biedersinn und Redlichkeit,
Und von seinem Wappenschilde strahlet die Gerechtigkeit.
Gott erhalte, etc.

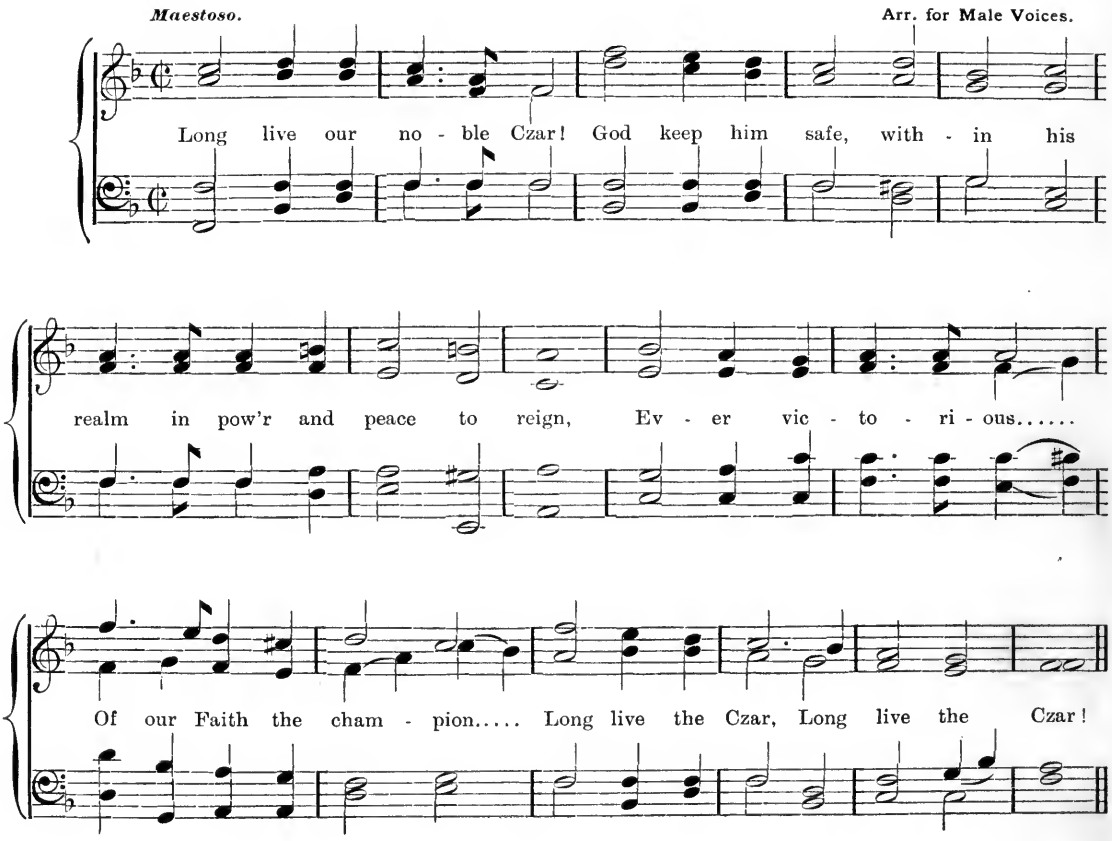
3. *Sich mit Tugenden zu schmücken, achtet er der Sorgen werth.*
Nicht, um Völker zu erdrücken, flammt in seiner Hand das Schwert,
Sie zu segnen, zu beglücken, ist der Preis, den er begehrt.
Gott erhalte, etc.

4. *Er zerbrach der Knechtschaft Bande, hob zur Freiheit uns empor!*
Früh erleb' er deutscher Lande, deutscher Völker höchsten Flor,
Und vernehme noch am Rande später Gruft der Enkel Chor:
Gott erhalte, etc.

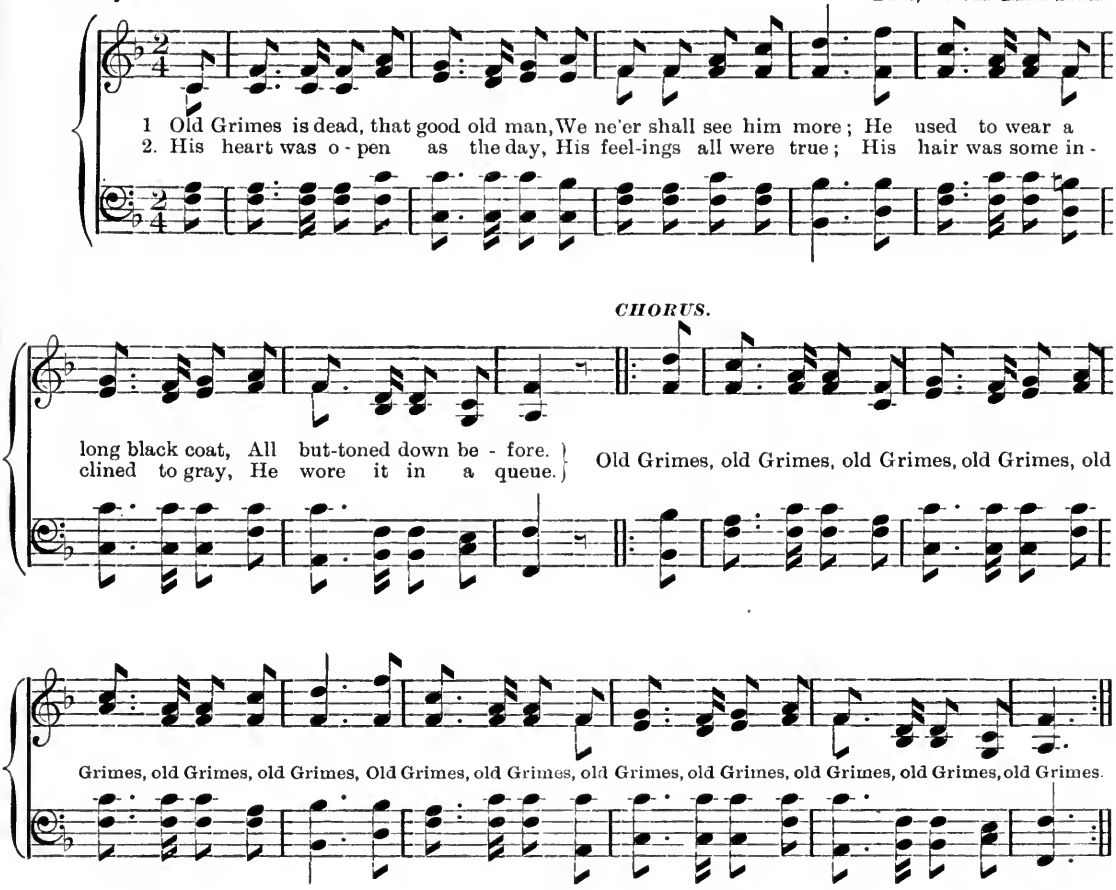
2. Over flourishing dominions
Far and wide his rule extends.
In his dealings with his people
Righteousness with Mercy blends;
And from off his flashing scutcheon
Rays of brightness Justice sends.
God preserve, etc.

3. To adorn his life with virtues
Is his high and steadfast aim.
Not against his loyal people
Doth his sword with terror flame;
To have made them great and powerful
Is the prize that he will claim.
God preserve, etc.

4. Freedom's blessings he hath given us,
Slavery's bonds he burst in twain.
Early may he see his country
To its highest power attain;
And when his last day is ended,
Let this chorus still remain:
God preserve, etc.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

College Songs and Choruses.

OLD GRIMES.

Words by A. G. GREENE. *Tune*,—"AULD LANG SYNE."

3. Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane,
From ivory was turned.

4. Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

5. He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

6. Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots,
For thirty years or more.

7. But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,—
The stripes ran up and down.

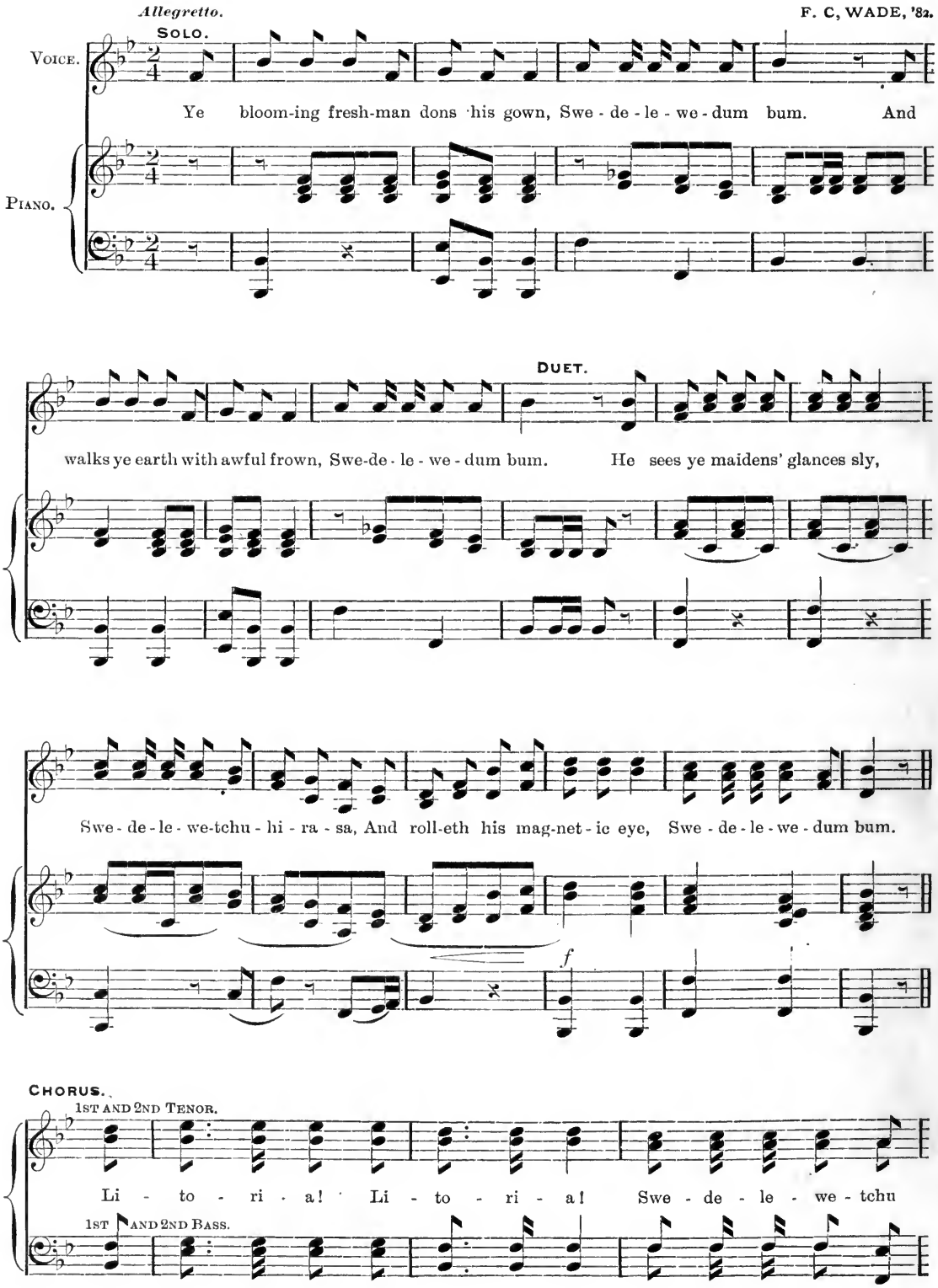
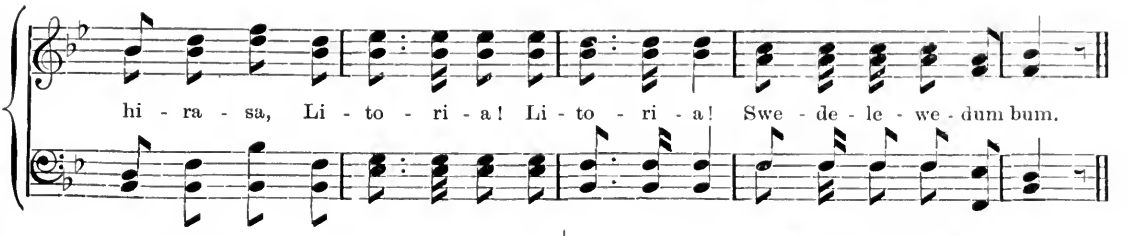
8. He modest merit sought to find,
And give it its desert,
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

9. His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay,
He wore nor lefts nor rights for shoes,
And changed them every day.

10. His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view.
He made a noise town-meeting days
As many people do.

11. Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

LITORIA.

(TORONTO VERSION.)

1. Ye blooming freshman dons his gown,
And walks ye earth with awful frown.
He sees ye maidens' glances sly,
And rolleth his magnetic eye.

2. He's brought before ye Mufti's throne,
'Mid sulphurous smoke and muffled groan,
'Mid red-hot brands and boiling tar,
He scenteth danger from afar.

3. Ye spikes cut deep, ye race is run,
He rides ye chariot of ye sun.
Ye brake is put on Ixion's wheel,
L'Inferno's inmost caverns reel.

4. Ye ritual he chanteth now,
Dread Lucifers attend his vow;
Ye sounds die 'way, ye ordeals cease,
"*Ad initiandos tirones.*"

5. As tiniest voice from tiniest star,
Or monkish monotone afar,
Ye freshman's shattered accents rise,
Ye mask is lifted from his eyes.

6. To 'Varsity men this tale I speak,
For making men and killing cheek,
Stick up for your formalities,
"*Ad initiandos tirones.*"

THE FRESHMAN'S VERSION.

N. H. Russell, '87.

1. Ye 'Varsity man has doffed his gown,
He wields a stick, but wears no frown
He sings about ye freshman's cheek,
But on him vengeance we will wreak.

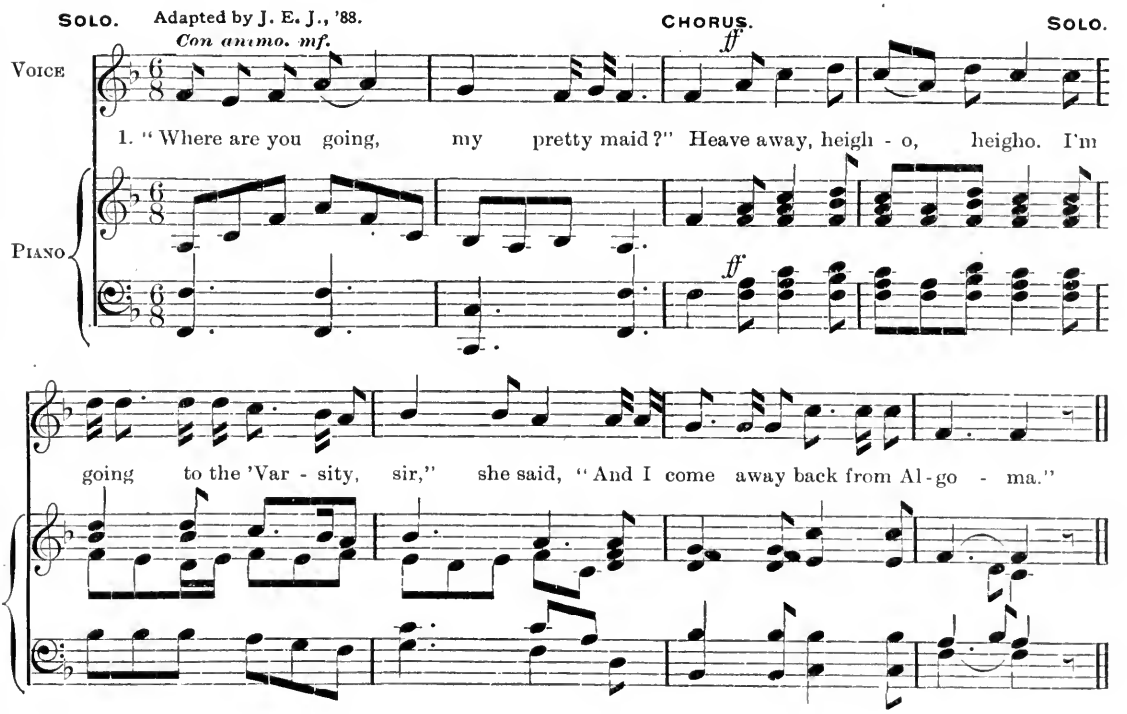
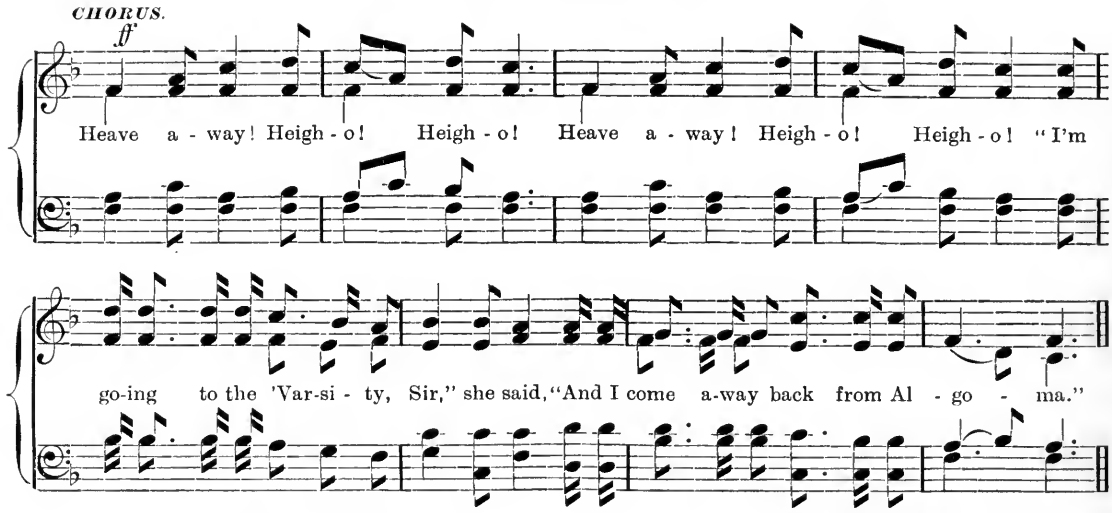
2. L'Inferno's caverns are his hall.
L'Inferno's lord is at his call,
He sits upon l'Inferno's throne,
And thinks he hears ye freshman groan.

3. Ye 'Varsity men assemble 'round,
With silence awful and profound,
And judgment give in words like these—
"*Ad initiandos tirones.*"

4. Ye minions scour earth's utmost zone,
And seize ye freshman when alone,
He's brought unto ye 'Varsity cells,
'Mid torturing jeers and miscreant yells.

5. Ye freshmen rise with one accord,
And break ye ranks of that vile horde,
They burst ye 'Varsity's flimsy chain,
And bear ye prisoner back again.

6. To freshmen all "this tale I speak,"
For quelling those who'd kill our cheek,
Down with all informalities,
"*Ad conservandos tirones.*"

THE MAID FROM ALGOMA.

FIRST VERSION.

1. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
   Heave away, heigho, heigho.
   "I'm going to the 'Varsity, sir," she said,
   "And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*

2. "What to do there, my pretty maid?"
   Heave away, heigho, heigho.
   "I'm going to be cultured, sir," she said,
   "For I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*

3. "What are your studies, my pretty maid?"
   Heave away, heigho, heigho.
   "Chinese and Quaternions, sir," she said,
   "And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*

4. "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
   Heave away, heigho, heigho.
   "Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said,
   "And I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*

SECOND VERSION.

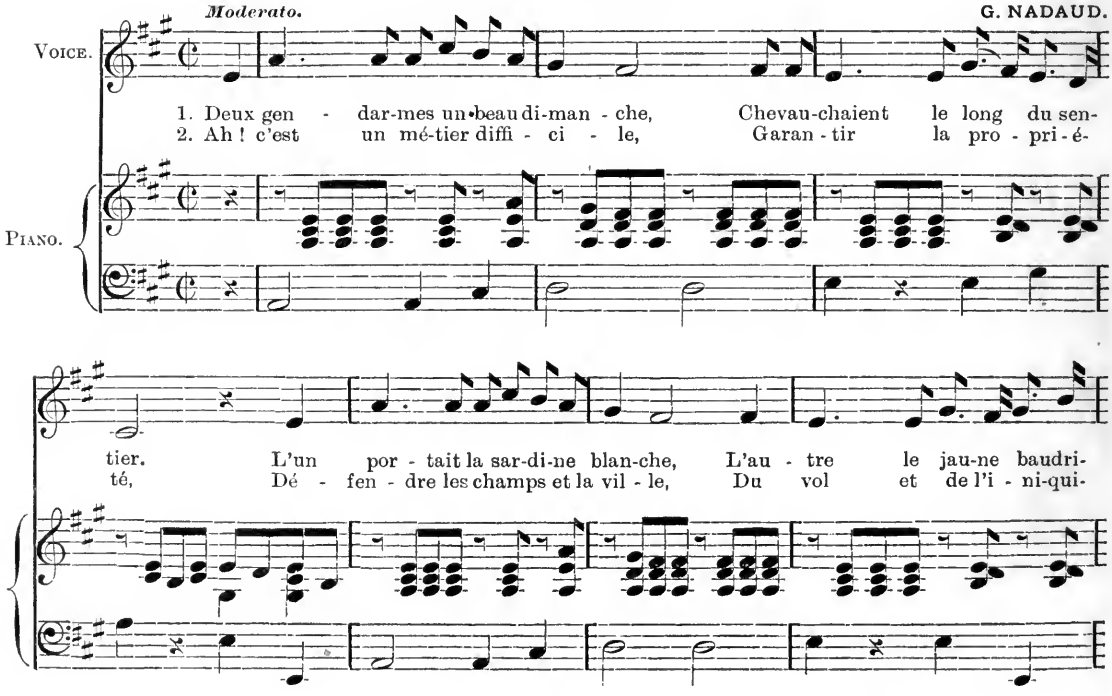
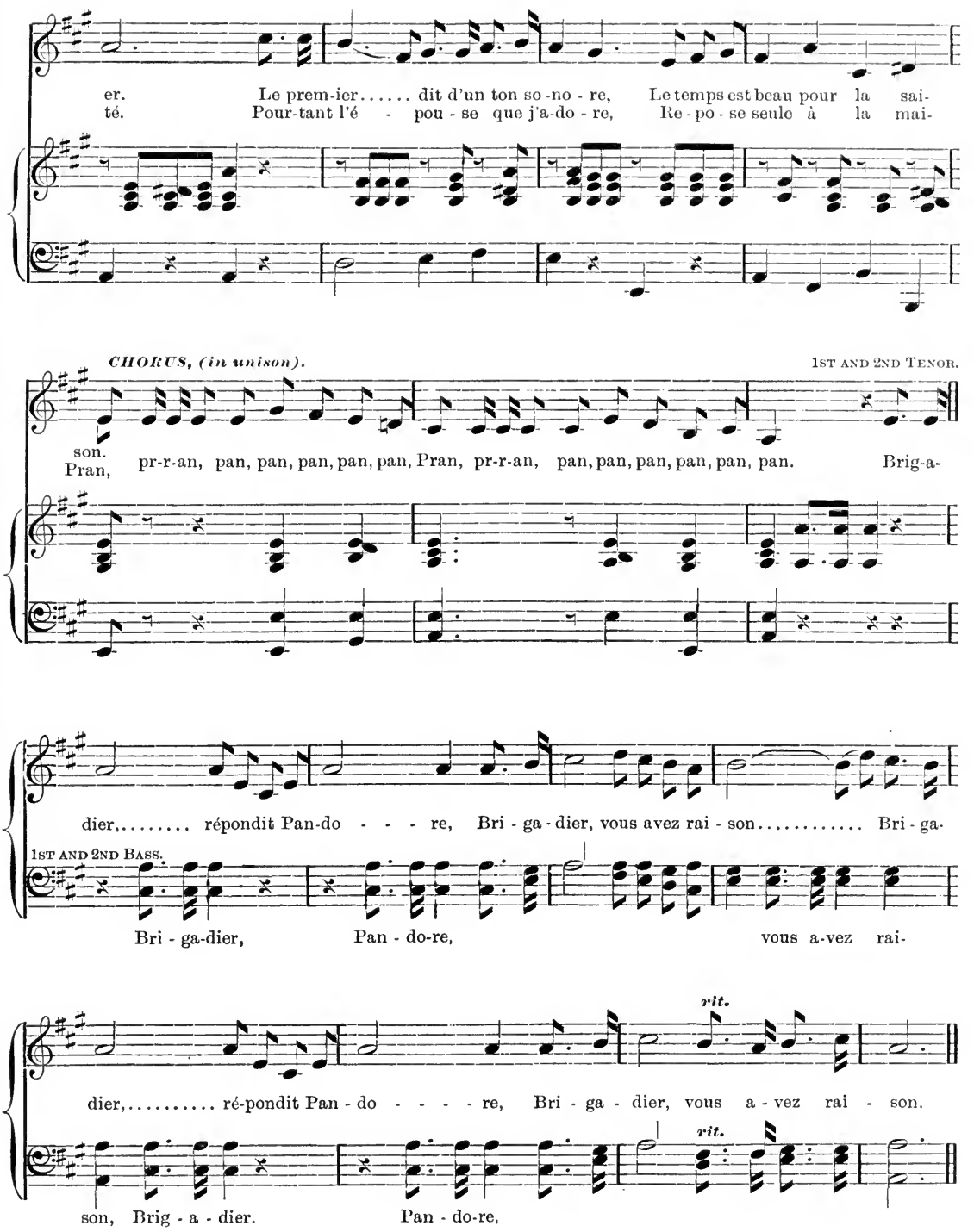
1. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
   Heave away, heigho, heigho.
   "I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said,
   "And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*

2. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
   Heave away, heigho, heigho.
   "You wouldn't understand it, sir," she said,
   "For I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*

3. "What is the subject, my pretty maid?"
   Heave away, heigho, heigho.
   "Total extinction of man," she said,
   "For I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*

4. "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
   Heave away, heigho, heigho.
   "—— will marry me, sir," she said,
   "And I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*

LE BRIGADIER.

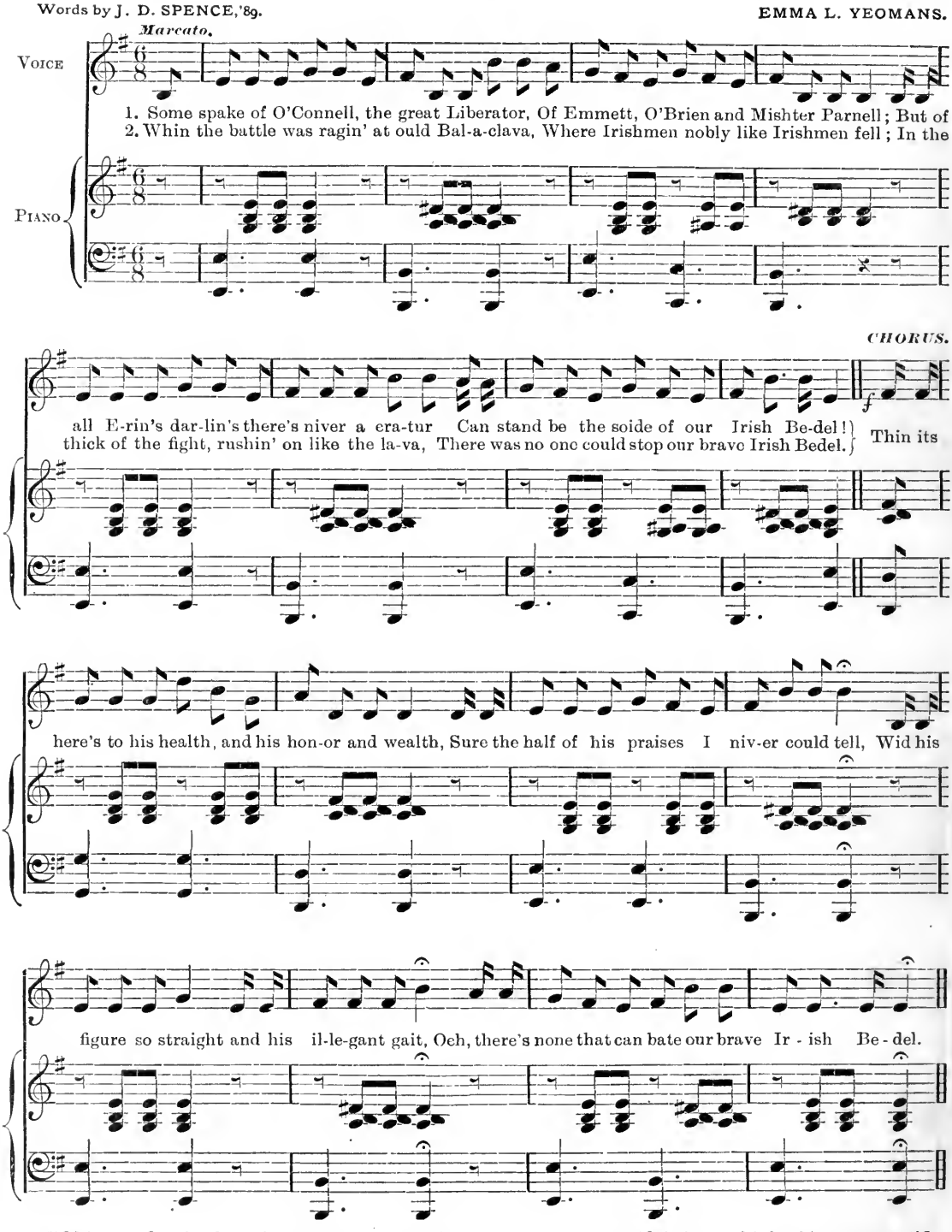


3. La gloire c'est une couronne
Faite de rose et de laurier,
J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
Je suis époux et brigadier;
Mais je poursuis ce météore
Qui vers Chalchos guida Jason.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

4. Phébus au bout de sa carrière
Put encore les apercevoir;
Le brigadier, de sa voix fière,
Réveillait les échos du soir:
Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore
Ces verts côteaux, à l'horizon.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

5. Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
On n'entendit plus que le pas
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
On entendit un vague son;
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison. *bis.*

OUR IRISH BEDEL.

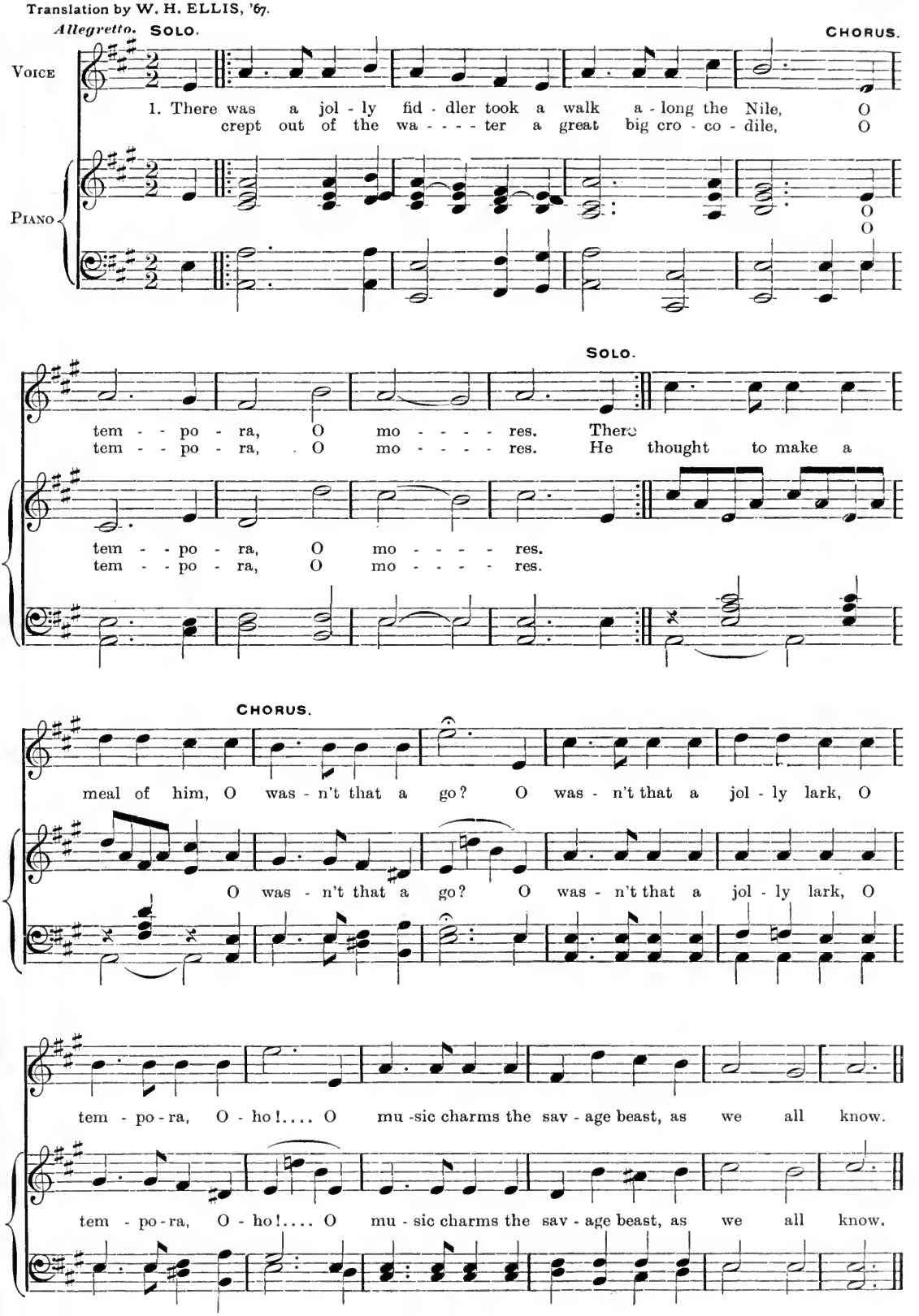
Words by J. D. SPENCE, '89. EMMA L. YEOMANS.

3. Wid his sword in his hand he rode on to the battle,
And drowned all the guns wid his terrible yell;
And the Rooshans all run like a mad lot of cattle,
Wid their tails in the air, from our Irish Bedel.

4. And yez moind whin the guns on the last of October,
Woke up all the green wid their beautiful swell,
How he stood to his post all attentive and sober,
As a good soldier should, did our Irish Bedel.

5. Sure they sou't wid their gags his bould accents to stifle,
But in vain did they try his brave spirit to quell,
For he claned out the place at the end of a rifle,
Wid a bayonet fixed, did our Irish Bedel.

6. Thin its here's to his health and his honor and wealth,
Sure his virtues and graces all others excel;
He's the pride of our bosom, O ne'er may we lose him,
Nor e'er see the last of our Irish Bedel.

O TEMPORA, O MORES.

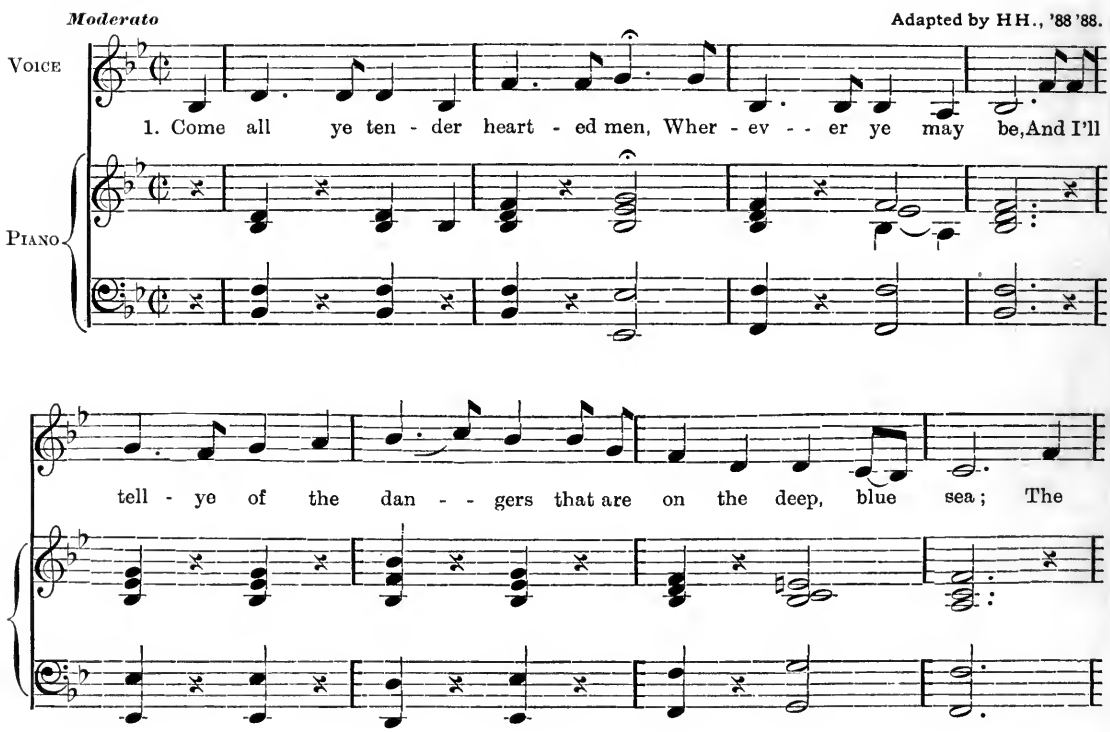
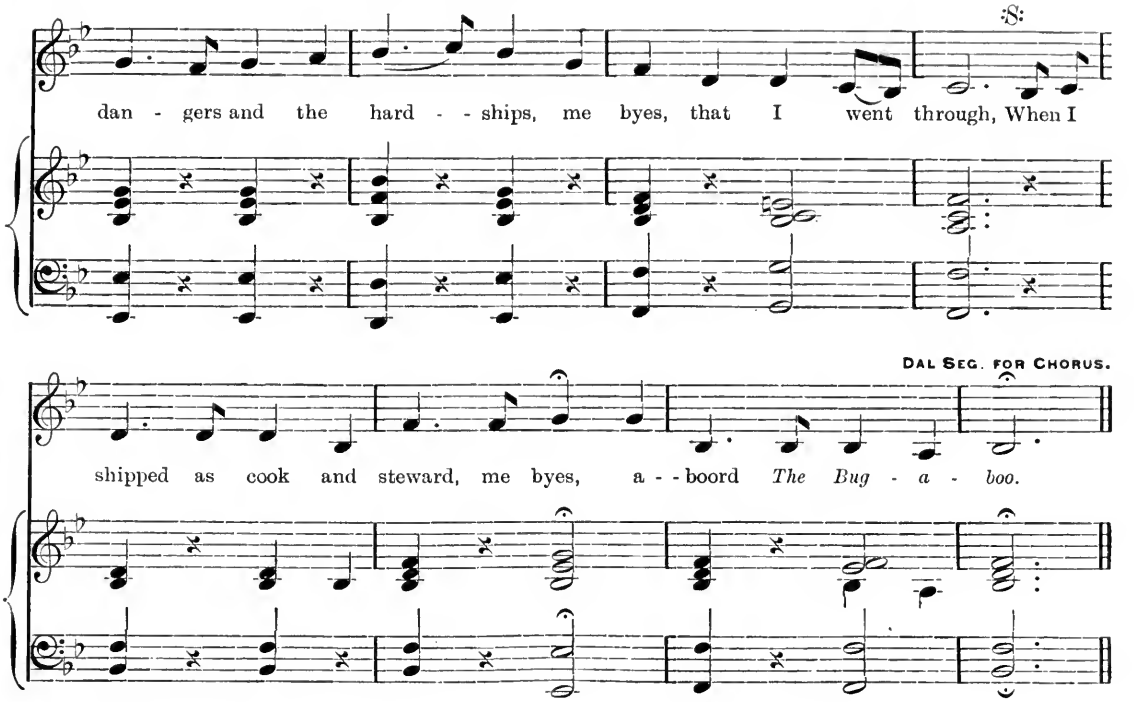
Translation by W. H. ELLIS, '67.

2. The fiddler drew his fiddle out, I tell you pretty quick,
O tempora, O mores;
And straight across his fiddle strings he drew his fiddle-stick,
O tempora, O mores;
Allegro, dolce, presto, now wasn't that a go?
Oh wasn't that a jolly lark, O tempora, Oho;
Oh music charms the savage beast, as we all know.

3. He had'nt played a dozen bars, before the crocodile,
O tempora, O mores;
Began to dance a Highland fling beside the ancient Nile,
O tempora, O mores;
Then polkas, galops, waltzes, oh wasn't that a go? &c.

4. Then round and round upon the sand they danced like one o'clock,
O tempora, O mores;
Until against a pyramid his tail he chanced to knock,
O tempora, O mores;
It fell and knocked six others down, oh wasn't that a go? &c.

5. Now when this awkward brute had knocked the pyramids to smash,
O tempora, O mores;
The fiddler sought the nearest pub. to try and get some hash,
O tempora, O mores;
He called for Bass's Bitter Beer, oh wasn't that a go? &c.

6. A fiddler's throat is like a hole, uncommon hard to fill,
O tempora, O mores;
And if he hasn't finished yet, no doubt he's drinking still,
O tempora, O mores;
Then let us all drink with him, O won't that be a go? &c.

THE CRUISE OF "THE BUGABOO."

2. I shipped as cook and steward, me byes,
Fur divil a cint I had;
I said good-bye to Mary Ann,
And was feelin' purty bad.
As I said good-bye to Mary Ann,
And set me face to the west,
I heard the engineer remark
That the horse was doin' his best.

3. The first time that I seen the ship,
She lay in Teraulay street canal;
She was tall, an' large, an' beautiful,
Forgit her shape I niver shall.
Oh, the captain he wore a large straw hat,
Knee-breeches, and a body-coat blue;
Arrah, bedad! the byes all said, he'd make a fine figger-head
Fur to ornament *The Bugaboo.*

4. Oh, the engineer he went asleep
As he sat aboord the mule;
And the second mate called out to him
"Arrah, turn the crank, you fool!"
The second mate hollered and swore, me byes,
Till he split the back of his vest;
And the engineer woke up, and replied
That the horse was doin' his best.

5. We soon weighed anchor, an' set sail
Fur to plough the ragin' surf;
We wuz bound for the bog of Allaghen
For to git a load of turf.
We sailed all night until we reached
The back of Richmond Barracks so true;
And the gallant Eighty-Sixth fired a royal salute of bricks
At the captain of *The Bugaboo.*

6. Then the captain piped all hands on deck,
Fur to answer the salute;
And he grabbed ahold of a marlin' spike
And the second mate's left-hand boot.
He throwed the boot so straight, me byes,
That he hit the mule on the chest;
And the engineer re-mon-stra-ted
That the horse was doin' his best.

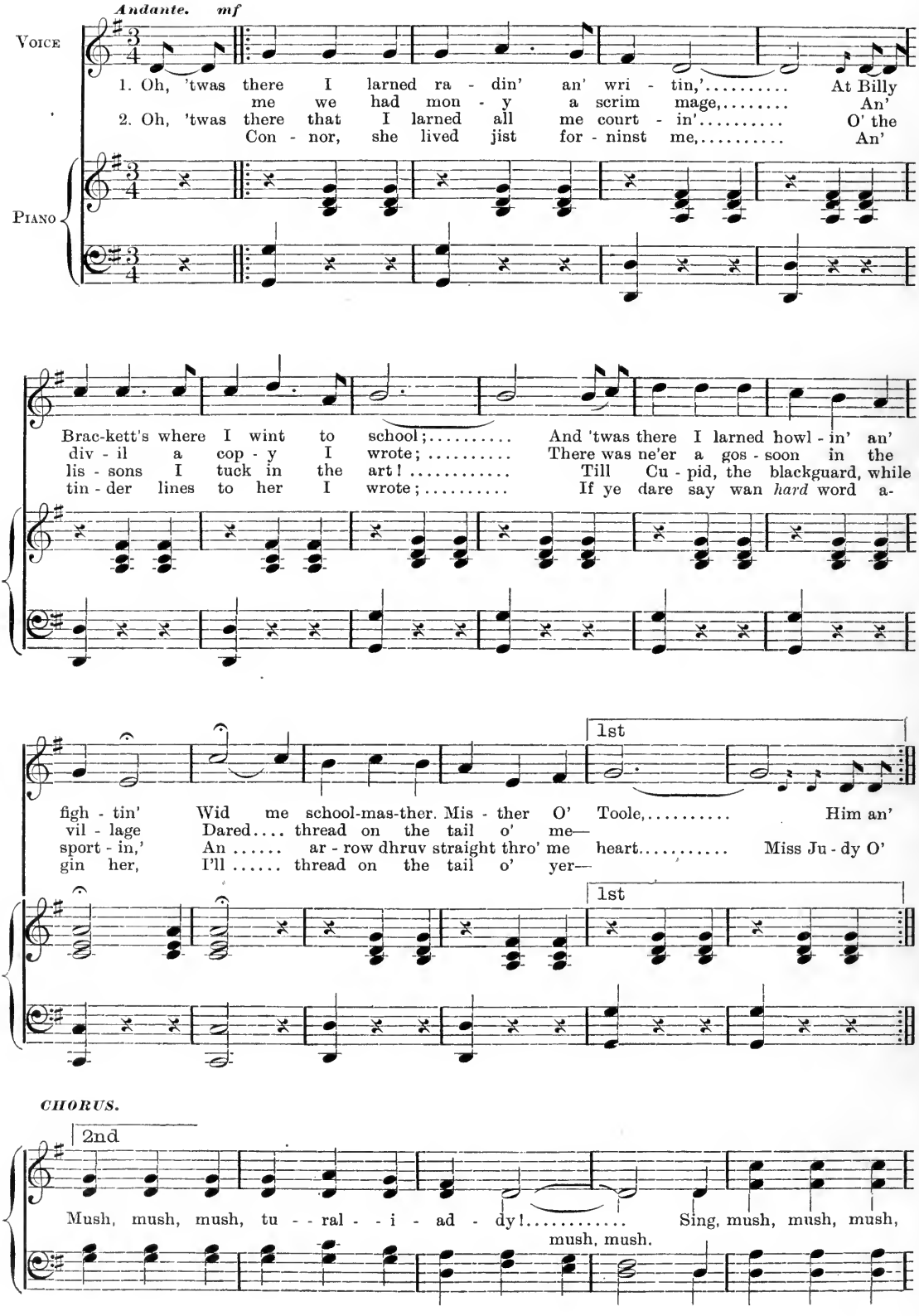
7. Nine years we sailed, when a storm arose,
The canal rose mountins high;
Oh, the lightnin' flashed, and the thunder rolled,
An' lit the dark blue sky.
The second mate he gev orders
Fur to lower the sail an' clew;
An' the captain down below, lyin' smokin' in his berth,
Set fire to *The Bugaboo.*

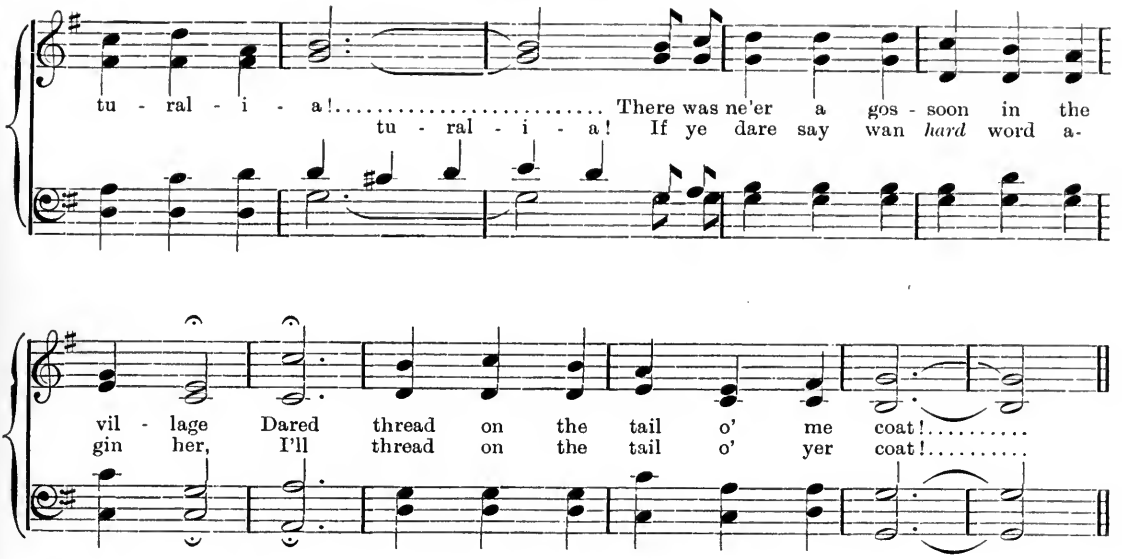
8. Then the mule took fright an' run away,
An' left the crew afloat;
The mate he shouted to the engineer
Fur to come and save the boat.
But the mule was gittin' along, me byes,
An' his tail was headin' for the west;
And the engineer called out quite loud
That the horse was doin' his best.

9. When the captain seen what he had done,
He loud for help did shout;
An' he hollered up troo' the chimney hole
Fur the helmsman fur to come and put it out.
But the helmsman he was fast asleep,
An' to his post untrue;
An' the fire burned so hard in the middle of the turf,
Bedad, we couldn't save *The Bugaboo.*

10. Oh, the fire it burned so hard, me byes,
That it burned the towin'-rope;
And the mule he throwed the engineer,
Who tumbled down the slope.
The captain called to the engineer
Fur to give the mule a rest;
And the engineer replied from the bank
That the horse was doin' his best.

11. When forty tousand miles from land,
In latitude fifty-four,
Oh, the fire it burned so hard, me byes,
That it couldn't burn any more;
The captain he then gev orders—
"Lower *(ad lib.)* the boats an' save the crew!"
Forty-seven Corkonians, fifty-four Far Downs,
Went down in *The Bugaboo.*

MUSH, MUSH.

Andante. mf
Voice
Piano
1. Oh, 'twas there I larned ra - din' an' wri - tin,'..... At Billy
me we had mon - y a scrim mage,..... An'
2. Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me court - in'..... O' the
Con - nor, she lived jist for - ninst me,..... An'
Brac-kett's where I wint to school;..... And 'twas there I larned howl - in' an'
div - il a cop - y I wrote;..... There was ne'er a gos - soon in the
lis - sons I tuck in the art!..... Till Cu - pid, the blackguard, while
tin - der lines to her I wrote;..... If ye dare say wan *hard* word a-
1st
figh - tin' Wid me school-mas-ther. Mis - ther O' Toole,..... Him an'
vil - lage Dared.... thread on the tail o' me—
sport - in,' An ..... ar - row dhruv straight thro' me heart..... Miss Ju - dy O'
gin her, I'll ..... thread on the tail o' yer—
1st
CHORUS.
2nd
Mush, mush, mush, tu - - ral - - i - ad - dy!..... Sing, mush, mush, mush,
mush, mush.

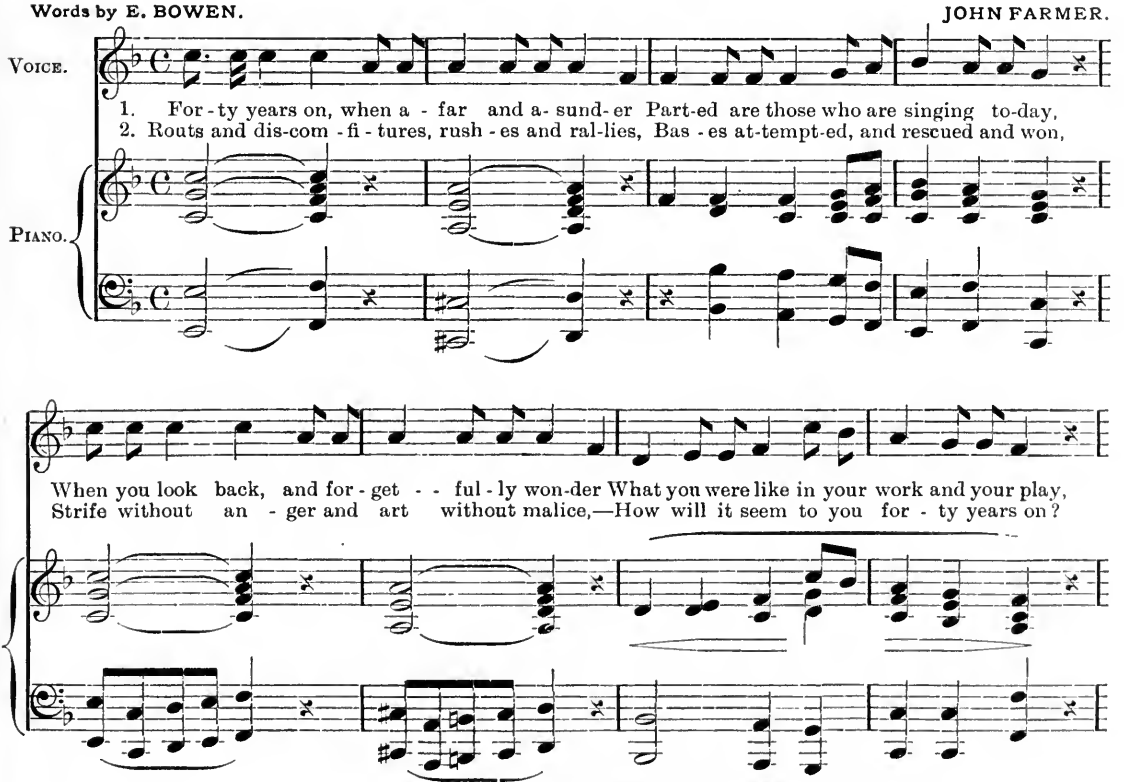


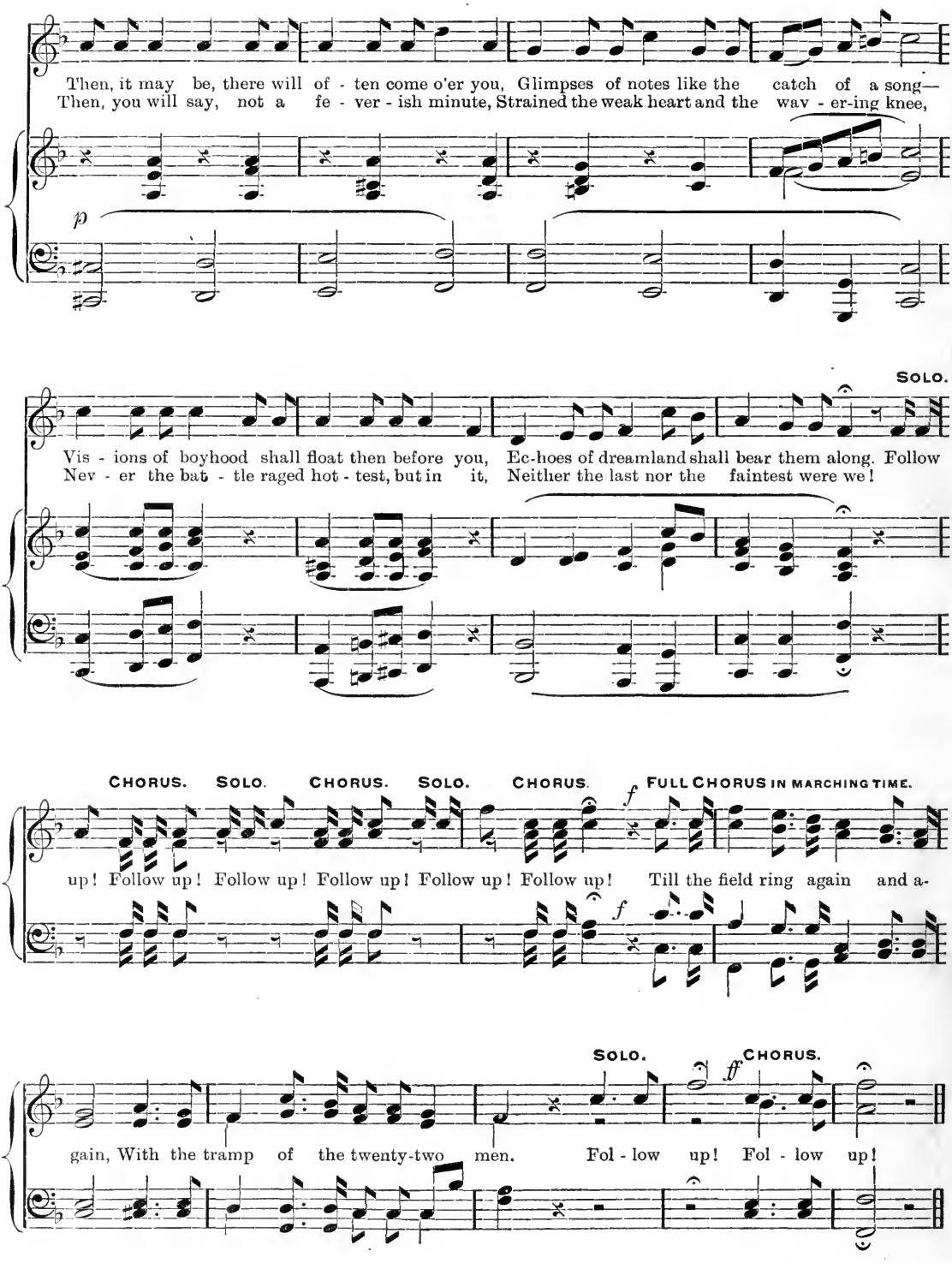
3. But a blackguard, called Mickey Maloney,
Came an' sthole her affections away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't ony,
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the ayvenin' we met at the Woodbine,
The Don we crossed o'er in a boat;
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me—*Cho.*

4. Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a-flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation—
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
Oh, I've claned out the Finnigan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphys afloat;
If you're in fur a row or a raction,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' me—*Cho.*

FORTY YEARS ON.*

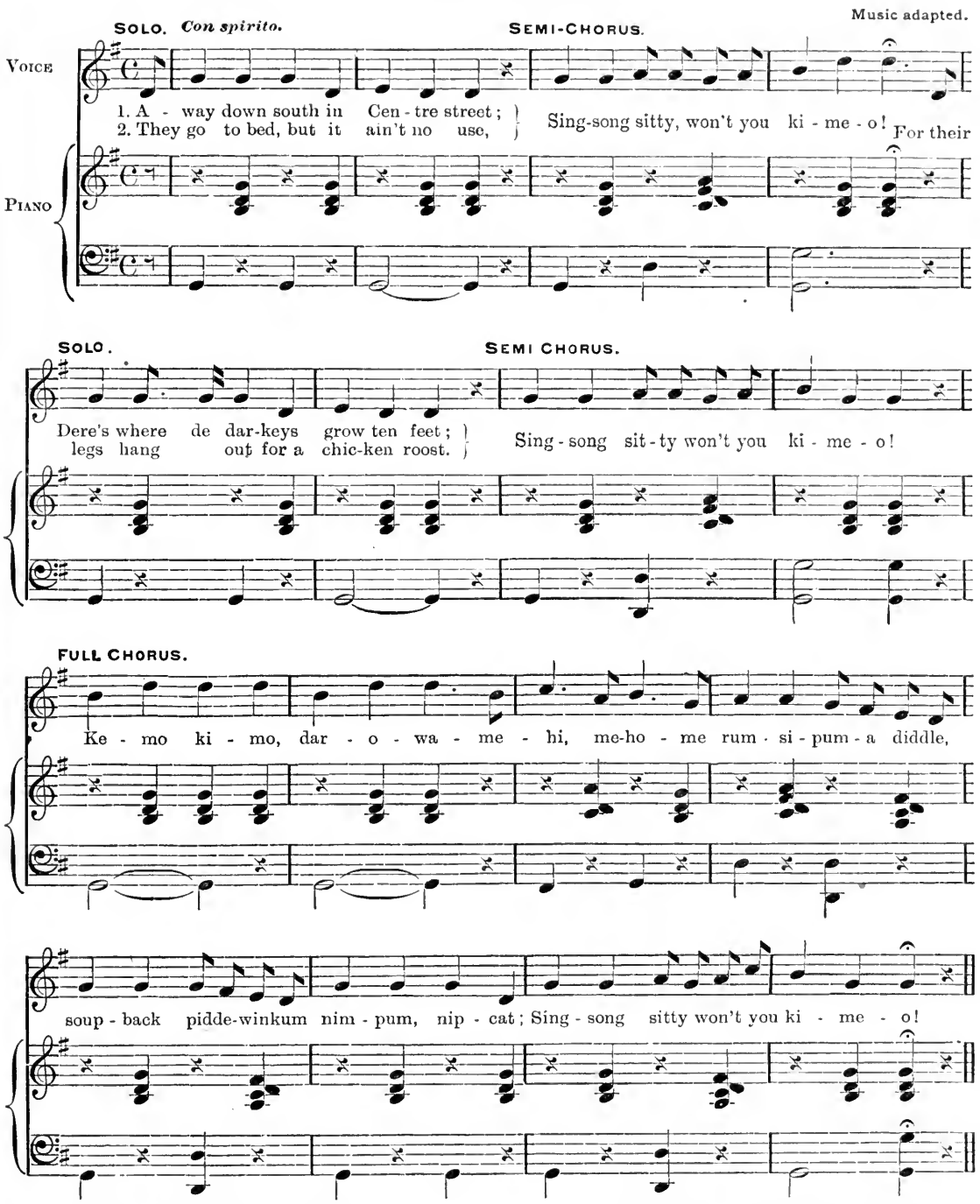
Words by E. BOWEN. JOHN FARMER.



*By permission of JOHN FARMER, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford.

3. O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! &c.

4. Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Follow up! &c.

KEMO KIMO.

Music adapted.

3. Each darkey wakes up almost dead,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
With a hundredweight of chickens on each leg.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

4. The chickens go out to de barn,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
The big ones crow and the little ones larn.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

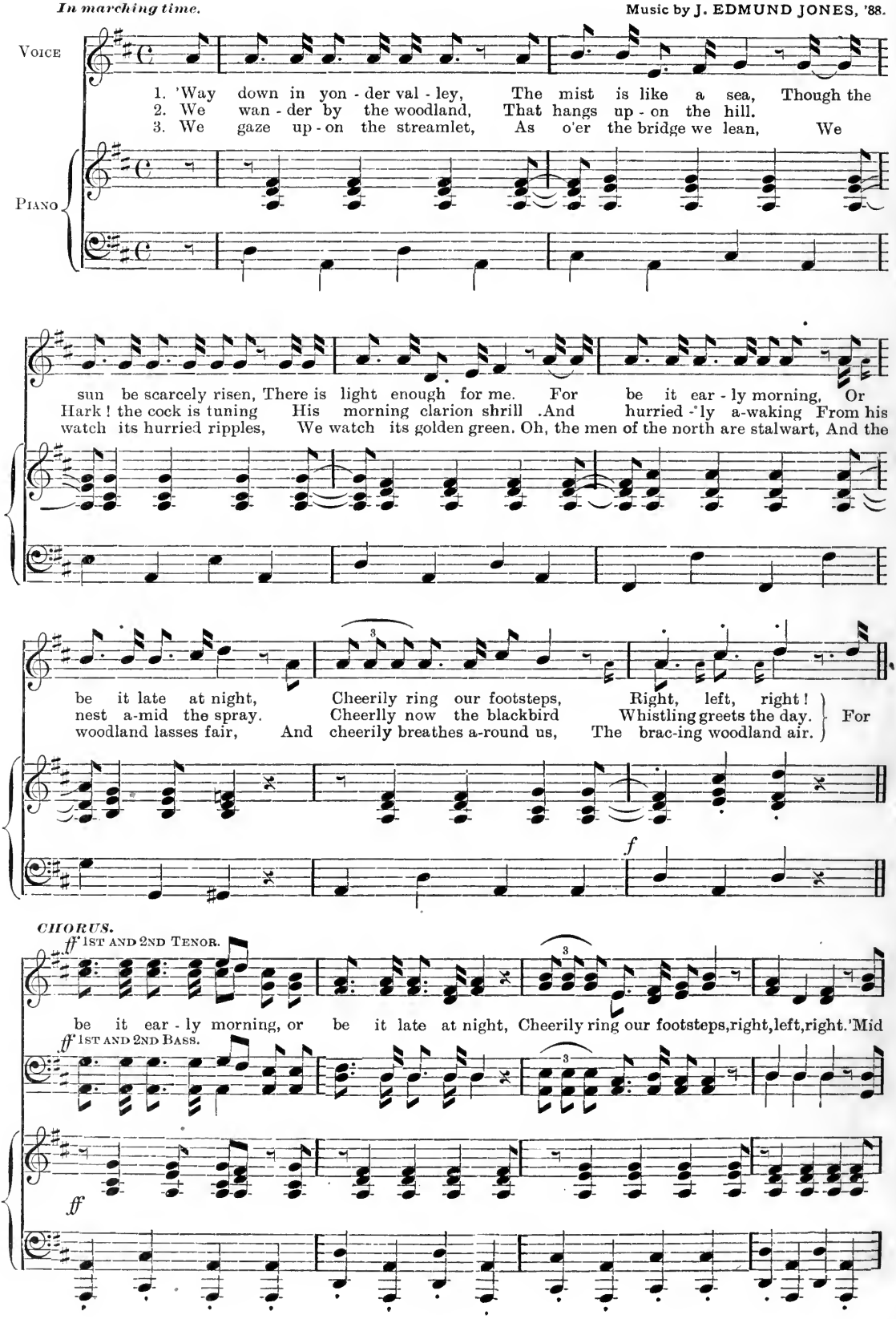
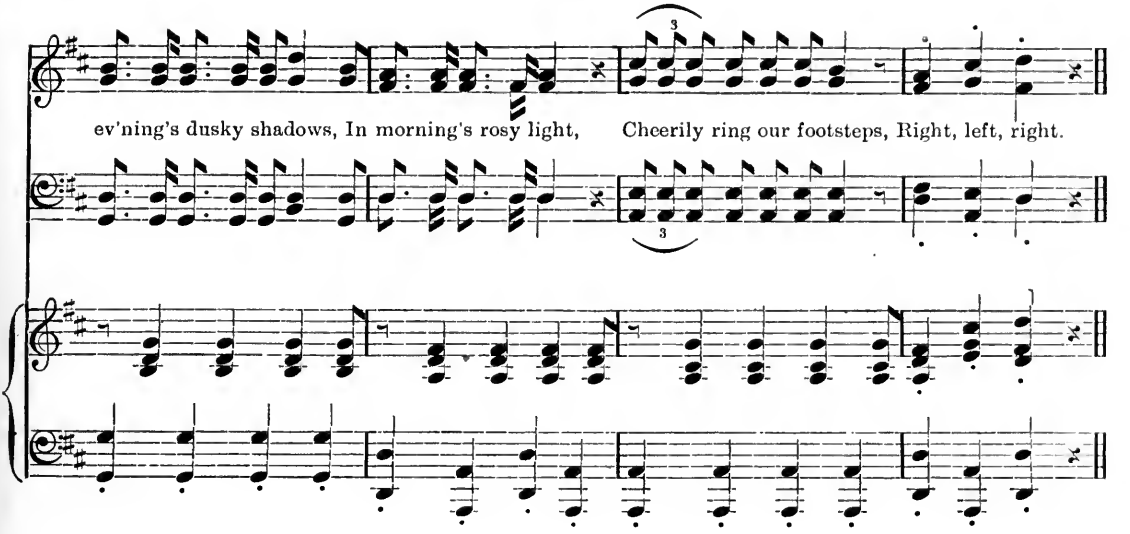
5. And when each chick is pretty full,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
He sticks his claw in the darkey's wool.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

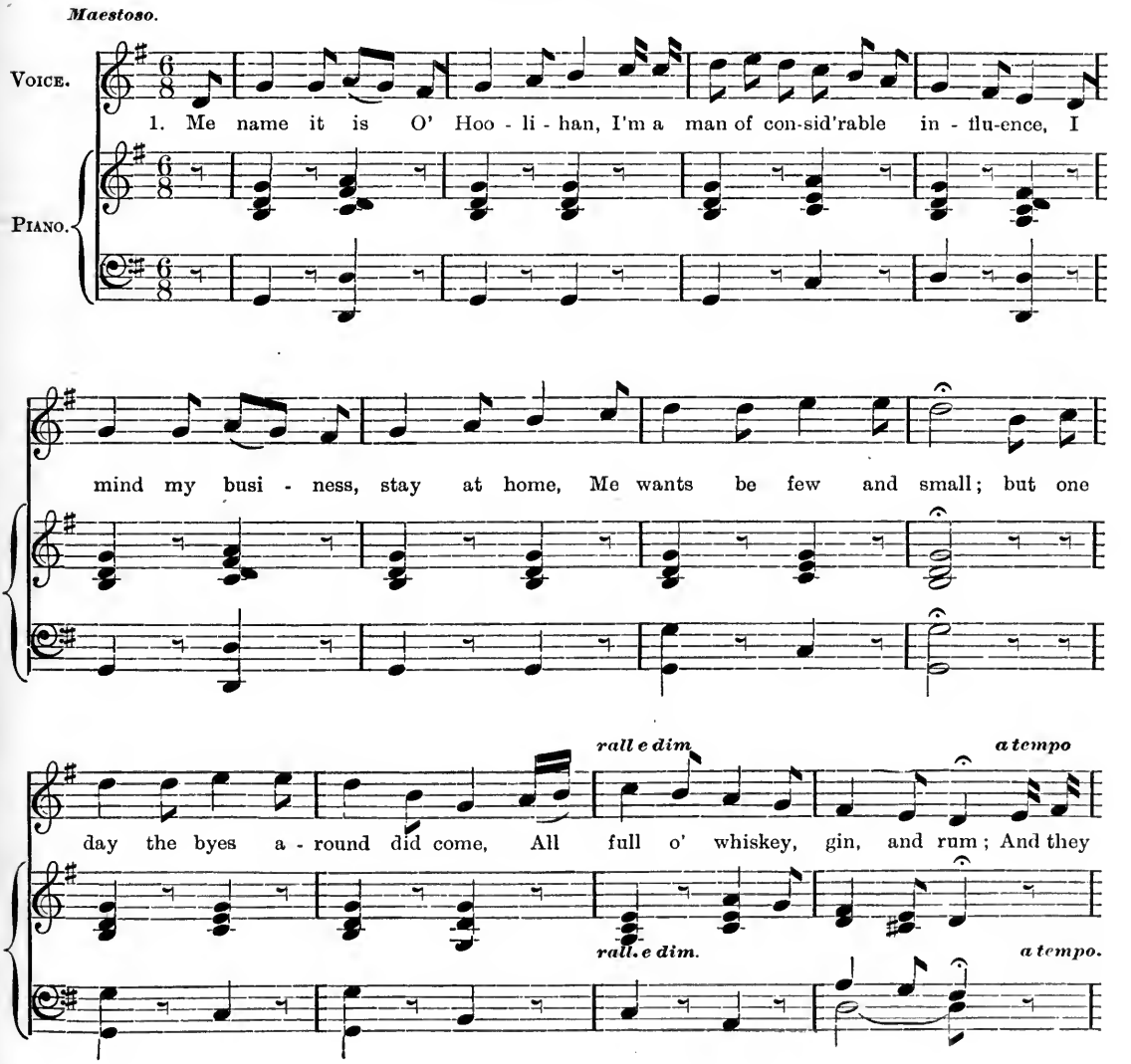
6. I looked behind de kitchen stairs,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.
Sing-song sitty wont you kimeo,

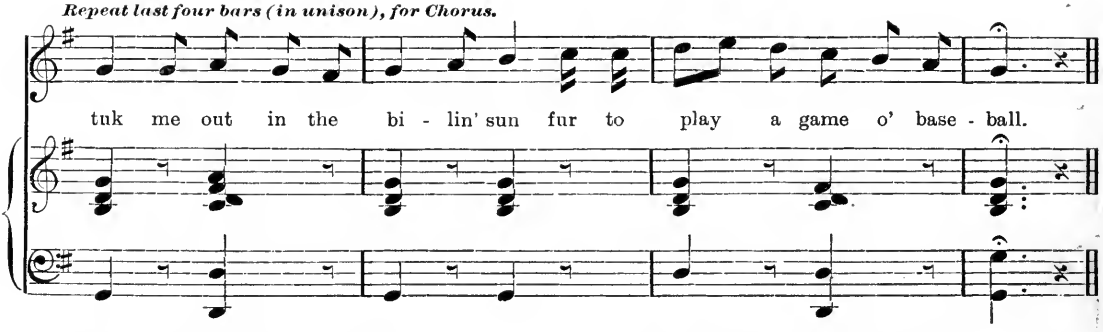
8. (*Lento*) The horse and the sheep were going to the pasture,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
Says the horse to the sheep (*accel.*) "Won't you go a little faster?" Sing-song, &c.

THE TRAMP'S SONG.

In marching time.

Music by J. EDMUND JONES, '88.

ev'ning's dusky shadows, In morning's rosy light, Cheerily ring our footsteps, Right, left, right.

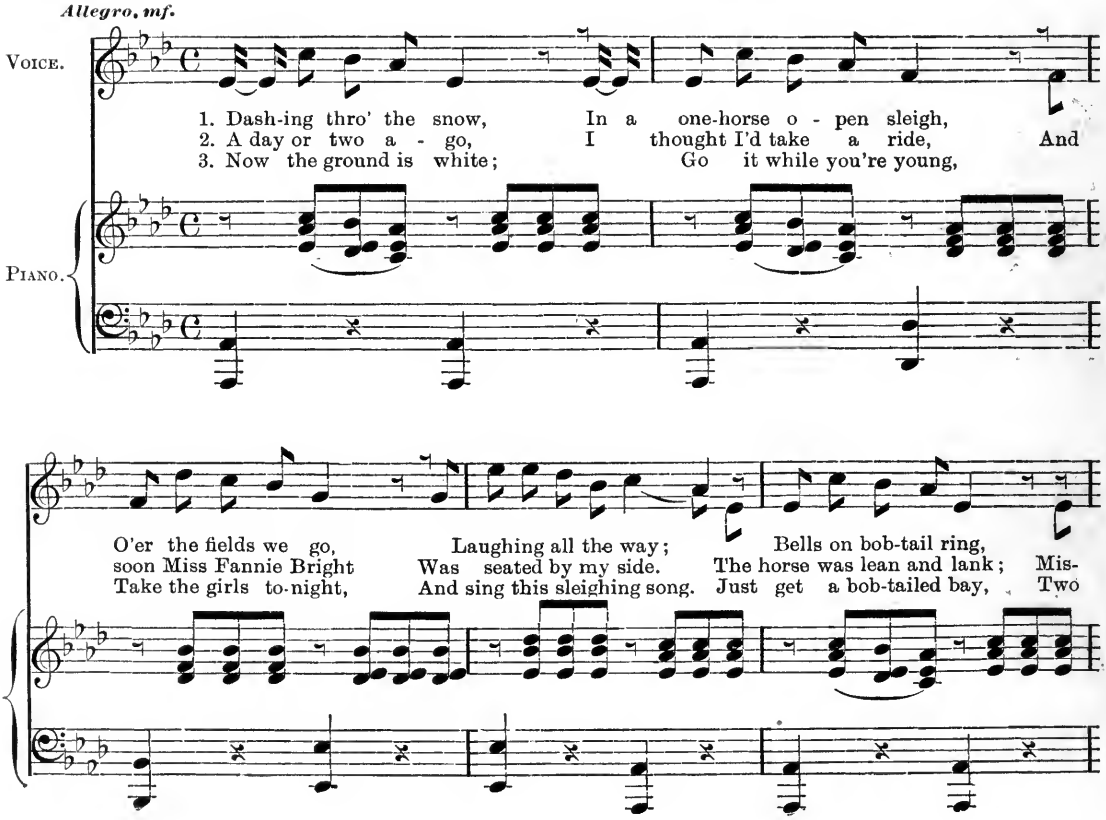
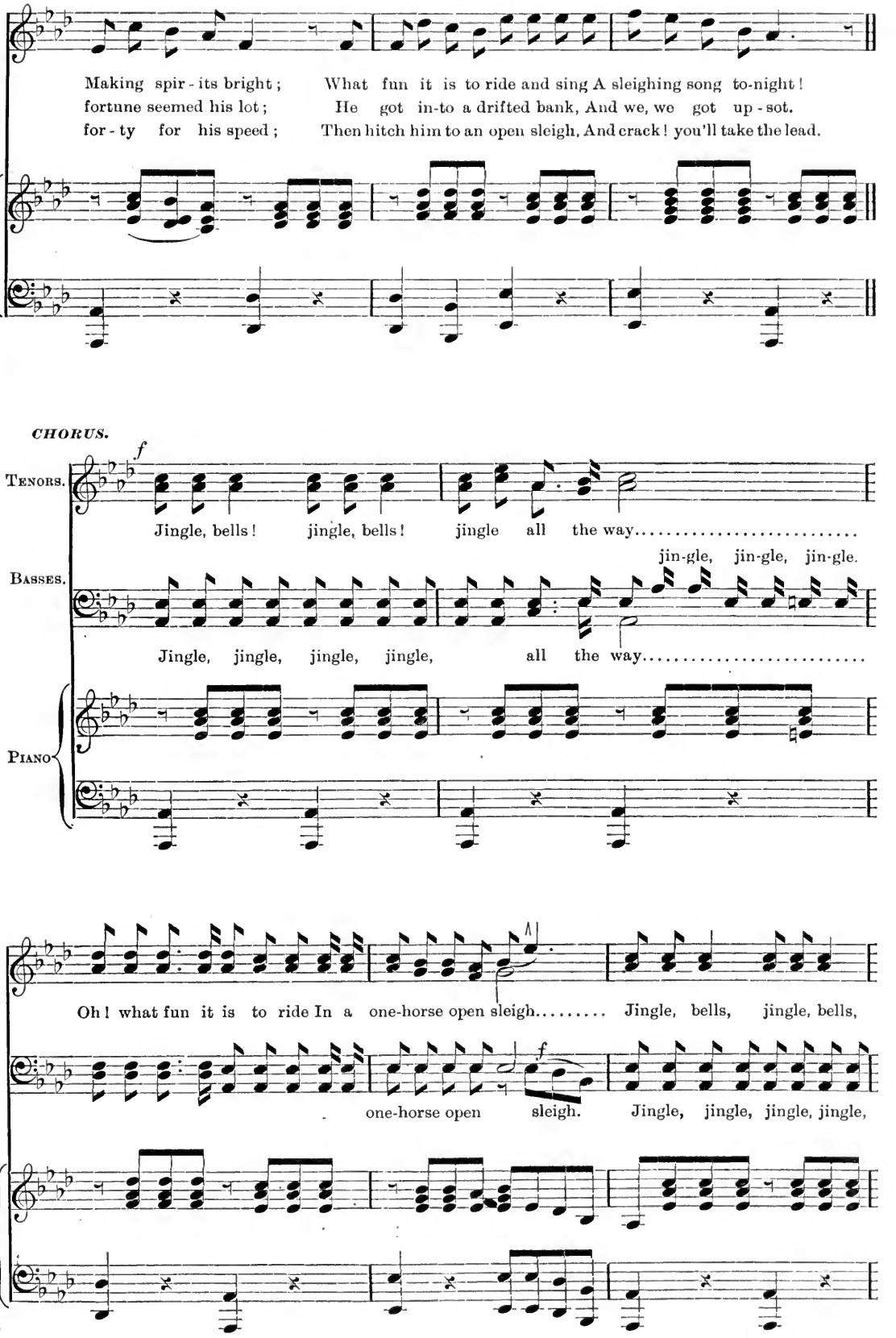
O'HOOLIHAN.

Maestoso.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Me name it is O' Hoo - li - han, I'm a man of con-sid'rable in - flu-ence, I
mind my busi - ness, stay at home, Me wants be few and small; but one
rall e dim.
a tempo
day the byes a - round did come, All full o' whiskey, gin, and rum; And they
rall. e dim.
a tempo.

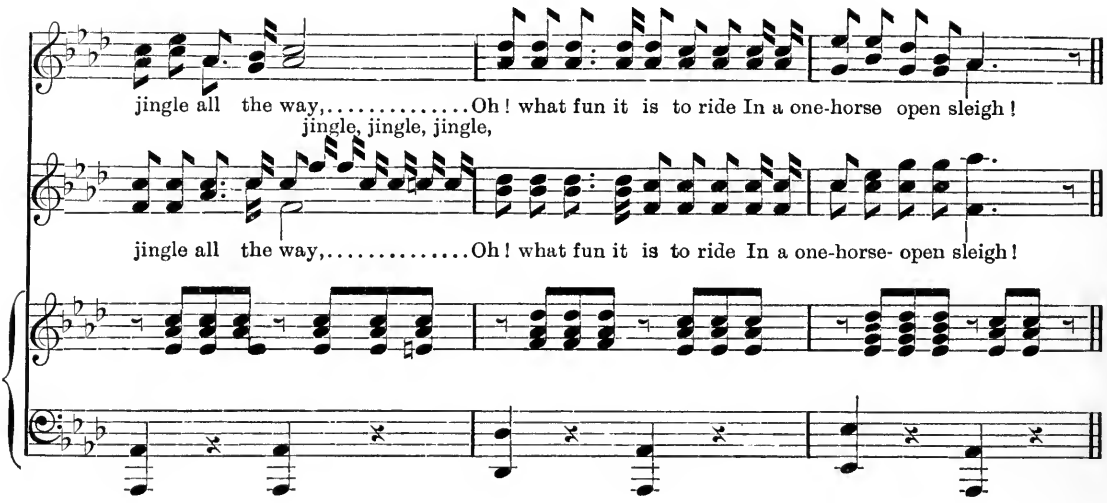
Repeat last four bars (in unison), for Chorus.

2. They made me carry all the bats,
An' they nearly dhrove me crazy;
They put me out in the cintre-field,
But I paralyzed them all.
For I put out me fisht fur to stop a "fly,"
Whin the murtherin' thing hit me square in the eye;
An' they hung me over a finee to dhry,
The day that I played baseball.

3. I took the bat fur to strike the ball,
An' I knocked it to San Francisco,
Around the bases I did run
A dozen times or more,
Till all the byes began to howl
"O'Hoolihan ye made a foul,"
An' they rubbed me down wid a Turkish tow'l,
The day that I played baseball.

4. The editor he axed me name
Fur to give me a leather medal,
He axed me fur me fortygraft
To hang agin' the wall;
Fur he said it was me as had won the game,
Wid me head all broke, and me shoulder lame,
An' they took me home on a cattle train,
The day that I played baseball.

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro, mf.

Making spir - its bright ; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night !
fortune seemed his lot ; He got in-to a drifted bank, And we, we got up - set.
for - ty for his speed ; Then hitch him to an open sleigh, And crack ! you'll take the lead.
CHORUS.
f
TENORS.
Jingle, bells ! jingle, bells ! jingle all the way.....
jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle.
BASSES.
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, all the way.....
PIANO
Oh ! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh..... Jingle, bells, jingle, bells,
f
one-horse open sleigh. Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,



THE FRESHMAN'S FATE;

OR, THE PERILS OF CO-EDUCATION.

Tune—"JINGLE, BELLS." J. D. SPENCE, '89.

1. Come youths and maidens all,
Just listen while I tell,
Of a 'Varsity undergrad,
And what to him befel.
He was a merry lad,
And laughing all the day,
For thus it was he strove
To drive dull care away.

CHORUS.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Laughing all the day.
Oh! what fun it is to laugh,
And drive dull care away. (*Bis*)

2. But one bright day there came
A maiden to the college:
Her face was full of charms,
Her head was full of knowledge,
He looked and looked again
Upon the lovely sight;
He watched her all the day,
And dreamt of her all night.
Chorus.—Ha! Ha! Ha! &c.

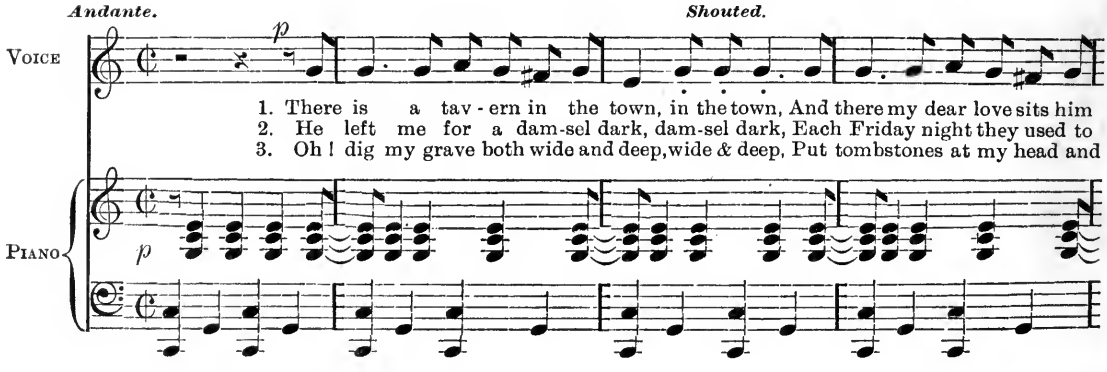
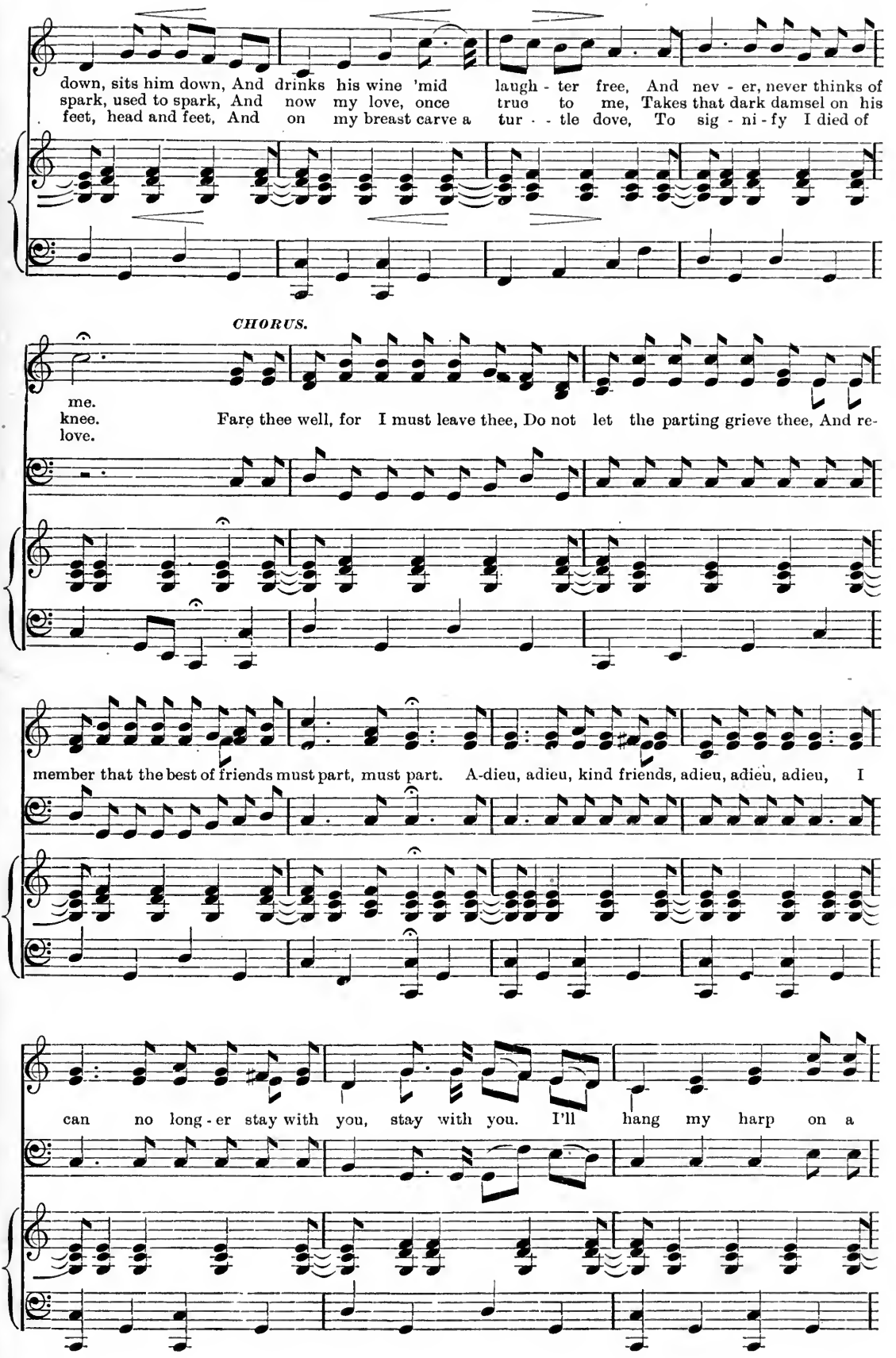
3. And so it came to pass
She stole his heart away;
He grew quite thin and pale,
And pined the livelong day.
He worse and worse did grow,
Until—most awful doom,
The skeleton he became
In the Biology room.

CHORUS.

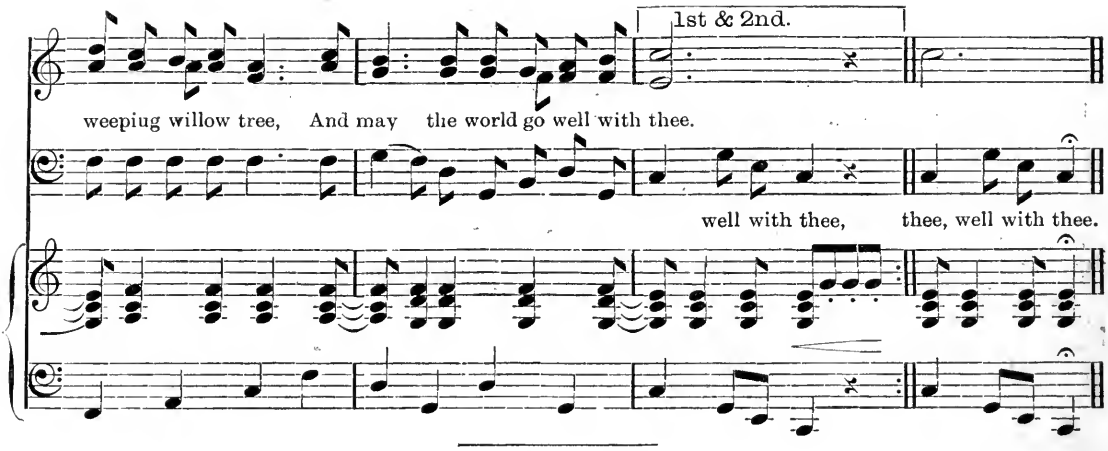
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Laughing all the day,
Oh! what fun it is to laugh,
And drive dull care away. (*Bis.*)

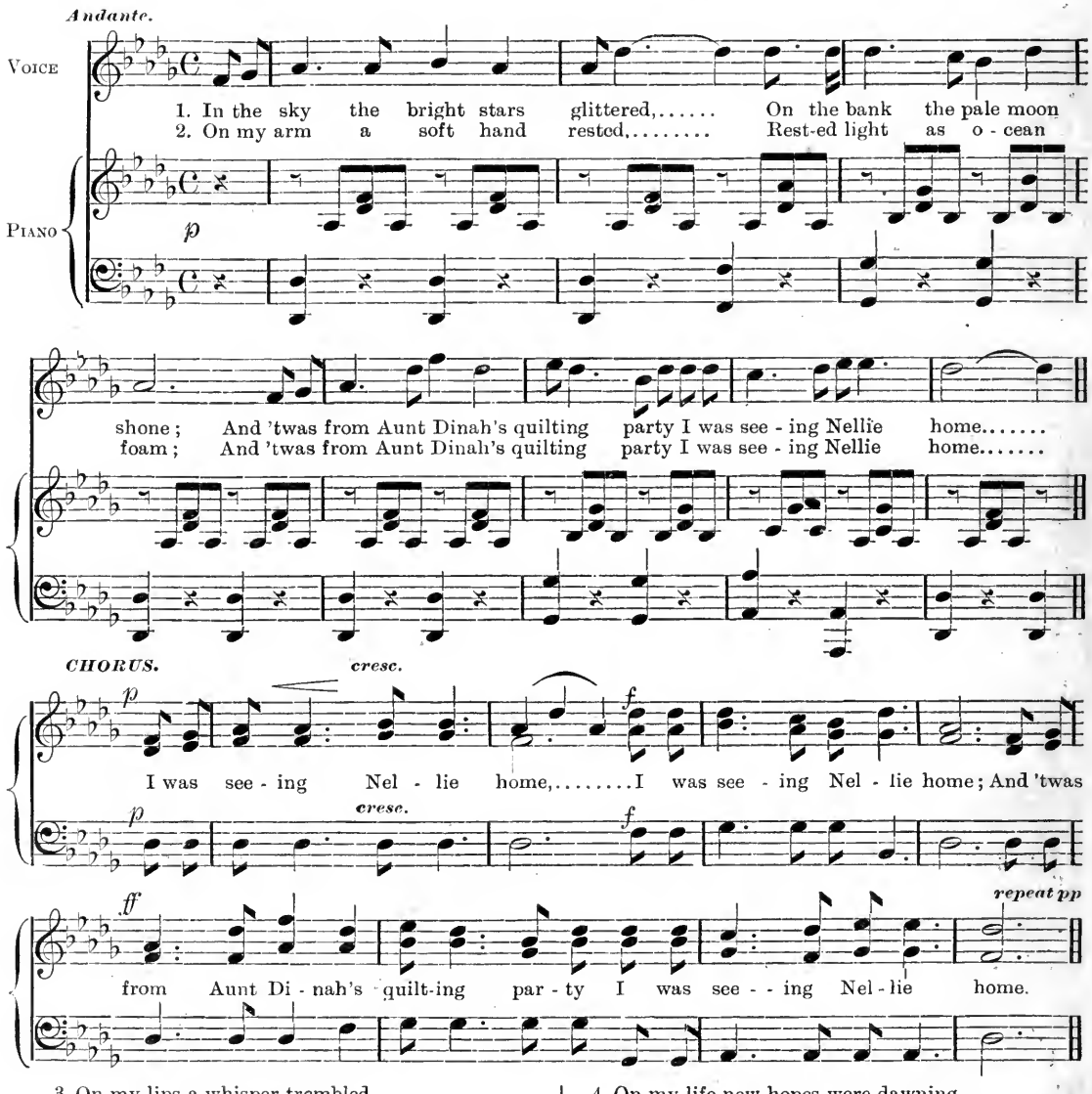
4. And should you chance to tread
At midnight's solemn hour,
Along the passage dread
Of the western corridor,
You'll hear a gruesome sound,
Your hair will stand with fear,
'Tis the skeleton's voice profound,
In accents hoarse and drear.
Chorus.—Ha! Ha! Ha! &c.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

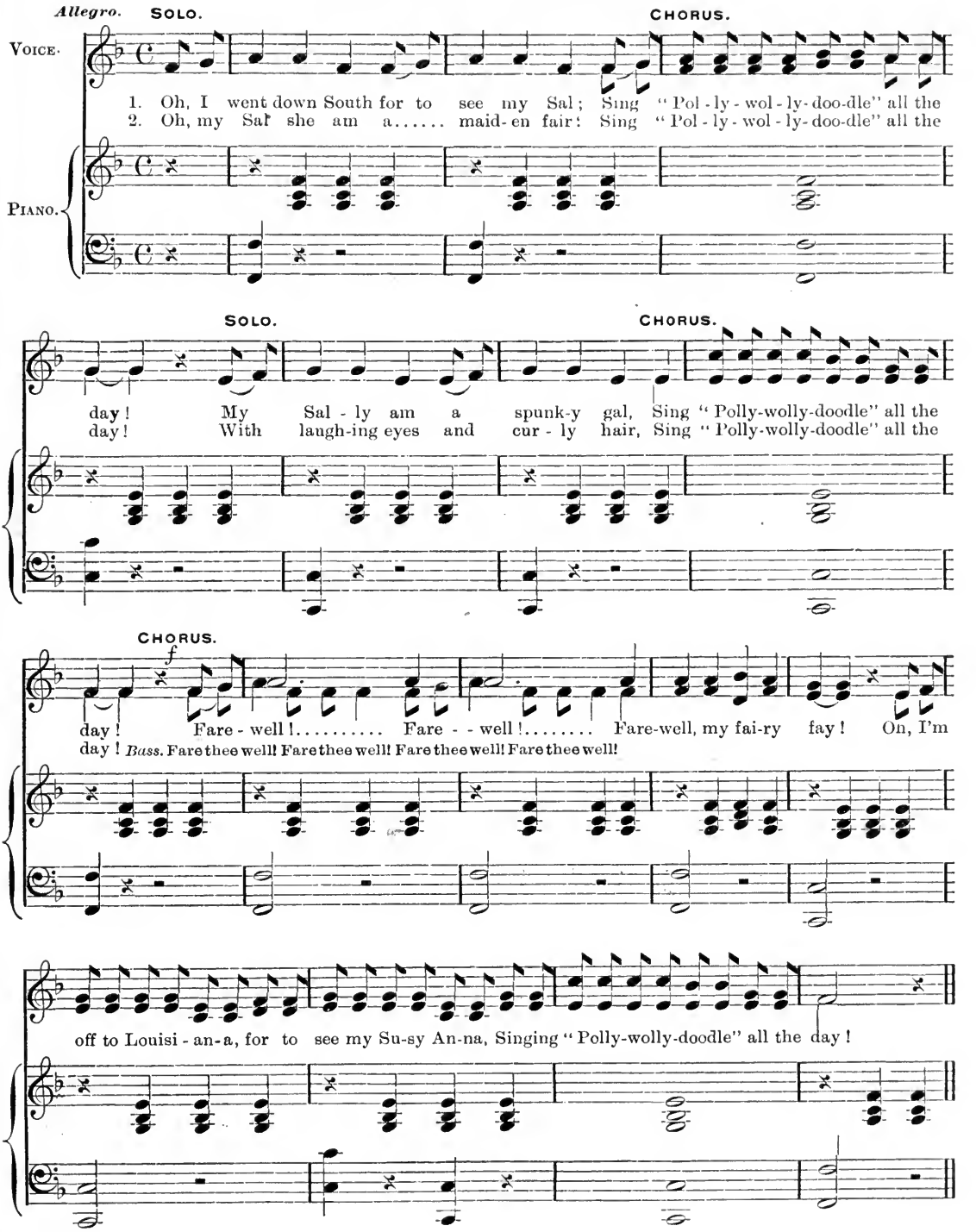


down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid laugh - ter free, And nev - er, never thinks of
spark, used to spark, And now my love, once true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his
feet, head and feet, And on my breast carve a tur - - tle dove, To sig - ni - fy I died of
CHORUS.
me.
knee.
love.
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not let the parting grieve thee, And re-
member that the best of friends must part, must part. A-dieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu, I
can no long - er stay with you, stay with you. I'll hang my harp on a



SEEING NELLIE HOME.

3. On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

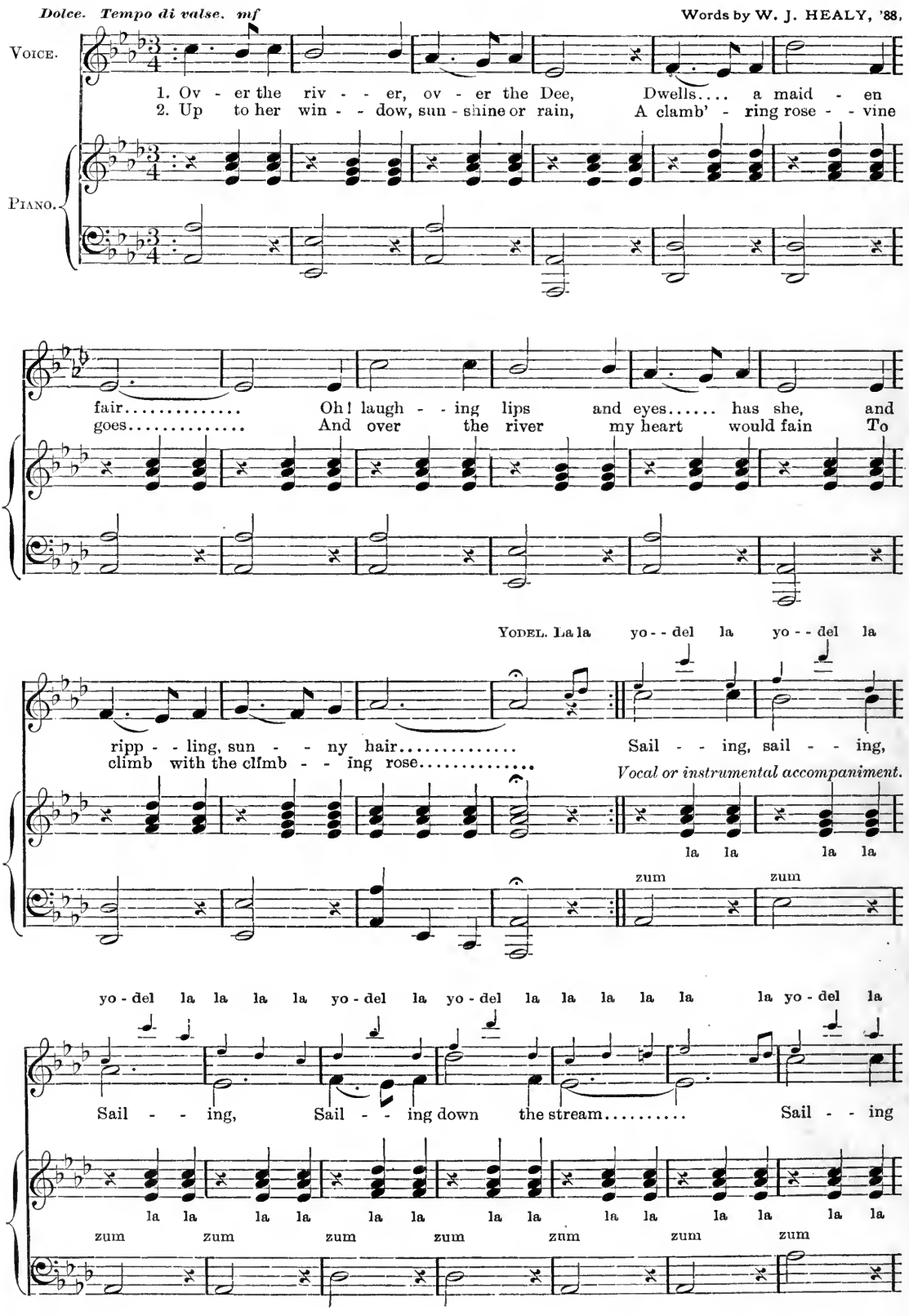
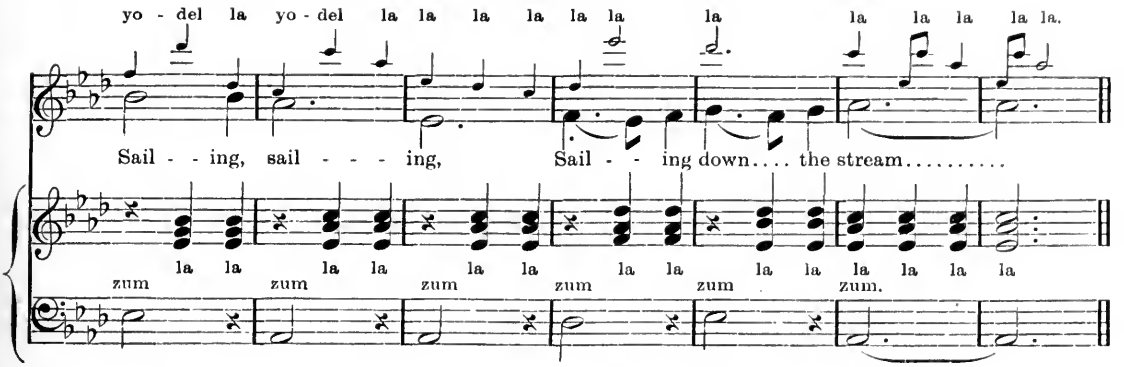
4. On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

3. Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

4. Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

5. Behind de barn, down on my knees,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Sing "Poliy-wolly-doodle," all the day.

6. He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

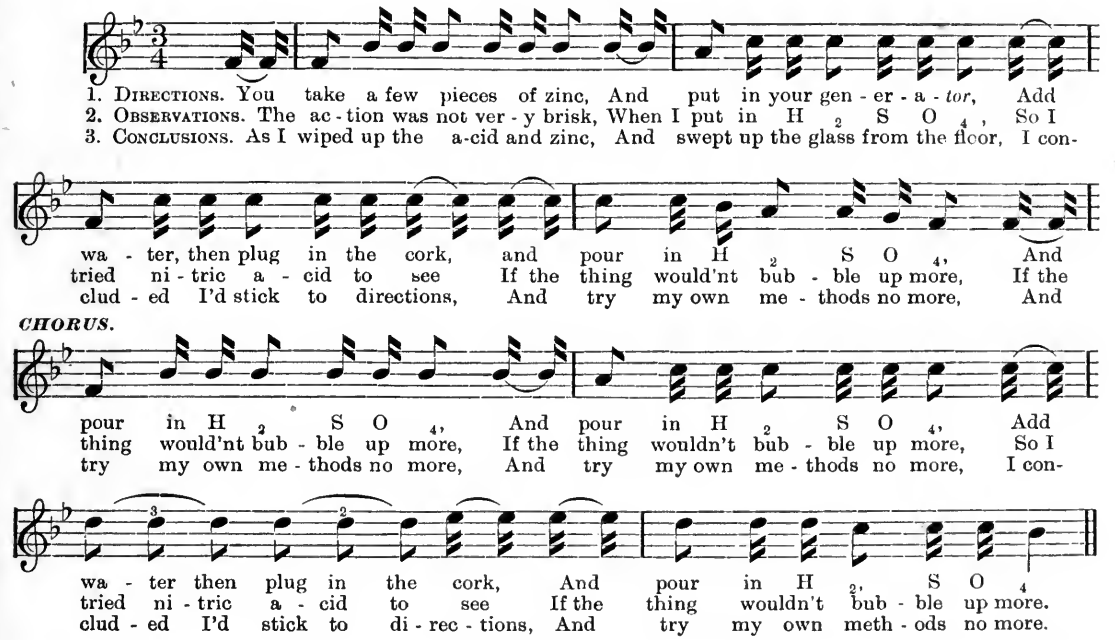
SAILING, SAILING, SAILING.

3. After the sunset flush has flown,
When lilacs scent the air,
By the old bridge I'll meet alone
My love so blithe and fair.

4. Over the river, the evening breeze
Fragrance-laden blows;
Under the blossoming apple trees,
I walk with my lovely Rose.

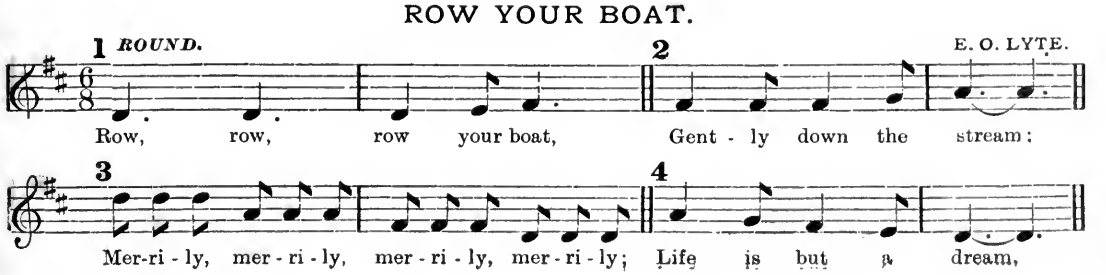
5. Eyes has my love like a day in June,
When all the sky is blue,—
Lips like a rose in a summer noon,
Ripe-red through and through.

6. Ever I dream of one sweetest word
I to my love will say;
Oh, my heart is like a singing-bird
On a swaying hazel spray.

$H_2 S O_4$.

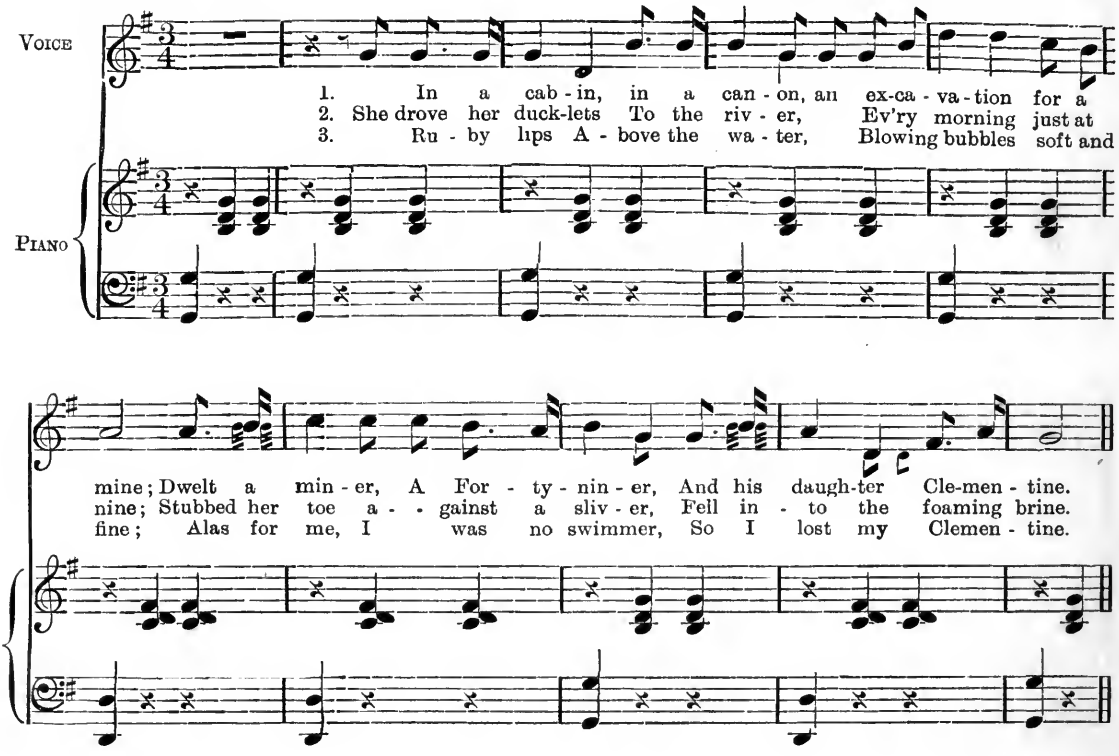
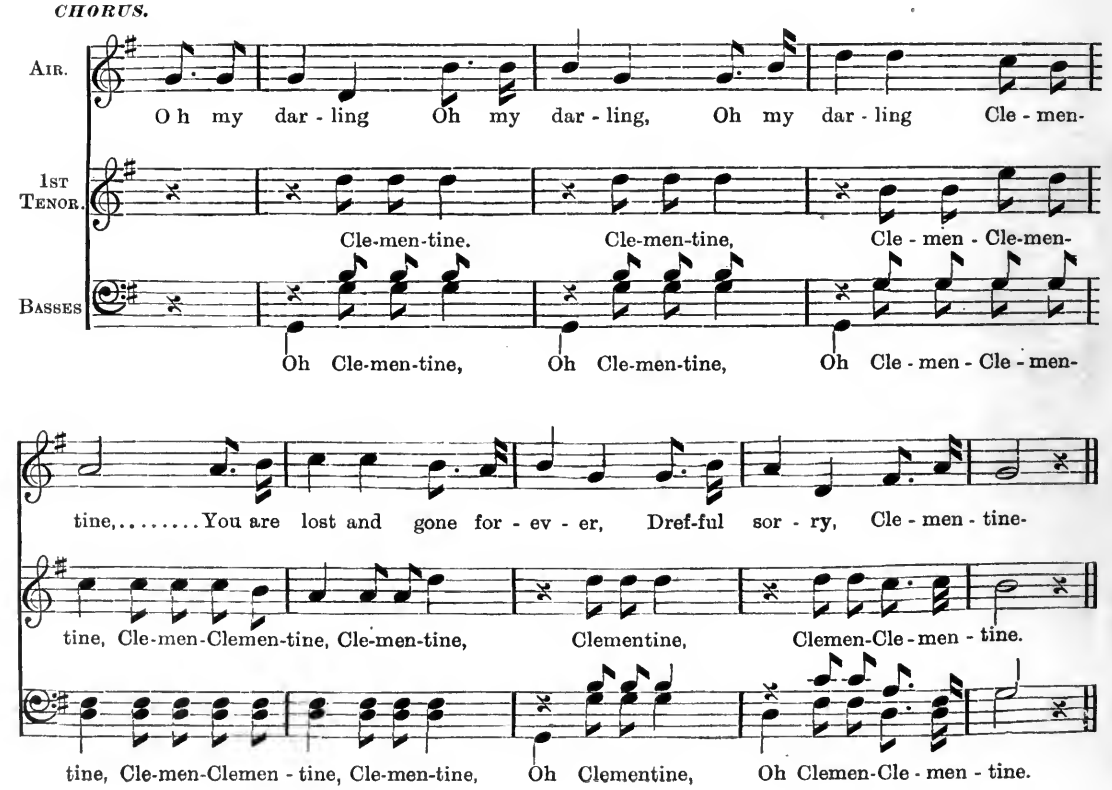
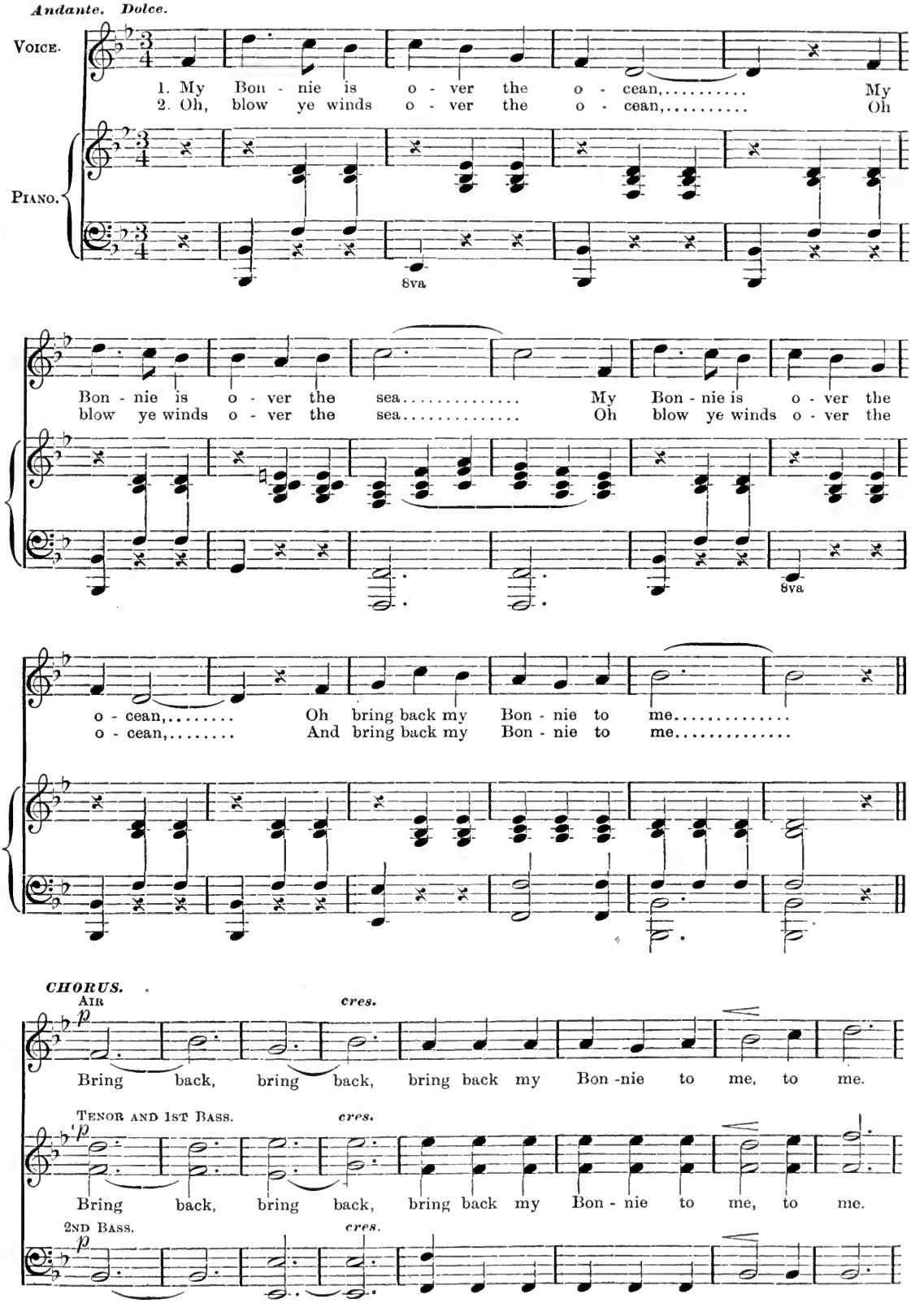
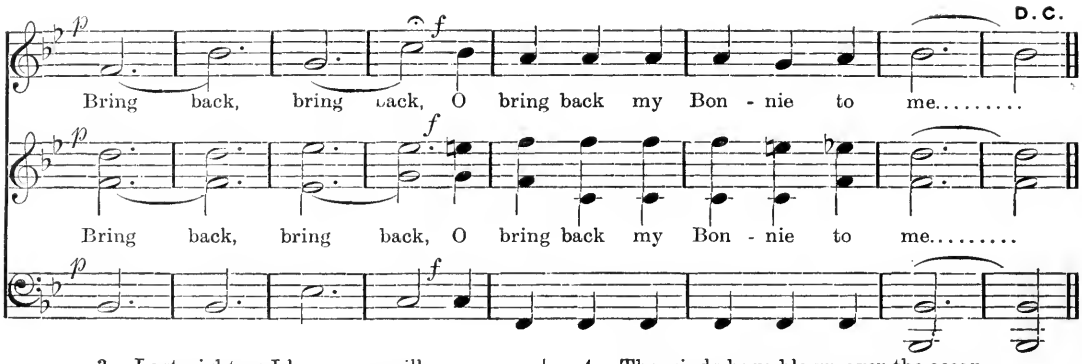


ROW YOUR BOAT.

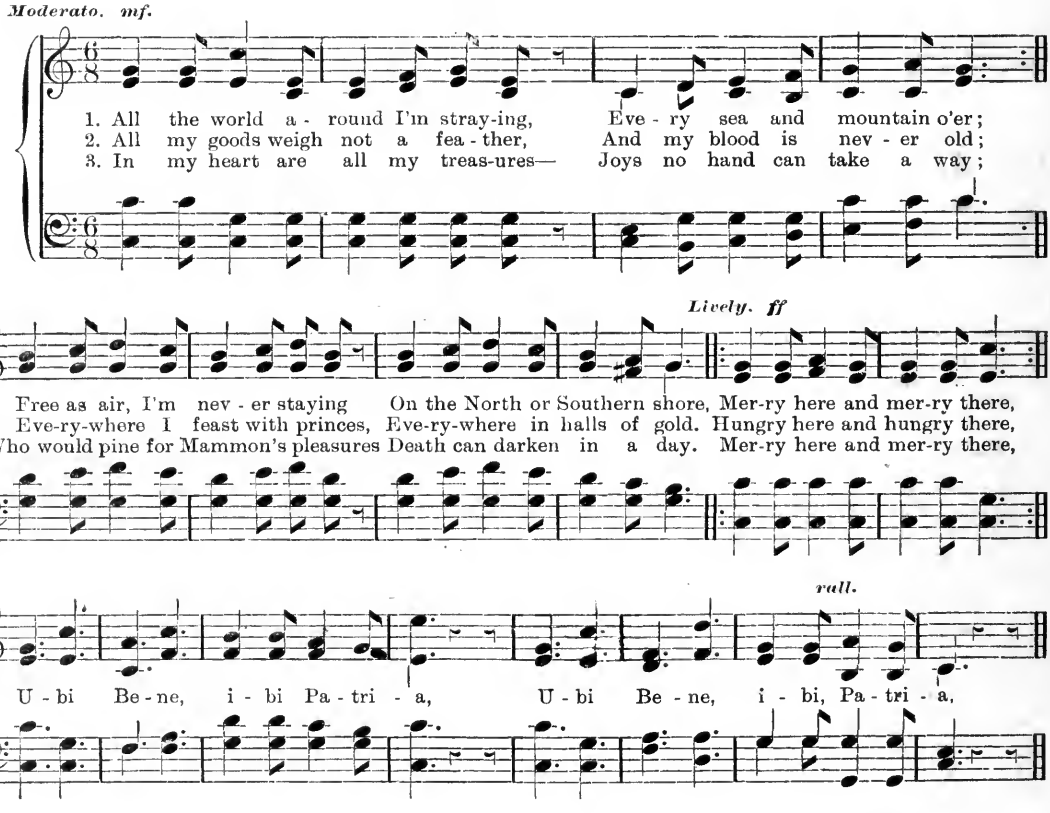


OH MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.

Tempo di mazurka.

Words and Music by PERCY MONTROSE.

CHORUS.

MY BONNIE.

Andante. Dolce.
Voice.
Piano.
1. My Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean,..... My
2. Oh, blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean,..... Oh
8va
Bon - nie is o - ver the sea..... My Bon - nie is o - ver the
blow ye winds o - ver the sea..... Oh blow ye winds o - ver the
8va
o - cean,..... Oh bring back my Bon - nie to me.....
o - cean,..... And bring back my Bon - nie to me.....
CHORUS.
Air
p
cres.
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon -nie to me, to me.
Tenor and 1st Bass.
p
cres.
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me.
2nd Bass.
p
cres.

3. Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.
Chorus—Bring back, etc.

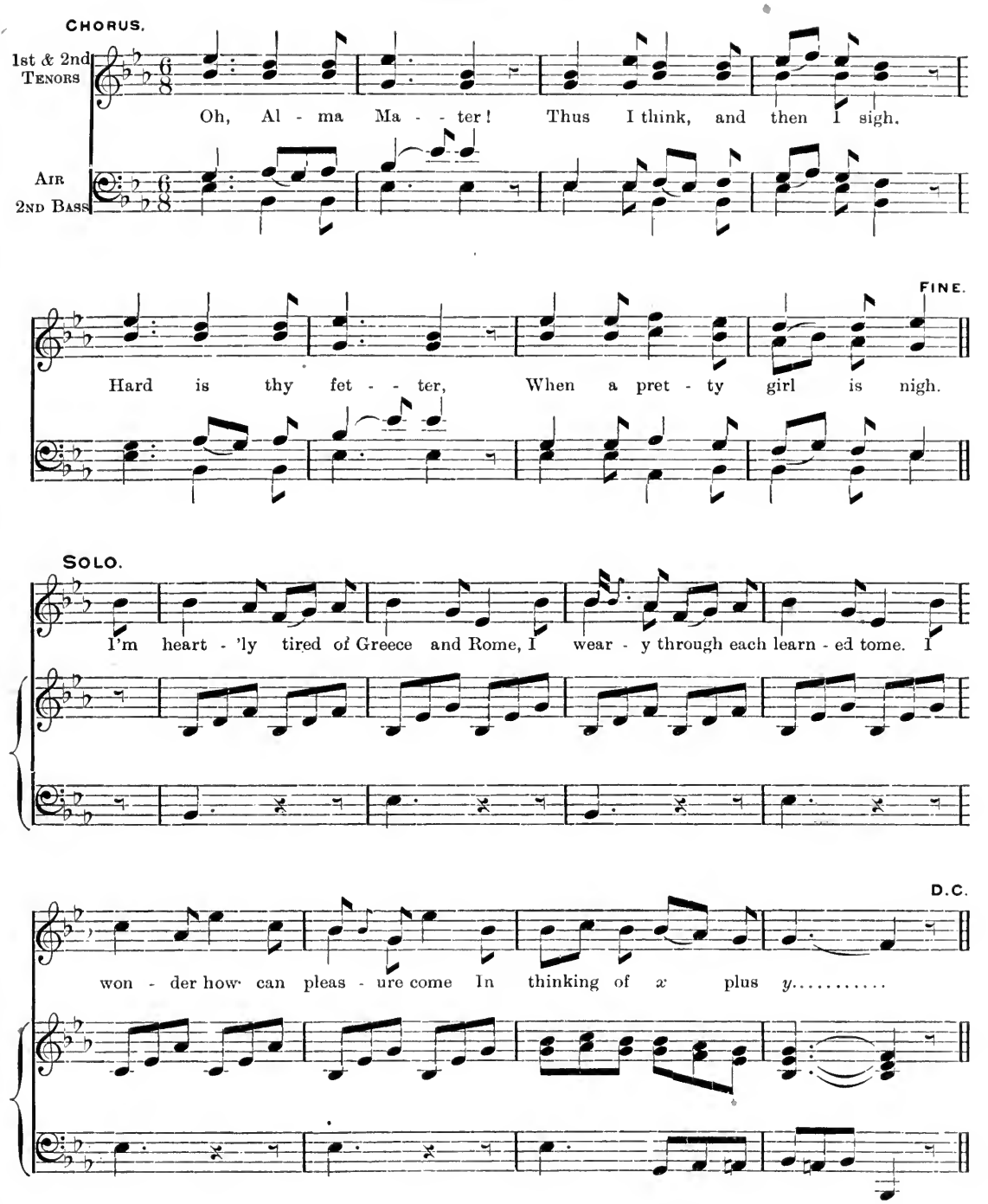
4. The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.
Chorus—Bring back, etc.

UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.

4. While my pipe is yet beside me,
And my beer remains to foam,
With a hat and coat to hide me,
Everywhere I'll gaily roam.
Drinking here and smoking there (*Bis*,)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis*).

5. In the bowl I'm ever heeding
Love's delicious, maddening glow;
Now in northland humbly pleading,
Now were southern breezes blow.
Kissing here and drinking there (*Bis.*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis.*)

6. So through life I'm smoothly gliding
On a calm and shining sea,
Sorrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
And in wine's sweet revelry.
Merry here and merry there (*Bis.*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis.*)

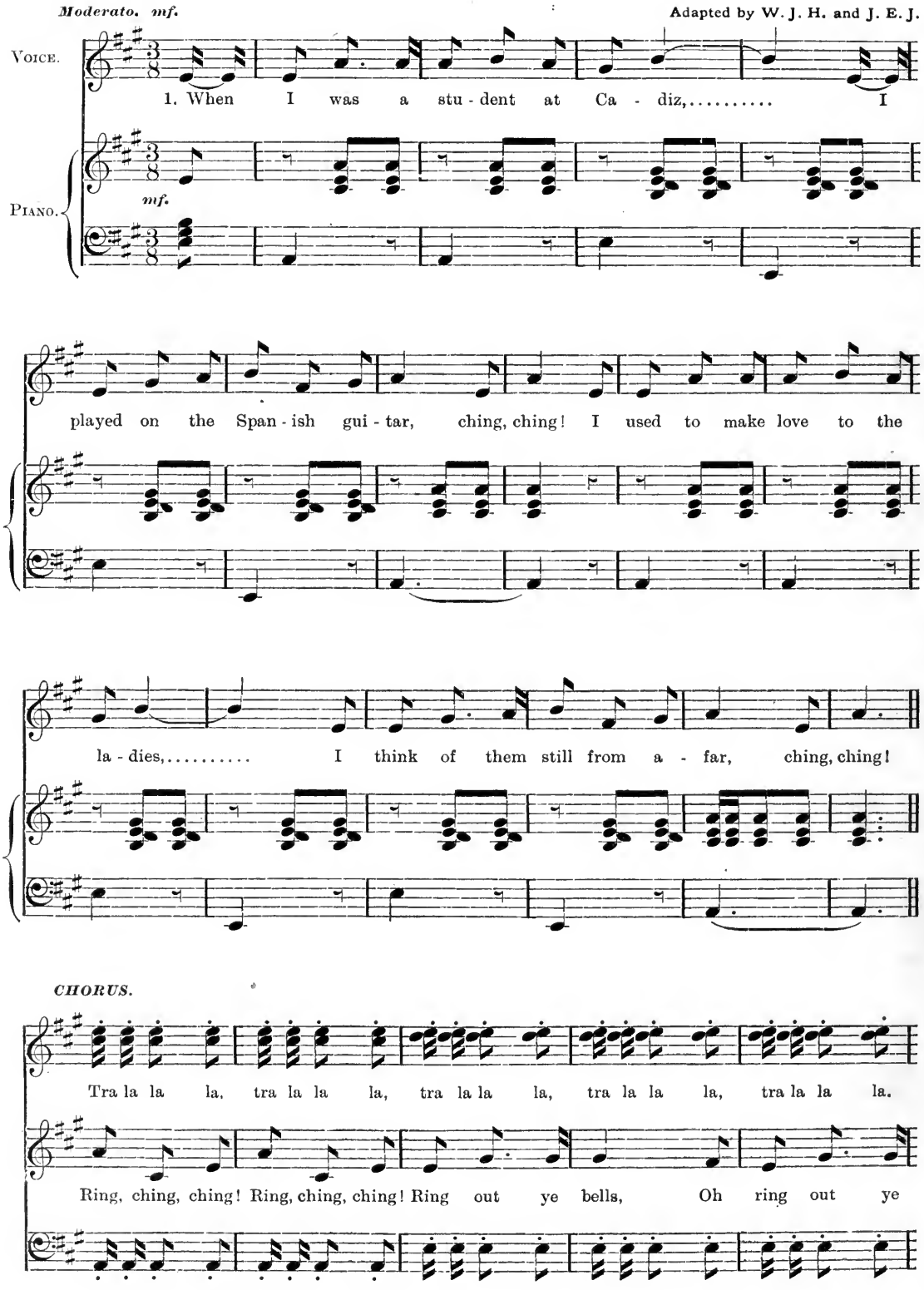
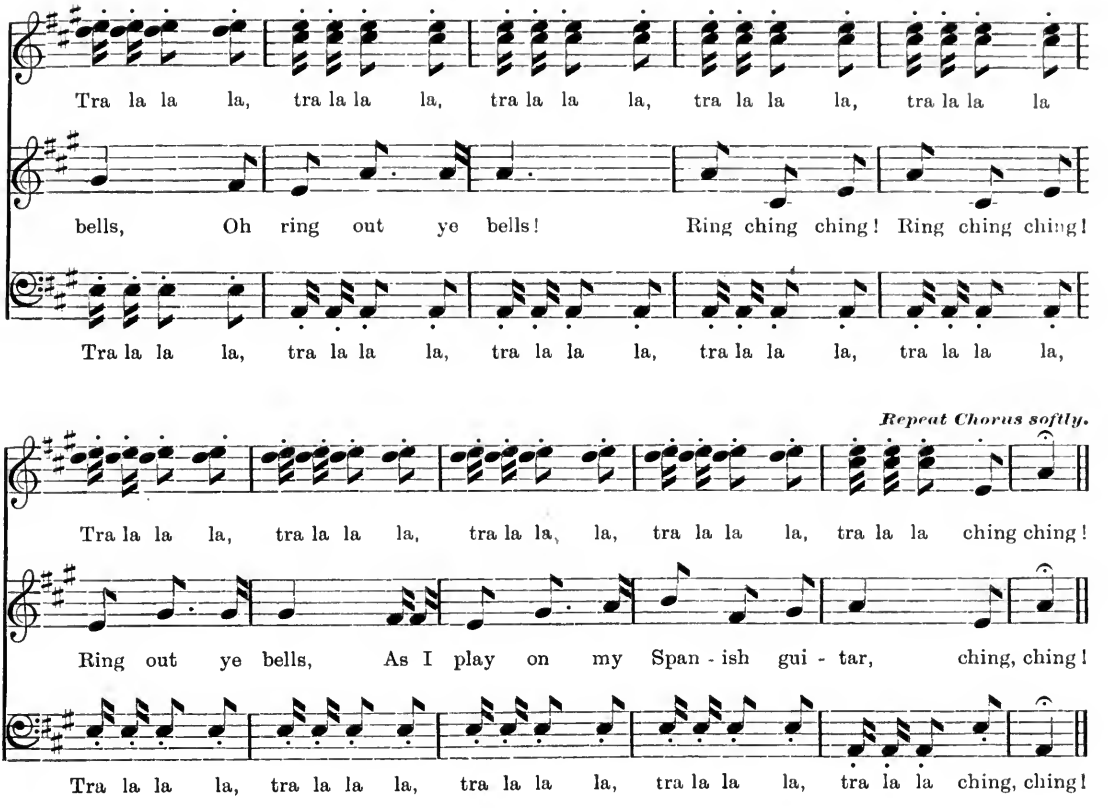
7. By-and-by shall Death's grim shadows
On this useless clay be laid;
Then I'll clasp the cooling meadows
In the golden land of shade!
Merry here and merry there (*Bis*,)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis.*)

ALMA MATER.

1. I'm heartily tired of Greece and Rome,
   I weary through each learned tome.
   I wonder how can pleasure come
   In thinking of *x* plus *y*.
   Chorus,—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

2. When morning comes, oh then, oh then,
   Whether at eight, or nine, or ten,
   Up I must get from my cosy den,
   And off to college fly.
   Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c

3. And then, oh then, on a winter's night,
   With one on my left and one on my right,
   'Tis pleasant thus to walk at night,
   Don't ask me the reason why.
   Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

4. Summer is coming, and naught like this,
   Lolling all day on banks of bliss,
   And now and then a-stealing a kiss,
   And if I can't I'll try.
   Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

2. I was four years a student at Cadiz,
Where nothing one's pleasure can mar, ching, ching!
And where many a beautiful maid is,—
Oh I strumm'd and I twang'd my guitar, ching, ching!

3. Oh I sang serenades there at Cadiz,
Till I got an attack of catarrh, ching, ching!
Though no more I could serenadize,
Still I played on my Spanish guitar, ching, ching!

4. When at last the train bore me from Cadiz,
The ladies all wept round the car, ching, ching!
Oh it grieved to me to part from those ladies,
But I carried away my guitar, ching, ching!

5. I'm no longer a student at Cadiz,
But I play on the Spanish guitar, ching, ching!
And still I am fond of the ladies,
Though now I'm a happy papa, ching, ching!

A TALE OF TWO IDLES.

Tune—"THE SPANISH GUITAR."

Words by MADGE R. ROBERTSON, '89.

1. Now we'll sing you a song of two idles,
Who idled by night and by day; ding dong;
Who idled round "'Varsity" precincts
One year from October to May; ding dong.

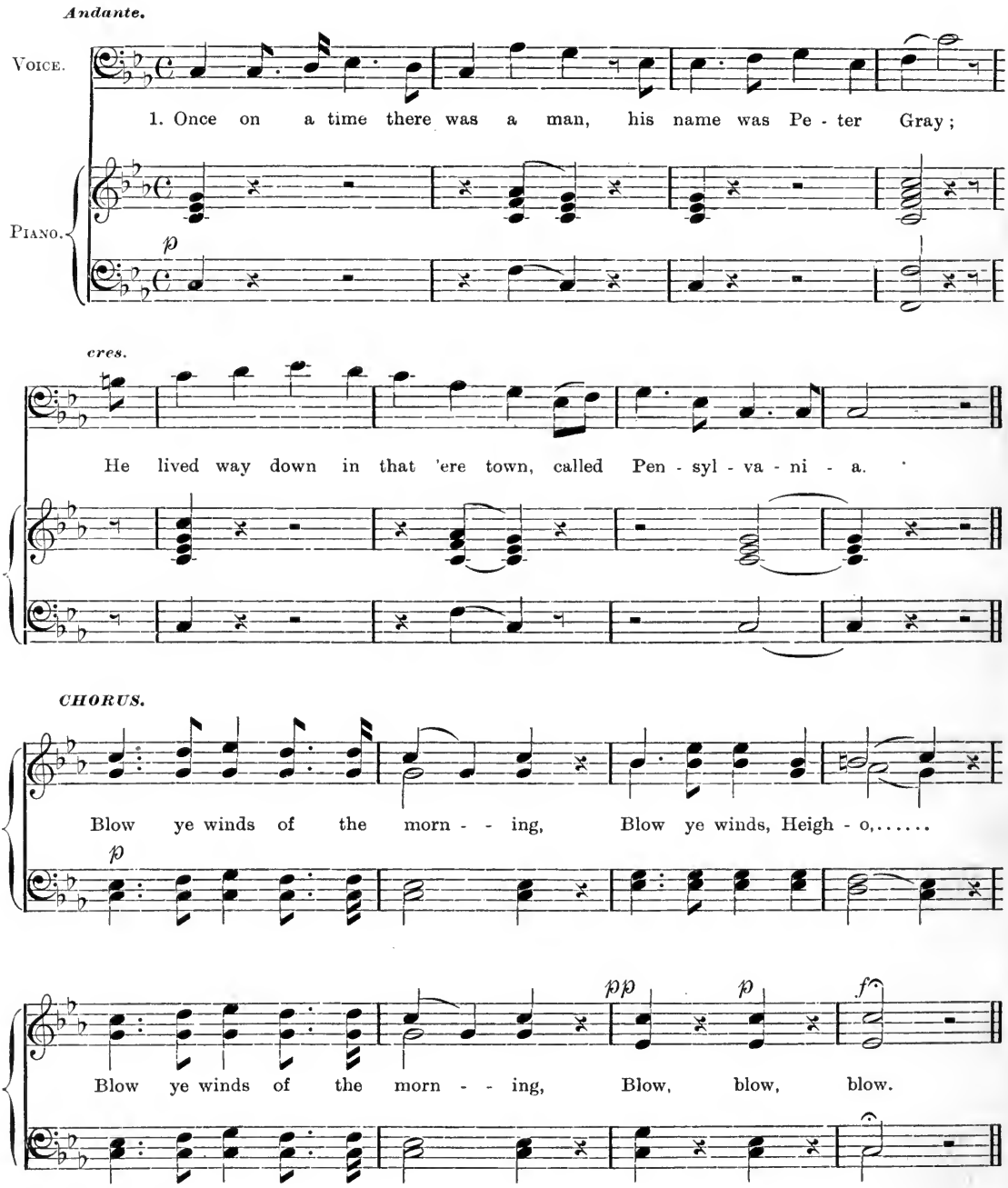
CHORUS (very slowly).
Ding dong ding, ding dong ding, toll out ye bells!
Oh, toll out ye bells! oh, toll out ye bells!
Ding dong ding, ding dong ding, toll out ye bells!
As we chant this most doleful refrain; ding dong.

2. They "posed" idly about at the doorway,
Waiting letters—nay, duns, we should say; ding dong;
And ogled the girls, who, in passing,
Could see but a tattered array; ding dong.
Chorus—Ding dong ding, etc.

3. Sometimes they strolled into a lecture
To idle an hour away; ding dong;
Next, dinner took up all attention,
Then football the rest of the day; ding dong.
Chorus—Ding dong ding, etc.

4. They idled through divers flirtations,
And idled at last into love; ding dong;
But alas for the charms of our idles,
Their idols most faithless did prove; ding, dong.
Chorus—Ding dong ding, etc.

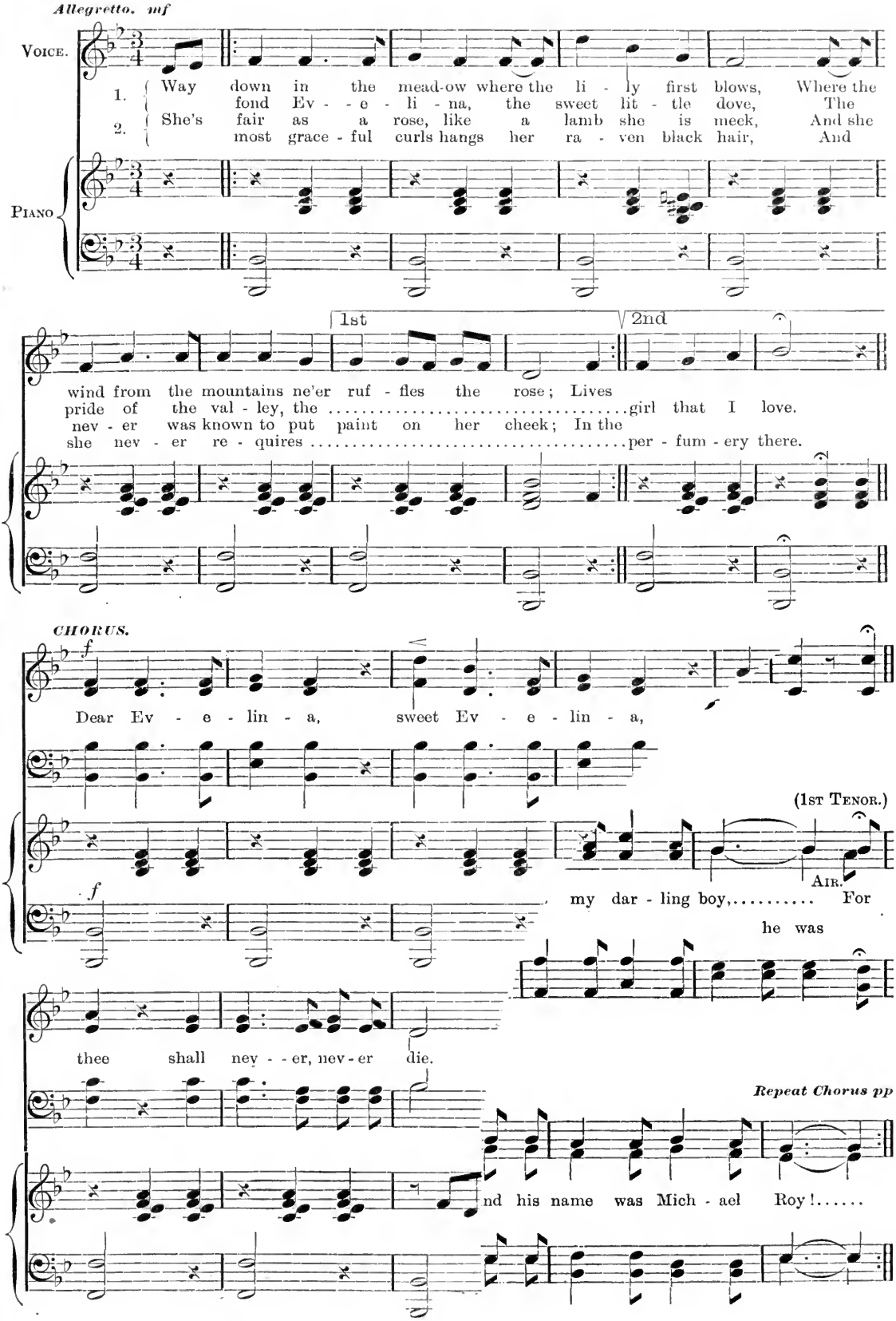
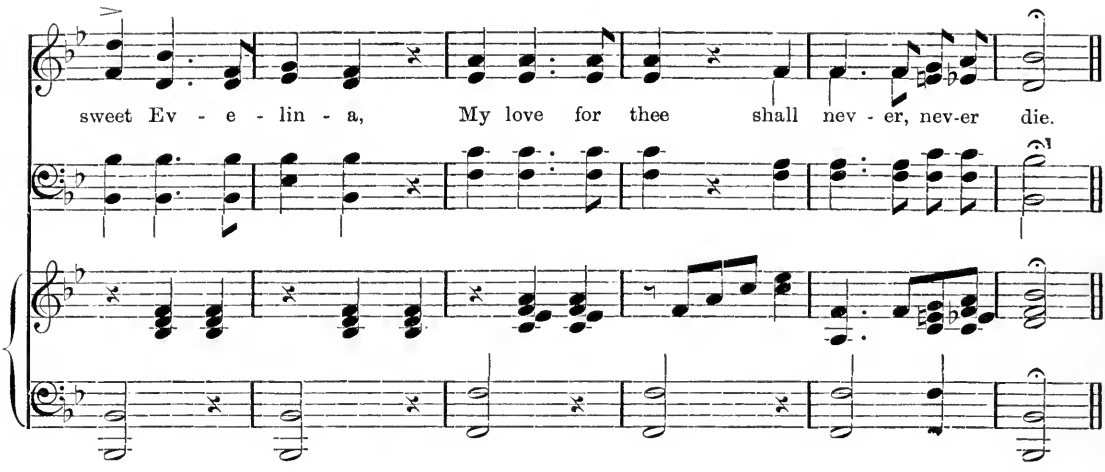
5. Then last, idly fell in a "fixed system,"
A piece of red ribbon and blue; ding dong;
Went up on a "complex idea,"
And to life bid a last fond adieu; ding dong.
Chorus—Ding dong ding, etc.

PETER GRAY.

2. Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl,
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl.—*Cho.*

3. But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent away off to Ohio.—*Cho.*

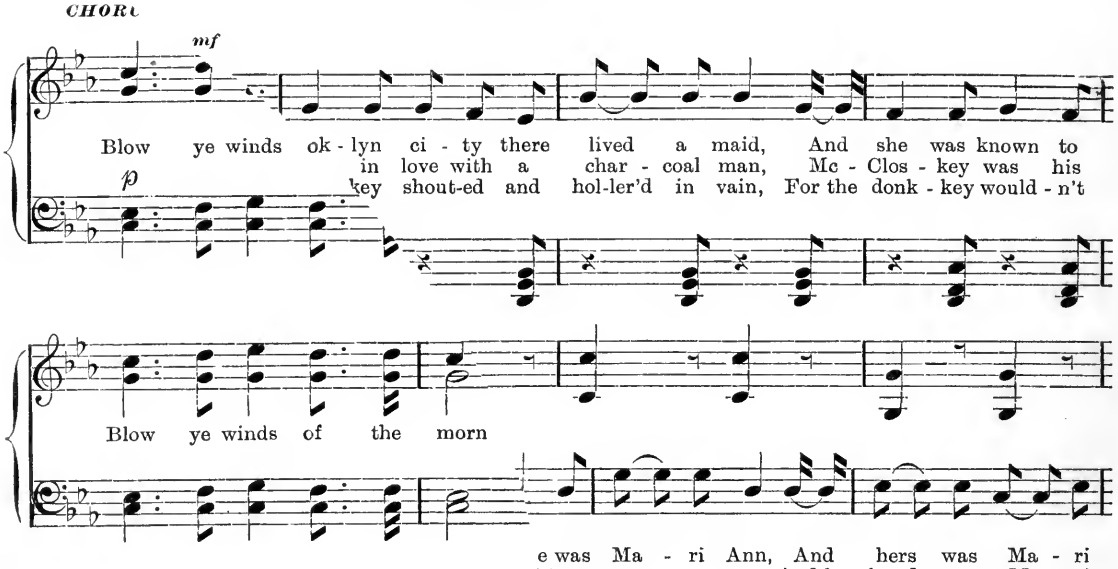
4. And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp - y - ed by the bloody Indians.—*Cho.*

5. When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di - i - ed.—*Cho.*

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

3. Evelina and I, one fine evening in June,
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon,
The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.—*Cho.*

4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives in that green grassy holler,
Although I am fated to marry her never.
I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.—*Cho.*

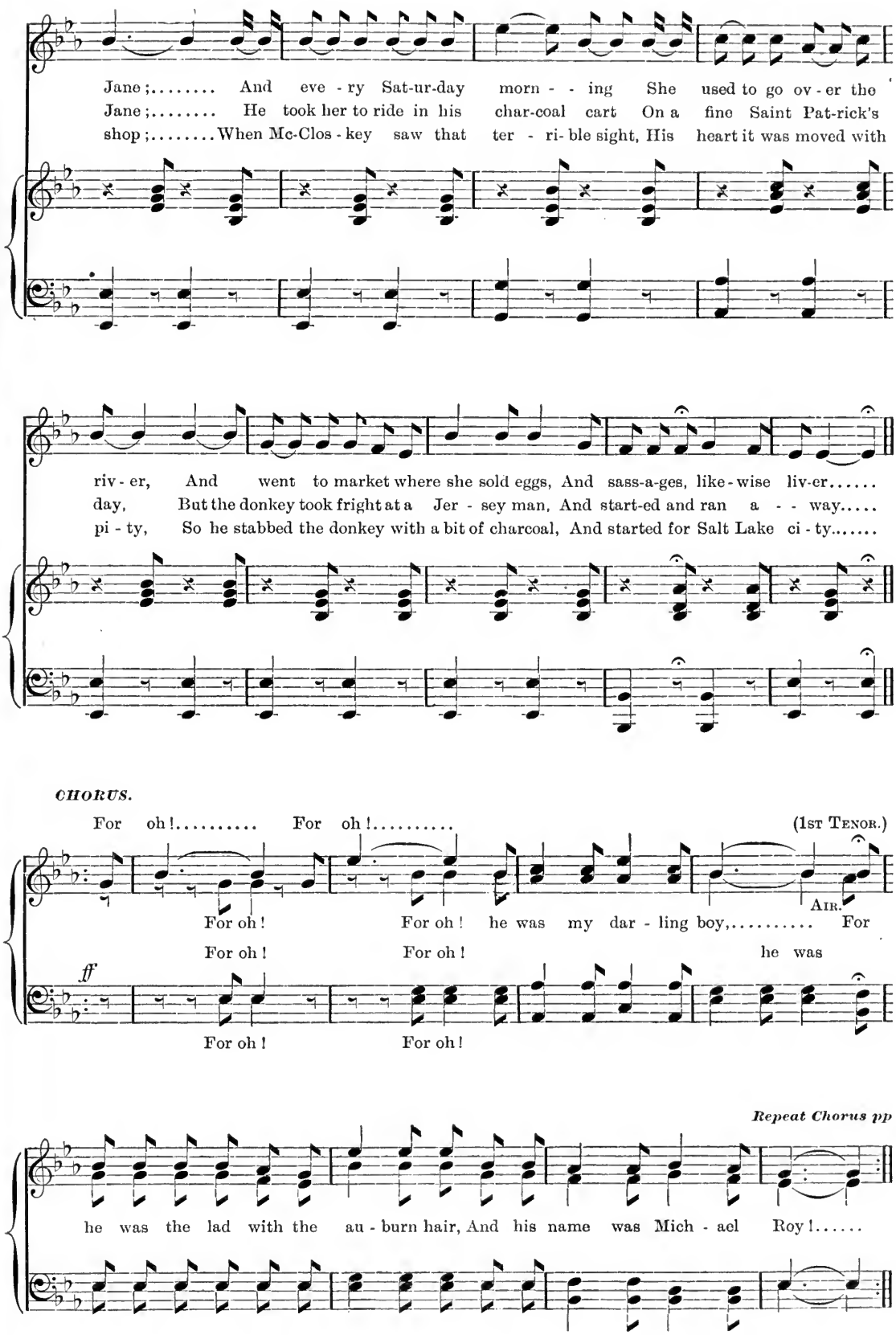
MICHAEL ROY.



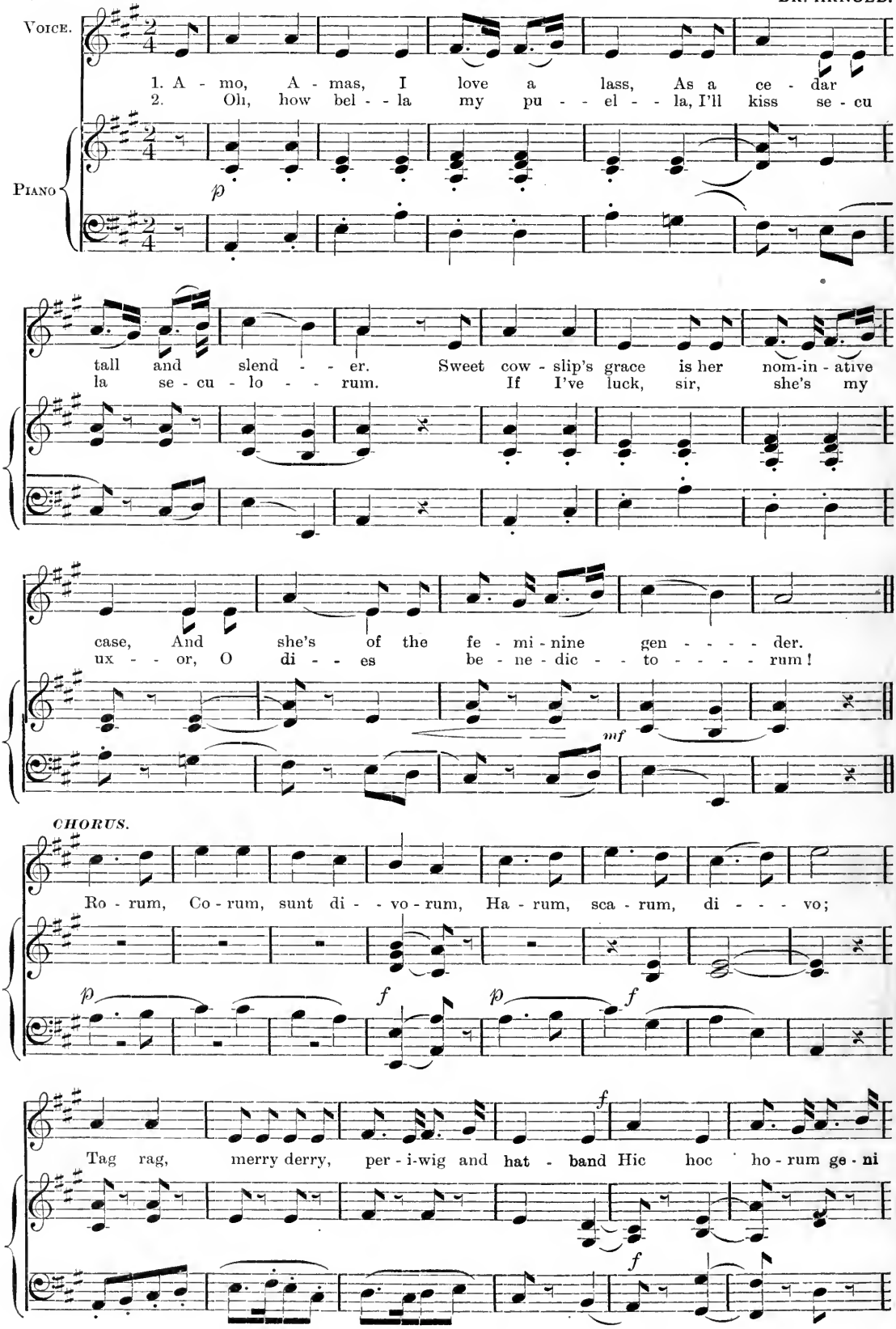
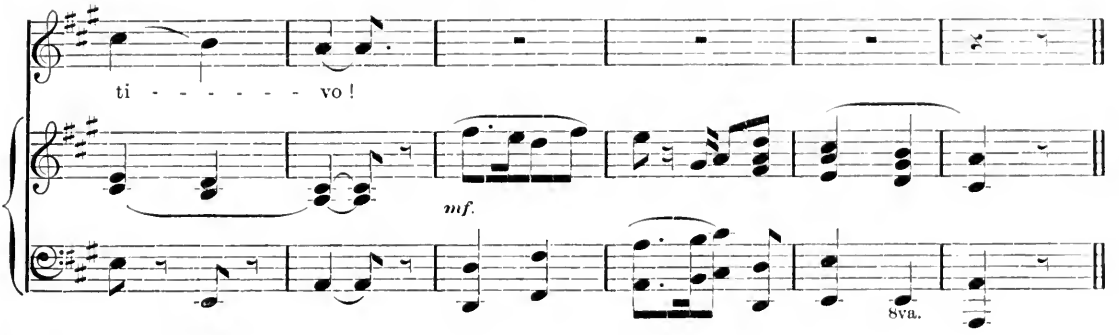
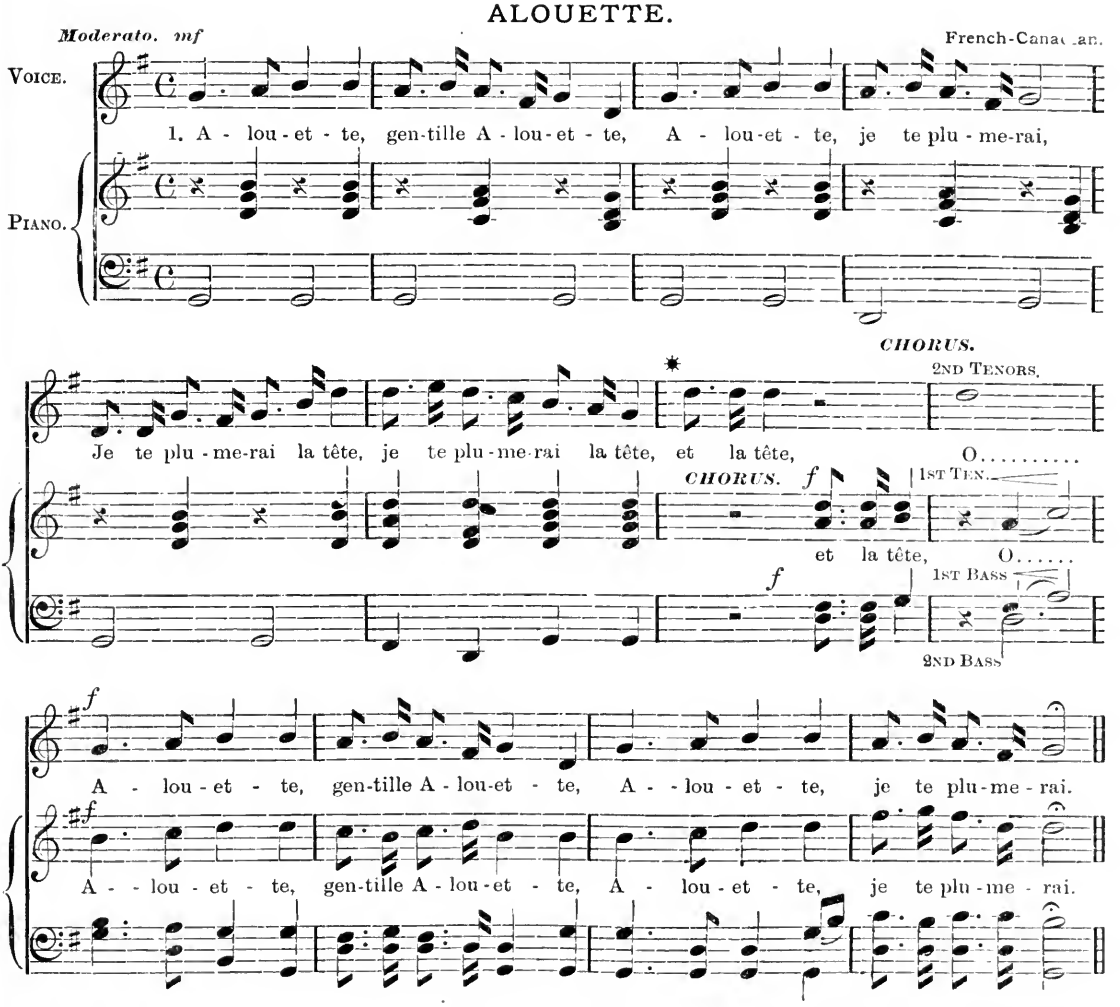
2. Now Peter Gray he fell in lov
The first three letters of her n

3. But just as they were going t
And consequently she was sen

4. And Peter Gray he went to tr
Till he was caught and scalp -

5. When Lucy Anna heard the r
And never did get up again

Jane;..... And eve - ry Sat-ur-day morn - - ing She used to go ov - er the
Jane;..... He took her to ride in his char-coal cart On a fine Saint Pat-rick's
shop;.....When Mc-Clos - key saw that ter - ri- ble sight, His heart it was moved with
riv - er, And went to market where she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv-er.....
day, But the donkey took fright at a Jer - sey man, And start-ed and ran a - - way.....
pi - ty, So he stabbed the donkey with a bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci - ty.....
CHORUS.
For oh!..... For oh!.....
(1st Tenor.)
For oh! For oh! he was my dar - ling boy,..... For
Air.
For oh! For oh! he was
ff
For oh! For oh!
Repeat Chorus pp
he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mich - ael Roy!.....

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

Tune—"THE MOUSE AND THE FROG." DR. ARNOLD.

ALOUETTE.

2. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

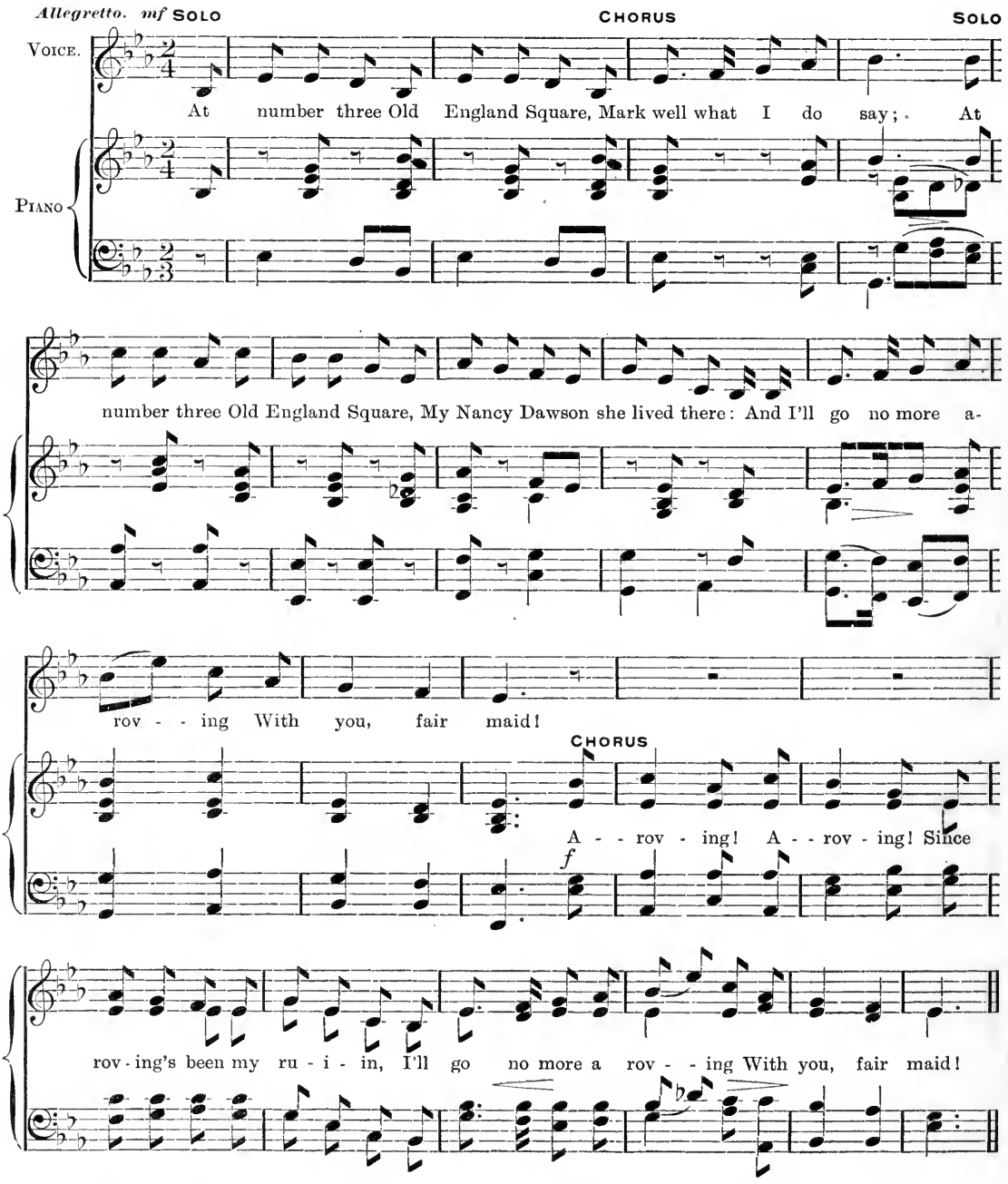
3. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

4. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos.
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

5. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

6. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

* Repeat this bar once for 2nd verse, twice for 3rd, etc.

A-ROVING.

2. My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

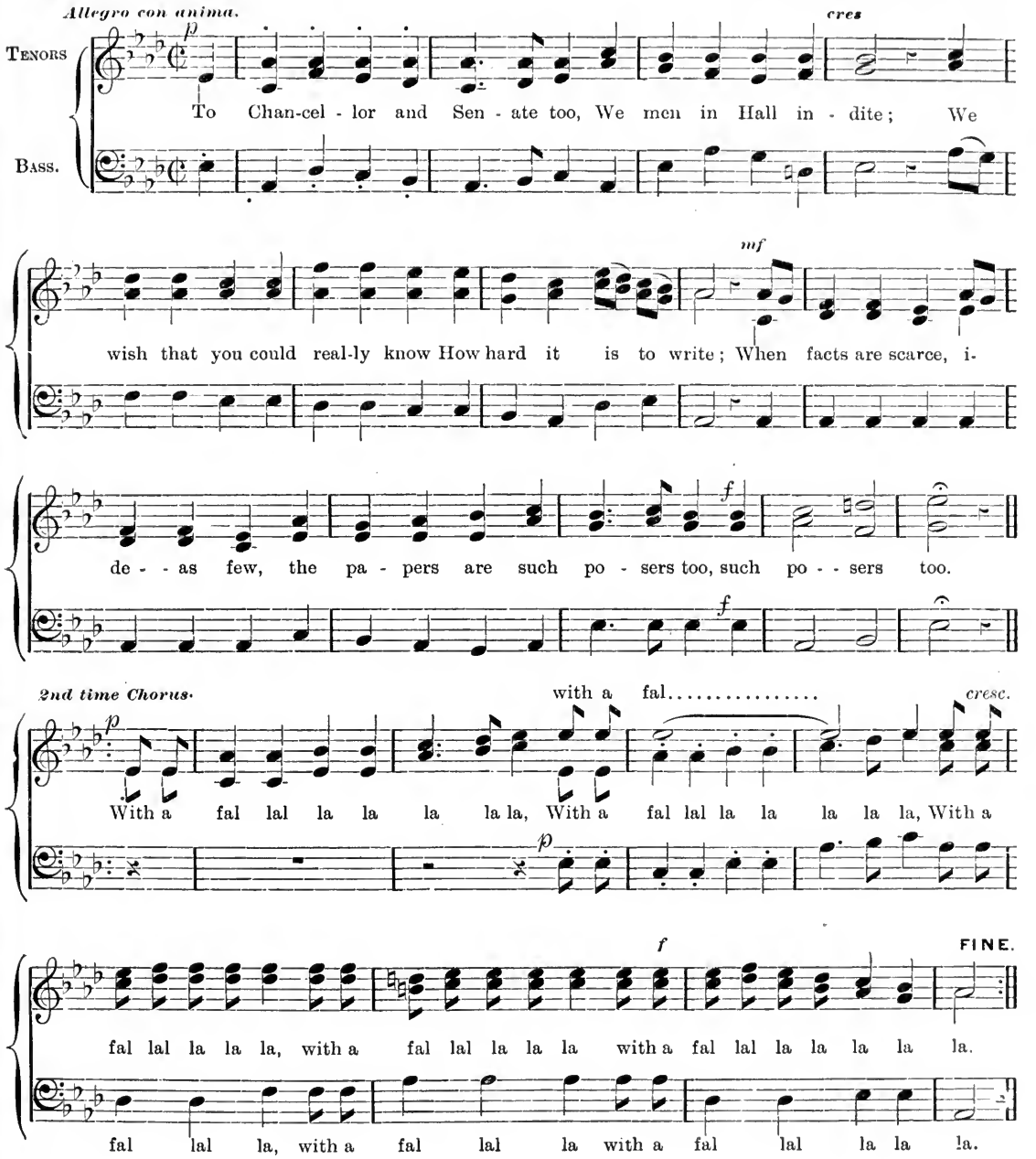
3. I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

4. Oh! didn't I tell her stories true,
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her whoppers too!
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

5. But when we'd spent my blooming "screw,"
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo,
She cut her stick and vanished too;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus—A-roving, &c.

THE UNDERGRADUATE'S LAMENT.

Air—"To All You Ladies now on Land."

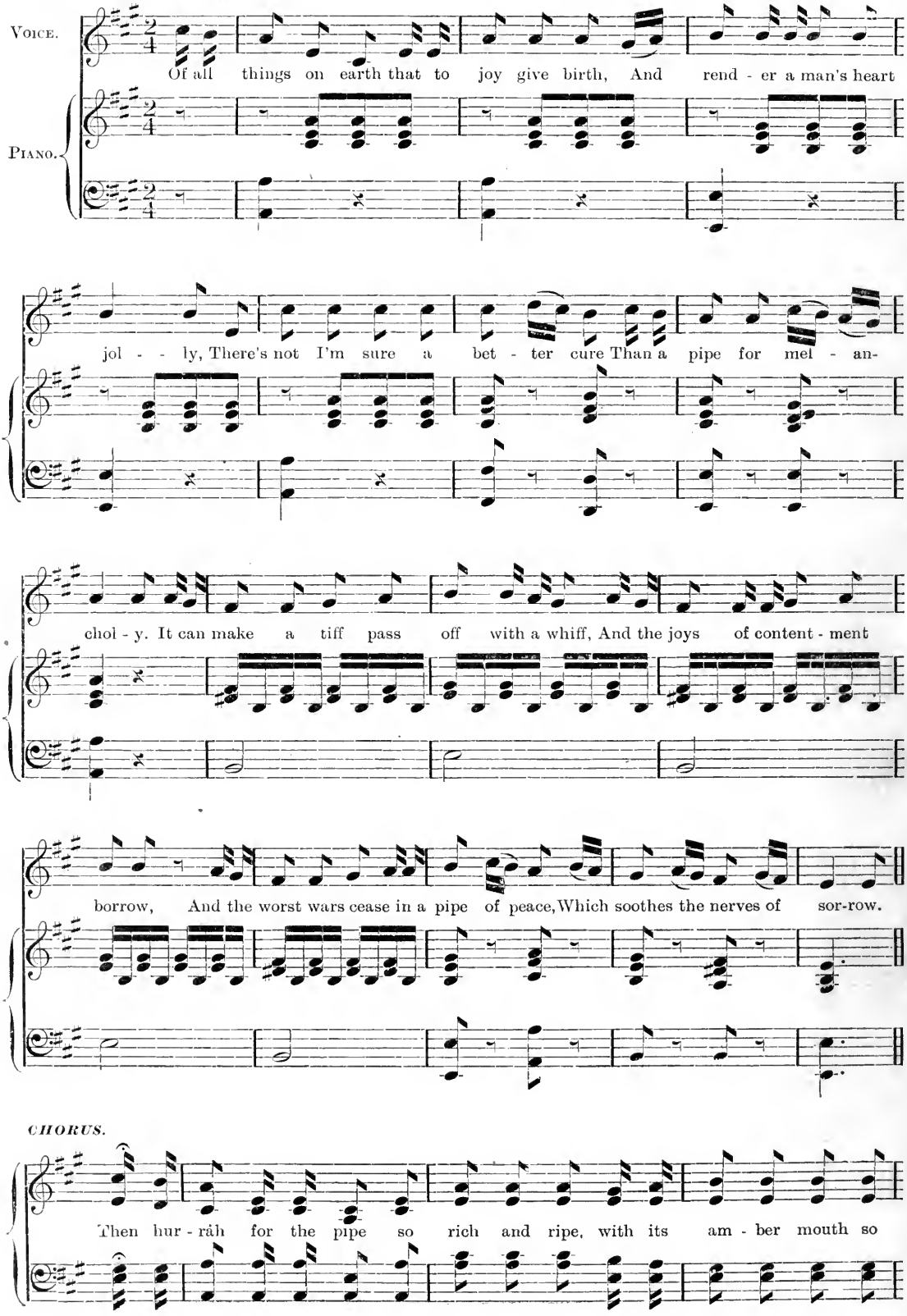
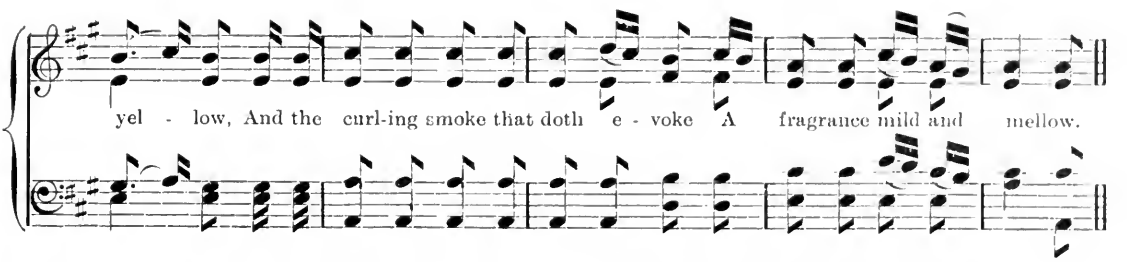
Words by PRESIDENT WILSON.

2. Make some of those examiners
Just try their hands for once,
And let us be the questioners,
And see who is the dunce!
The papers that they think so wise
I guess would take them by surprise.
With a fal, lal, la, etc.

3. Compare cöordinates by steps
Cartesian, and tell
Why an eclipse and an ellipse
Just differ by an ell.
Next solve equation $a + b$
By — of the Q.E.D.
With a fal, lal, la, etc.

4. Define the mean apparent time
Examinations last;
And how ideas come so slow
When minutes fly so fast?
Perdidi diem, anyway
Time's up, and I have lost the day.
With a fal, lal, la, etc.

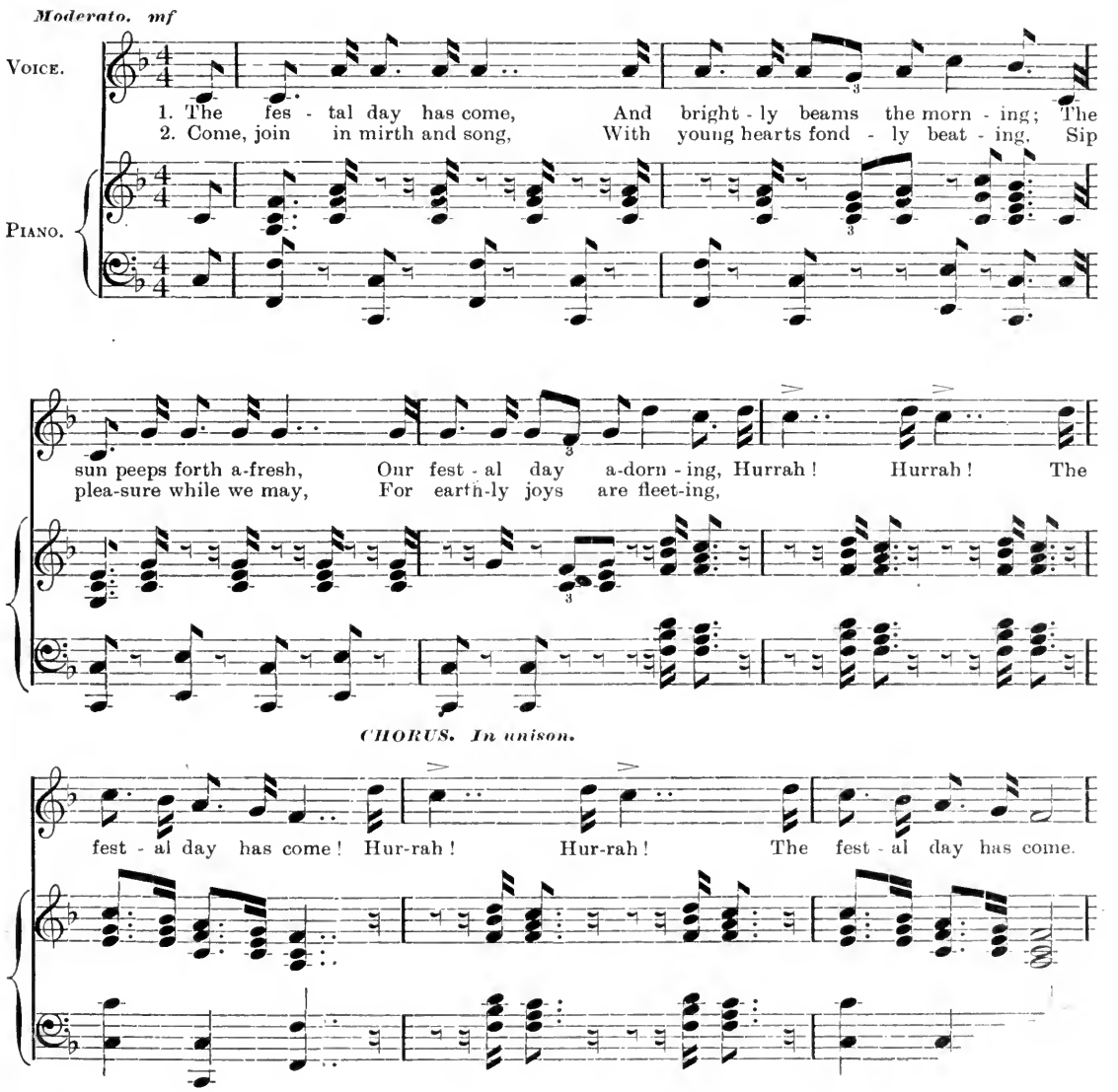
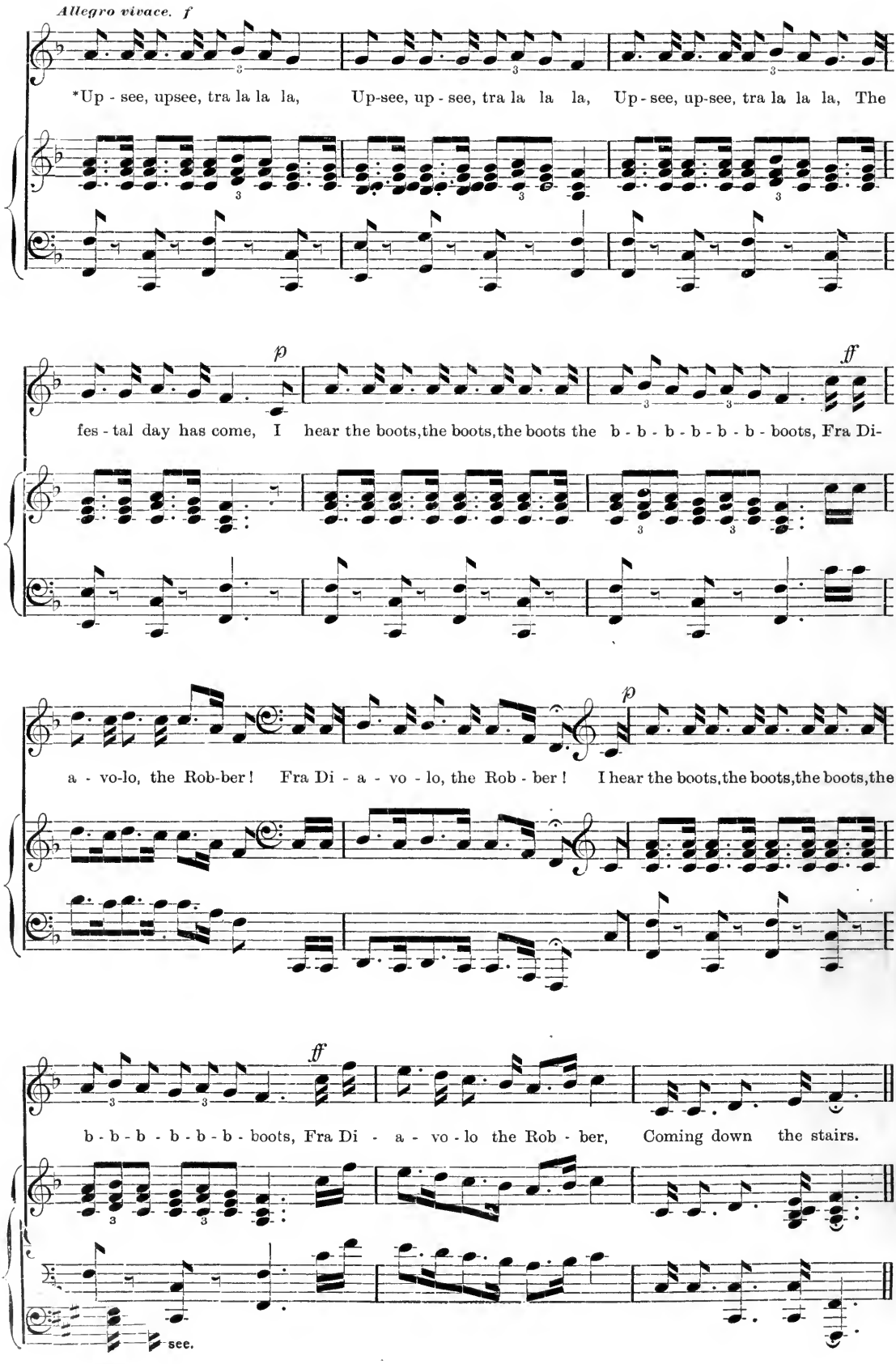
5. Look here, McKim, this pen's a rig,
Will neither write nor spell.
Did Julius Cæsar wear a wig?
Can anybody tell?
I give it up. Confound the fool!
Send back th' examiner to school!
With a fal, lal, la, etc.

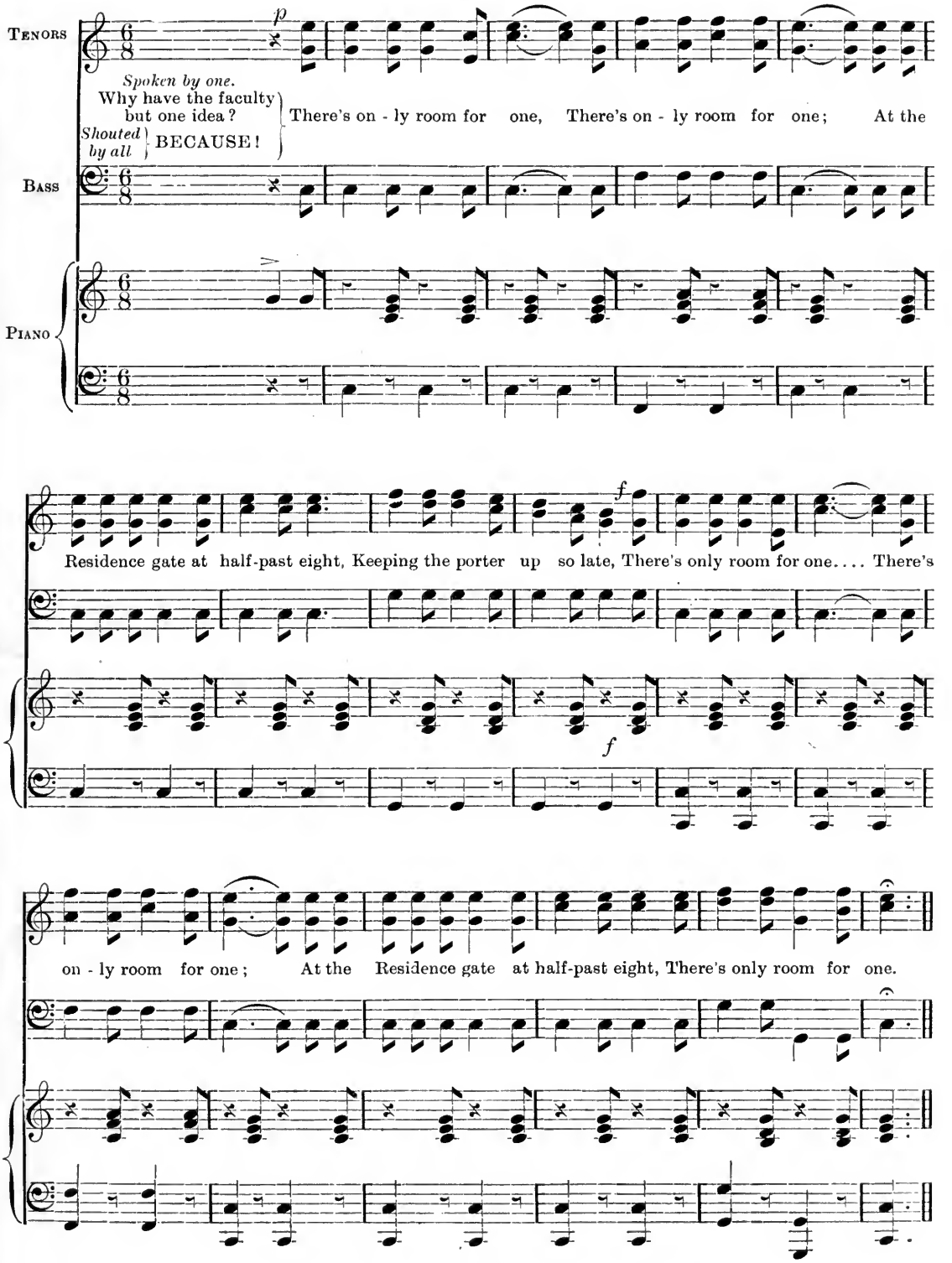
THE PIPE.

Tune.—A Wet Sheet and A Flowing Sea.



2. Let philosophers rant of Fichte and Kant,
Of Hartley and his vibrations,
And puzzle their wits with Clarke, Leibnitz,
Time, space, and their relations;
Yet six feet space will end their race,
And prove their sciences trashes,
While Time with a wipe will break their pipe,
And Death knock out the ashes.
Chorus.—Then hurrah, &c.

3. Let the soldier boast of the mighty host,
Of the pride and the pomp of battle,
Of the war steed's bound, and the clarion's sound,
And the cannon's thundering rattle;
Yet there's more delight with a friend at night,
And a song and a pipe also,
Than in balls and bombs, and fifes and drums,
And military show.
Chorus.—Then hurrah, &c.

THE BOOTS.

Allegro vivace. f
*Up - see, upsee, tra la la la, Up-see, up - see, tra la la la, Up - see, up-see, tra la la la, The
p
ff
fes - tal day has come, I hear the boots,the boots,the boots the b - b - b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di-
p
a - vo-lo, the Rob-ber! Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the Rob - ber! I hear the boots,the boots,the boots,the
ff
b - b - b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di - a - vo - lo the Rob - ber, Coming down the stairs.
see.

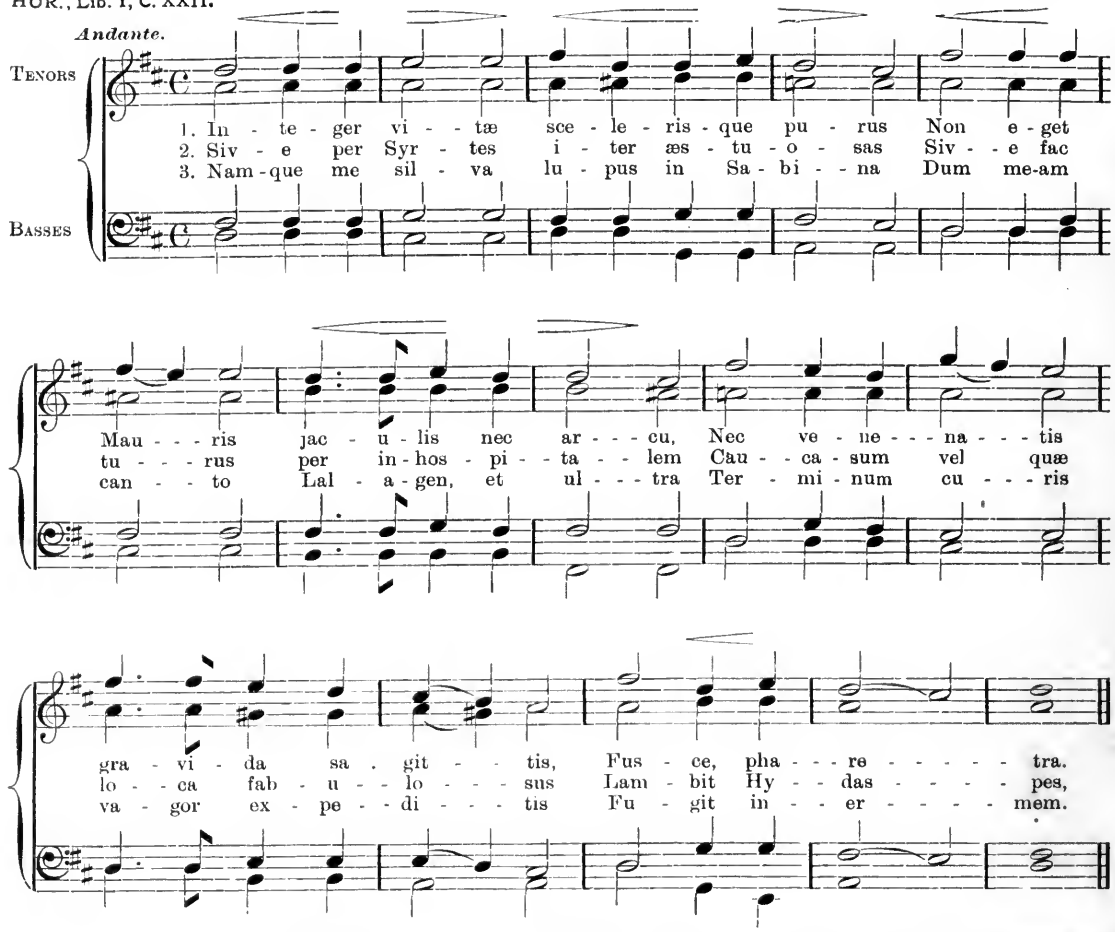
THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE.

2. Why is there but one *real* University in America?
3. Why didn't "Queen's" come into Confederation?
4. Why has the Chicago girl but one foot in the grave?

Local hits should be introduced.

INTEGER VITÆ.

HOR., Lib. I, C. XXII.

FLEMMING, 1778-1813.

Andante.

4. Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis ;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

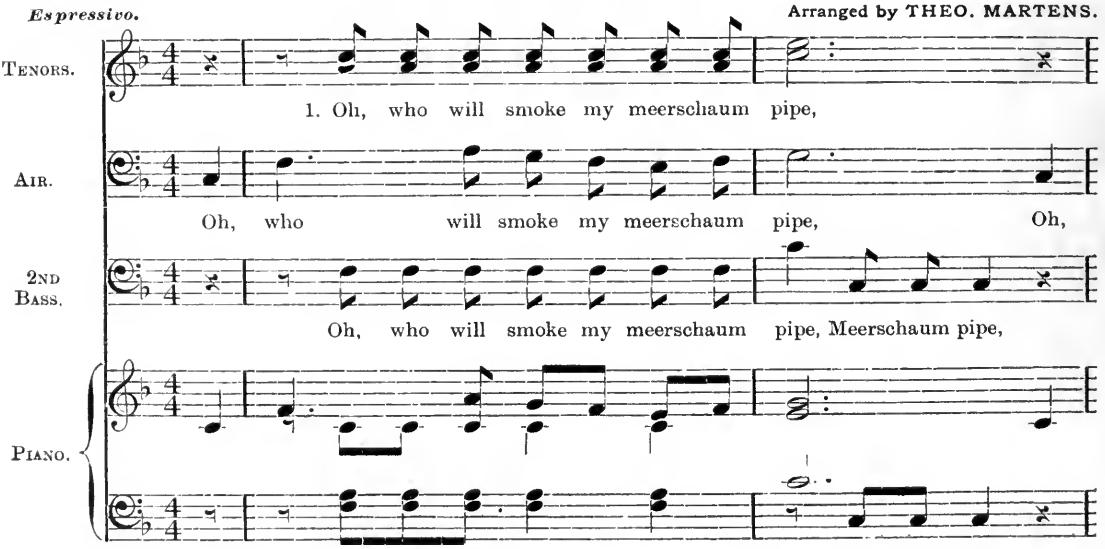
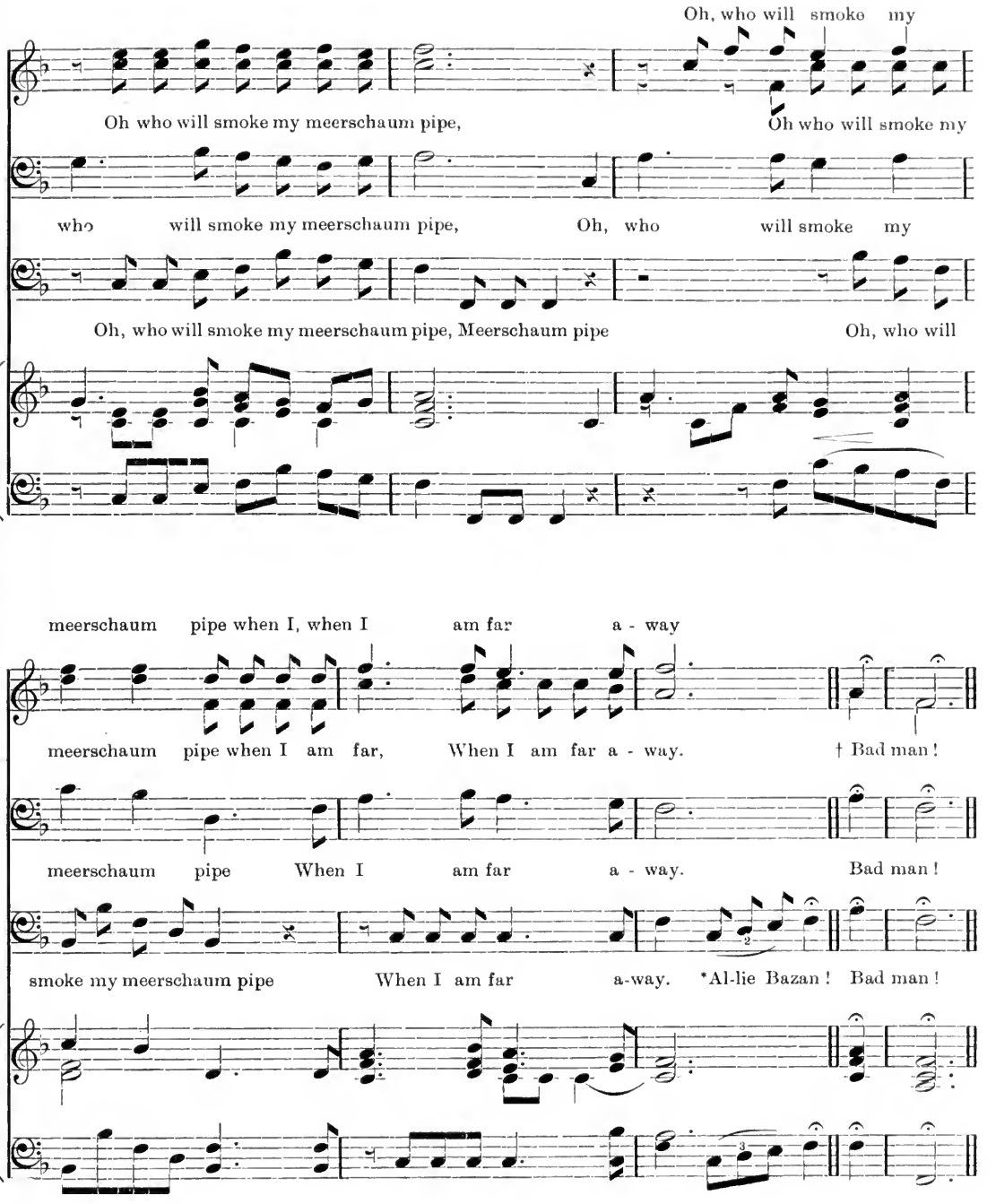
5. Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura ;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget.

6. Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata ;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Espressivo.

Arranged by THEO. MARTENS.



2. Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran!

2. Oh, who will hoist my green umbrell?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann!

4. Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan!

5. Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan!

6. Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo!

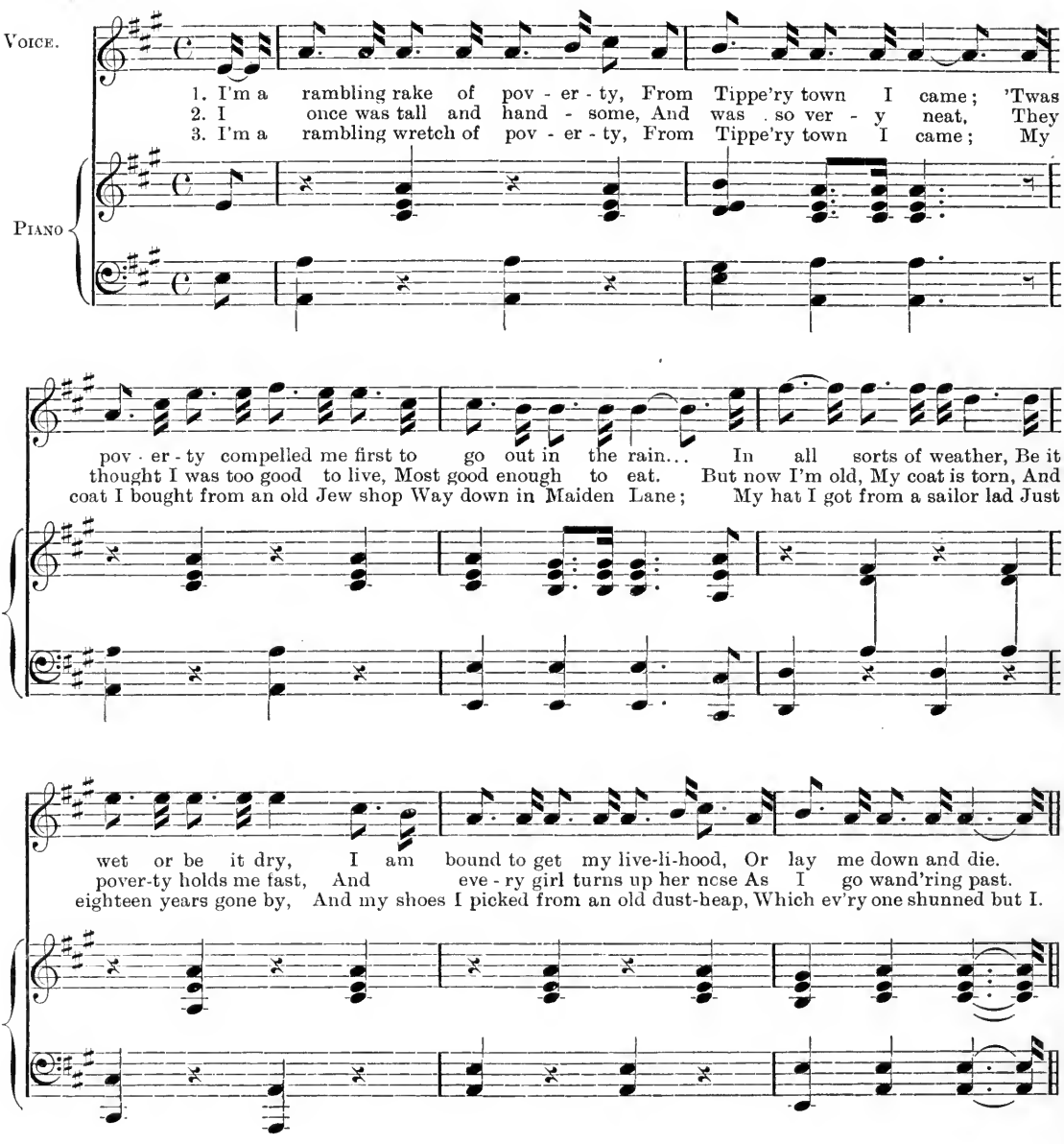
7. Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!

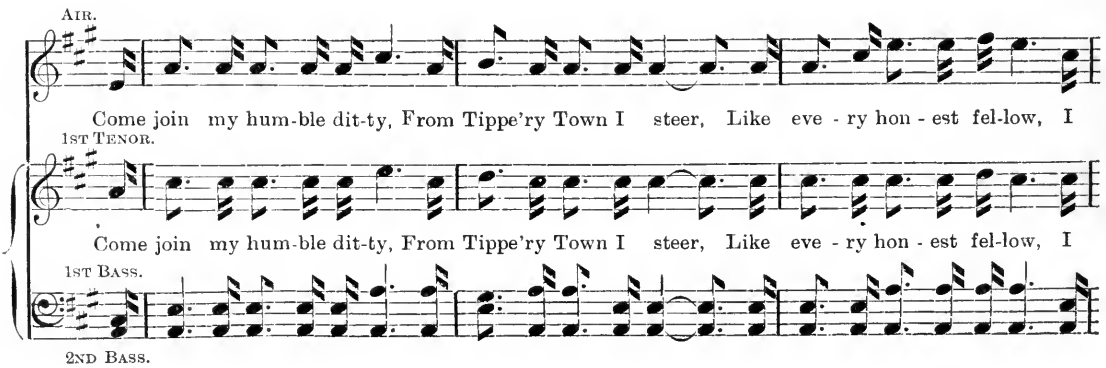
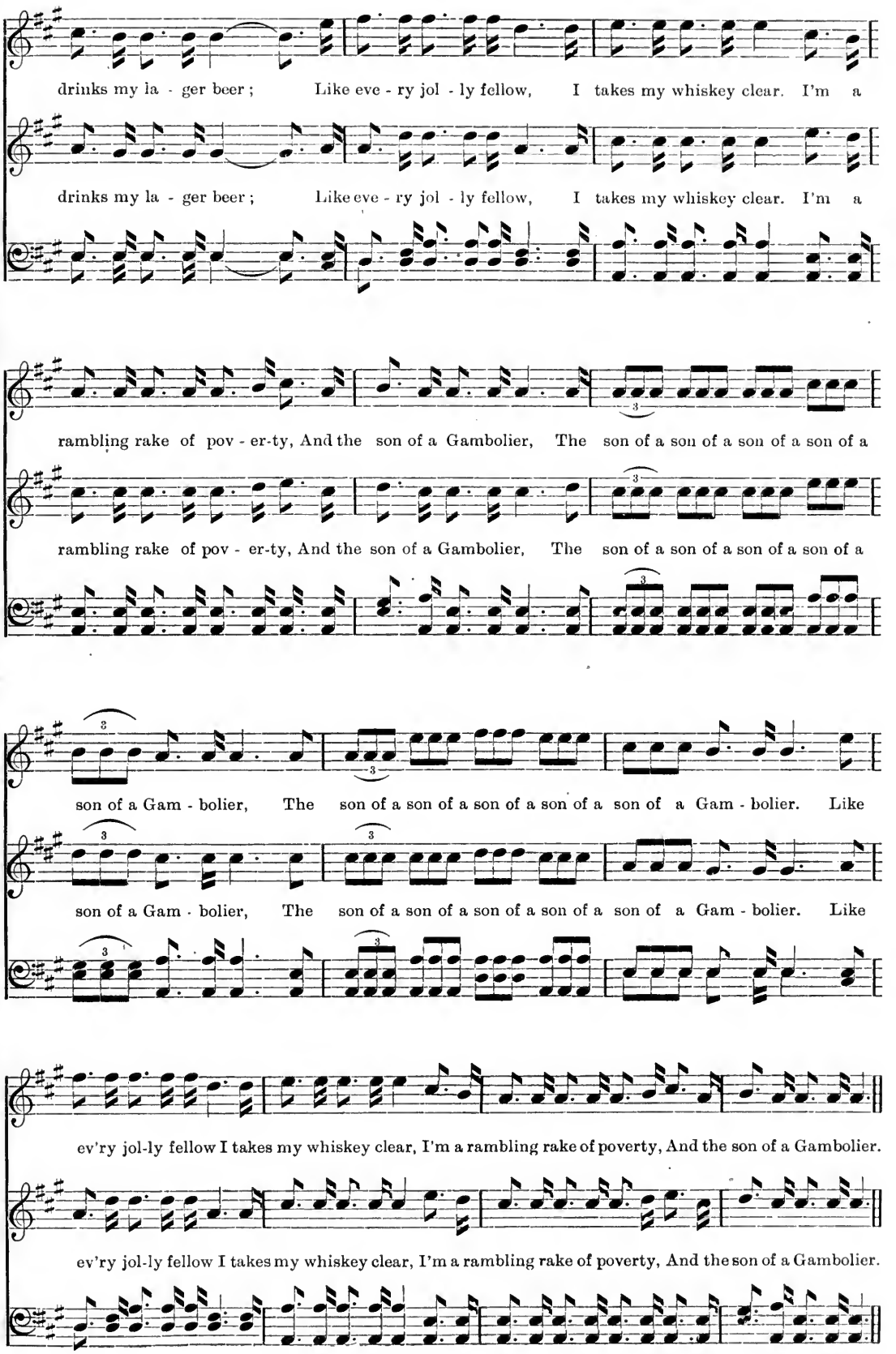
8. Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan,
BAD MAN!!!

* Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

† For last stanza only.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

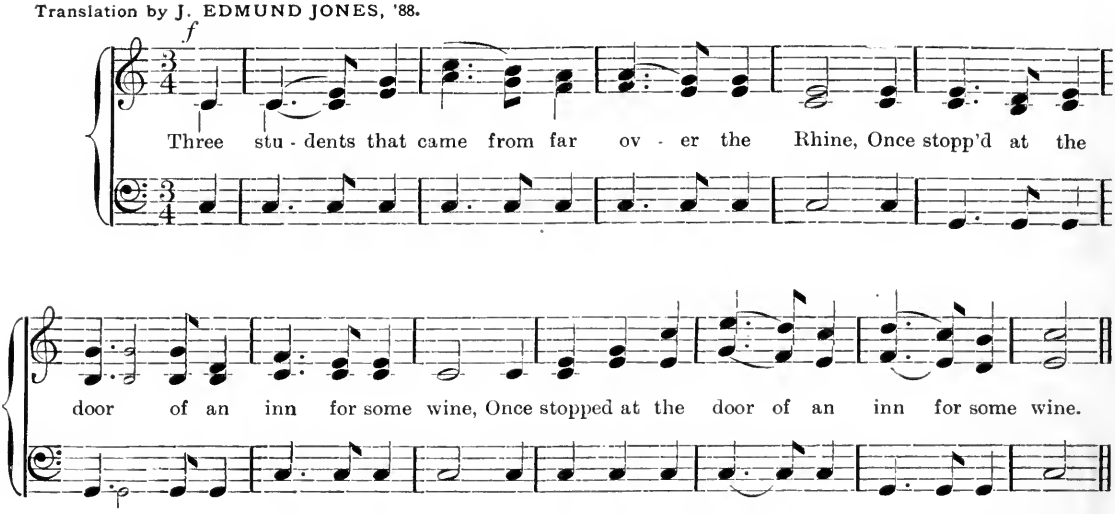
Con moto.

CHORUS.



drinks my la - ger beer ; Like eve - ry jol - ly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear. I'm a
drinks my la - ger beer ; Like eve - ry jol - ly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear. I'm a
rambling rake of pov - er-ty, And the son of a Gambolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a
rambling rake of pov - er-ty, And the son of a Gambolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a
son of a Gam - bolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a son of a Gam - bolier. Like
son of a Gam - bolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a son of a Gam - bolier. Like
ev'ry jol-ly fellow I takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling rake of poverty, And the son of a Gambolier.
ev'ry jol-ly fellow I takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling rake of poverty, And the son of a Gambolier.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Translation by J. EDMUND JONES, '88.

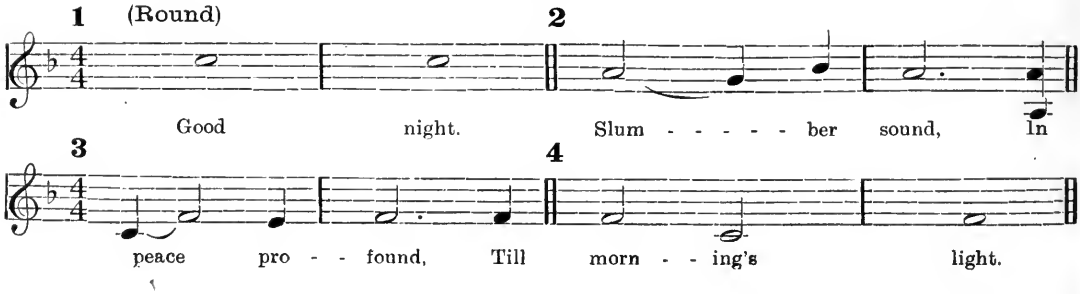


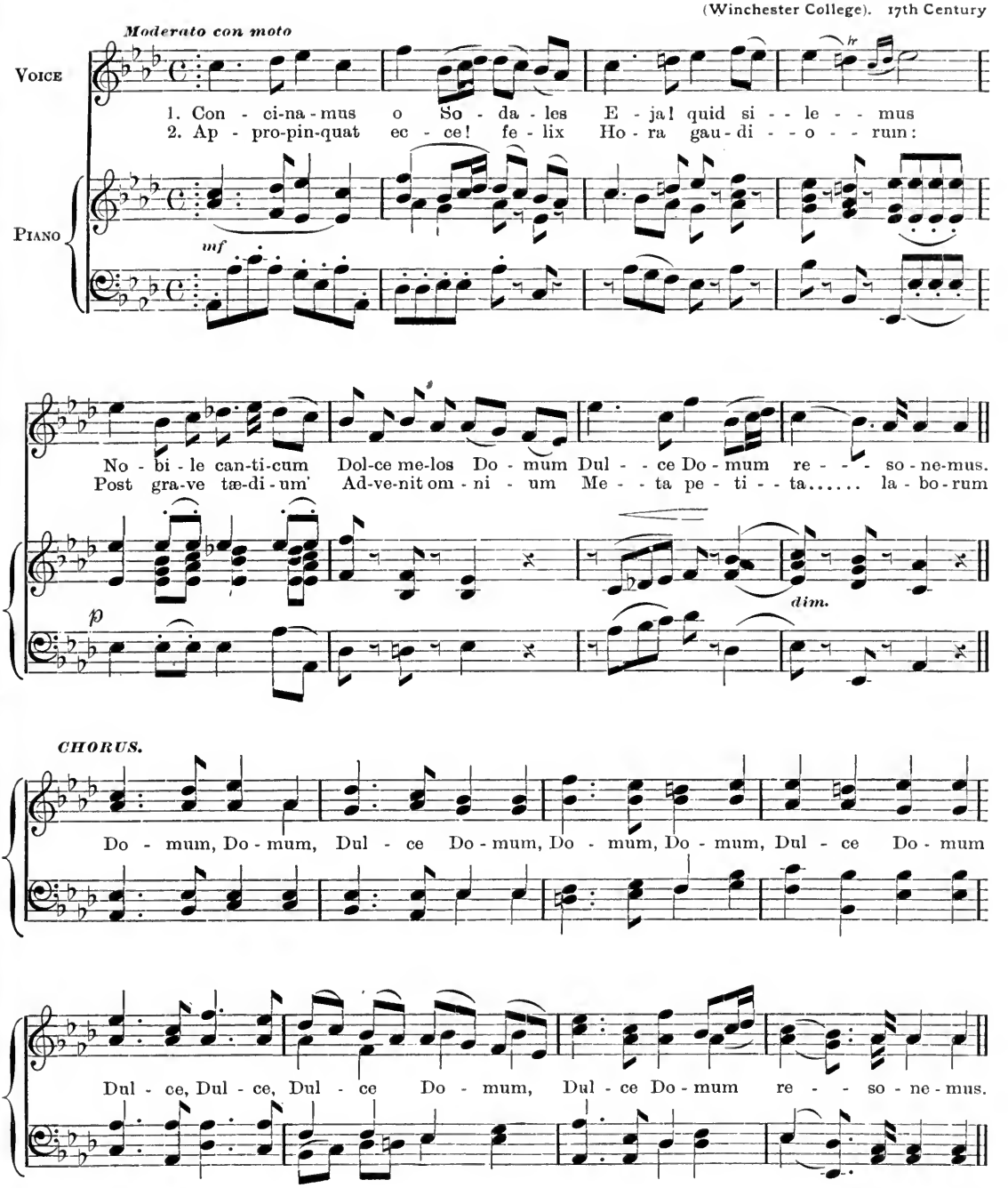
1. Three students that came from far over the Rhine,
   Once stopped at the door of an inn for some wine.
2. "Kind landlady, have you good wine I pray?
   And where is your charming young daughter to-day?"
3. "My beer and my wine are refreshing and clear.
   In her heavenly home is my daughter so dear."
4. And when they stepped into the chamber of death,
   They gazed on the maiden and each held his breath.
5. The veil from her face the first drew aside,
   And looked at her sadly, and mournfully cried:
6. "Ah! didst thou but live, oh maiden so pure!
   From this very moment I'd love thee, I'm sure."
7. The veil o'er her face the second one drew,
   And wept as he turned from the sorrowful view.
8. "Alas, that thou thus liest dead on thy bier!
   For thee I have loved since many a year."
9. The third moved again the veil from its place,
   And bent o'er the form, and kissed the pale face
10. "Thee always I loved, thee love I to-day,
    And thee shall I love for ever and aye."

DER WIRTHIN TÖCHTERLEIN.

UHLAND, 1813.

1. *Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,*
   Bei einer Frau Wirthin, da kehrten sie ein.
2. *„Frau Wirthin, hat sie gut Bier und Wein?*
   Wo hat sie ihr schönes Töchterlein?"
3. *„Mein Bier und Wein ist frisch und klar,*
   Mein Tochterlein liegt auf der Todtenbahr."
4. *Und als sie traten zur Kammer hinein,*
   Da lag sie in einem schwarzen Schrein.
5. *Der erste schlug den Schleier zurück,*
   Und schaute sie an mit traurigem Blick.
6. *„Ach lebtest du noch, du schöne Maid!*
   Ich würde dich lieben von dieser Zeit!"
7. *Der zweite deckte den Schleier zu,*
   Und kehrte sich ab, und weinte dazu.
8. *„Ach dass du liegst auf der Todtenbahr!*
   Ich hab' dich geliebet so manches Jahr!"
9. *Der dritte hub den Schleier so gleich,*
   Und küsste sie auf den Mund so bleich.
10. *„Dich liebt' ich immer, dich lieb' ich noch heut',*
    Dich werde ich lieben in Ewigkeit!"

GOOD NIGHT.

DULCE DOMUM.

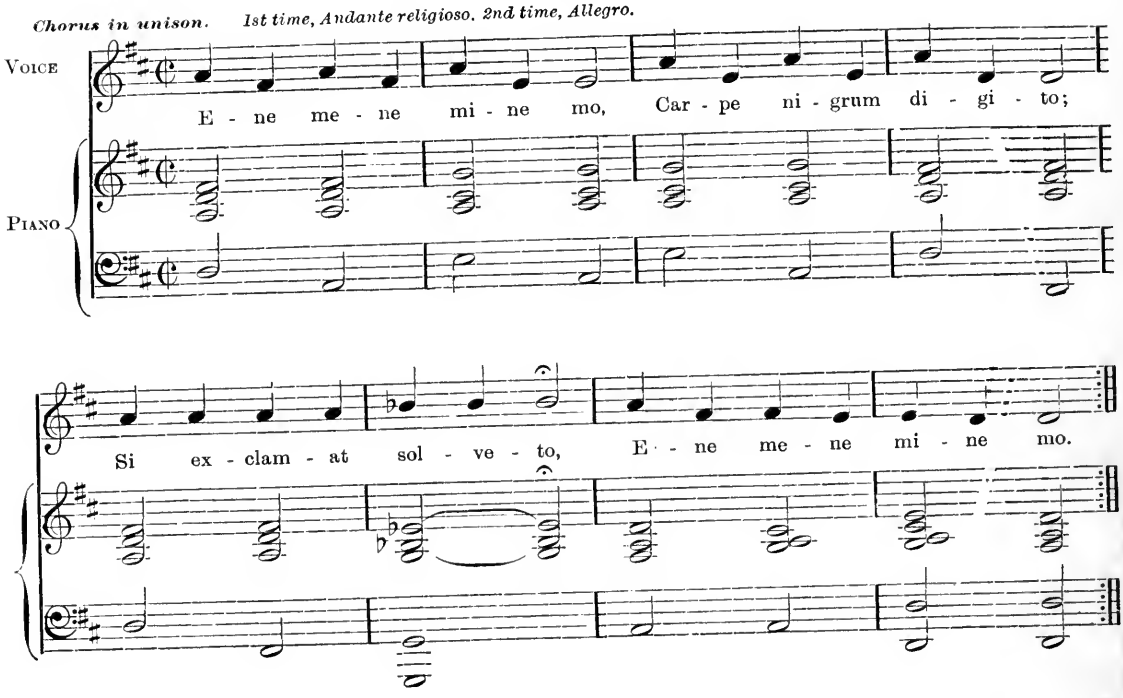
(Winchester College). 17th Century

3. Musa! libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte pensa dura;
Mitte negotium;
Jam datur otium:
Me mea mittito cura.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

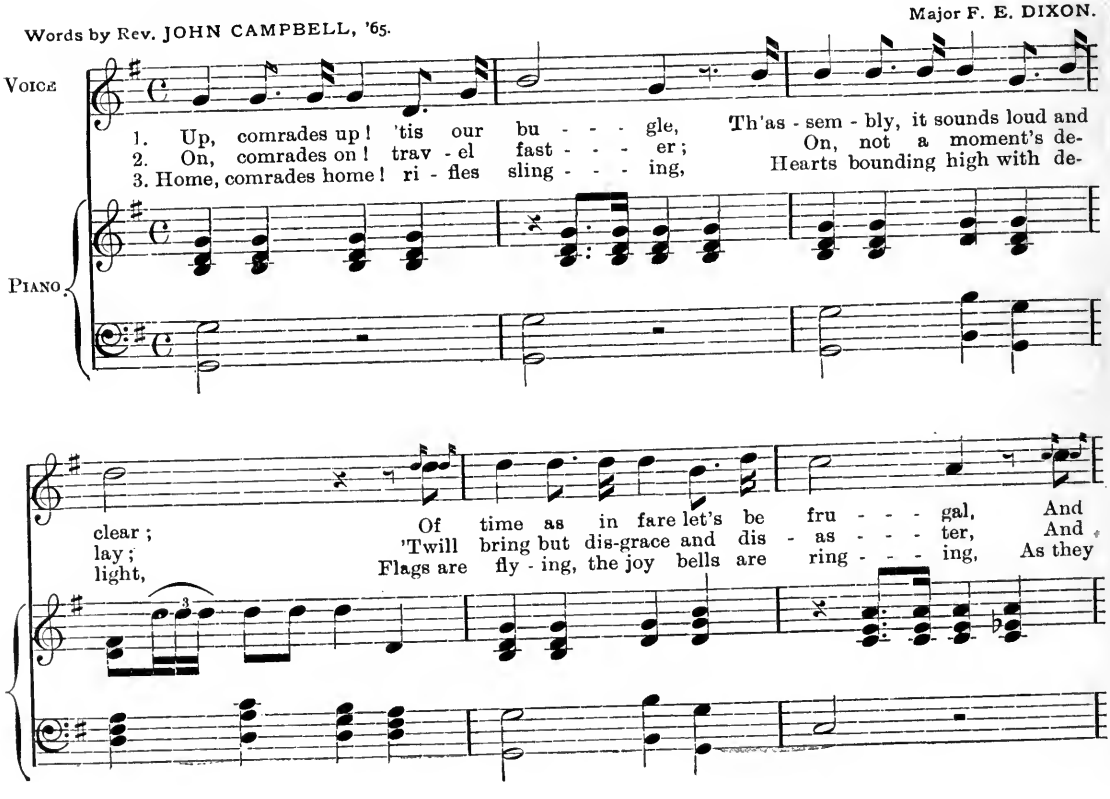
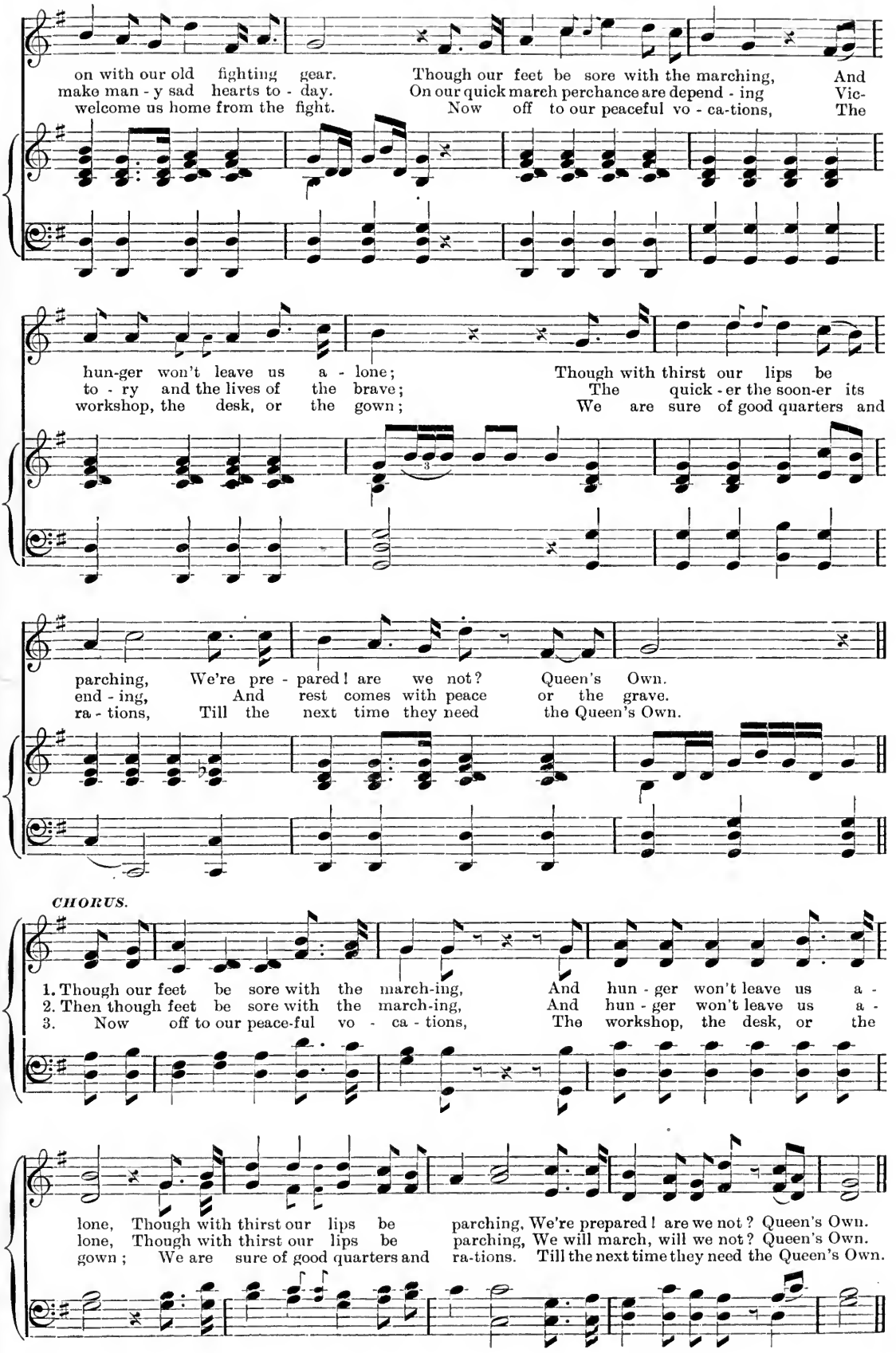
4. Ridet annus, prata rident:
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit Domum
Daulias advena:
Nosque Domum repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

5. Heu! Rogere ı fer caballos:
Eja! nunc eamus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

6. Concinamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiatur:
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

CARMEN LIBERORUM ROMANORUM.

Chorus in unison. *1st time, Andante religioso. 2nd time, Allegro.*

REGIMENTAL SONG OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

Words by Rev. JOHN CAMPBELL, '65. Major F. E. DIXON.

on with our old fighting gear. Though our feet be sore with the marching, And
make man - y sad hearts to - day. On our quick march perchance are depend - ing Vic-
welcome us home from the fight. Now off to our peaceful vo - ca-tions, The
hun-ger won't leave us a - lone; Though with thirst our lips be
to - ry and the lives of the brave; The quick - er the soon-er its
workshop, the desk, or the gown; We are sure of good quarters and
parching, We're pre - pared! are we not? Queen's Own.
end - ing, And rest comes with peace or the grave.
ra - tions, Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.
CHORUS.
1. Though our feet be sore with the march-ing, And hun - ger won't leave us a -
2. Then though feet be sore with the march-ing, And hun - ger won't leave us a -
3. Now off to our peace-ful vo - ca - tions, The workshop, the desk, or the
lone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We're prepared! are we not? Queen's Own.
lone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We will march, will we not? Queen's Own.
gown; We are sure of good quarters and ra-tions. Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Words by T. MOORE. J. D. KERRISON.

Pathetically.

1. Those even - ing bells, those even - ing bells. How man - y a tale their
2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way, And man - y a heart that
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful peal will

mus - ic tells Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their
then was gay, With - - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those
still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet

soothing chime. Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.
even-ing bells, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.
even-ing bells. While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Solemnly.

1. Once on a time there were three little kittens who lived together in a basket of saw - - aw - - - dust.

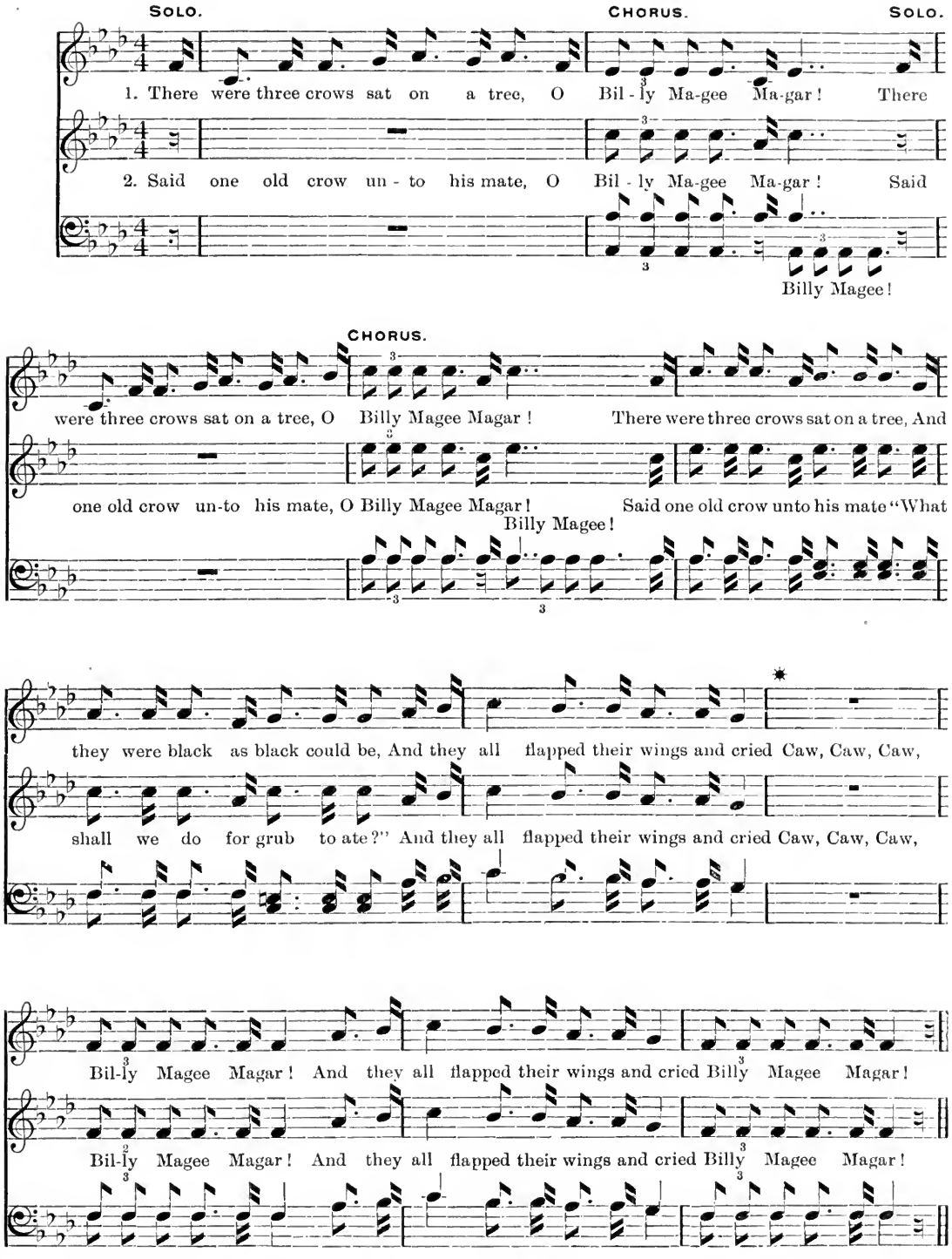
After 3rd stanza.

Said the first little kitten un-to the two other little cats, "If you don't get out of this | Why, I.... must!" That's so! *

2. Now these little kittens (pretty ones) | lived together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;
Said the second little kitten | unto | the two other little cats,
"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I must!"

3. Still, the three pretty little kittens (such was their imperturbability) | continued to live together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;
Said the third little kitten | unto | the two other little cats, |
"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I *shall* Bust!!" That's so.

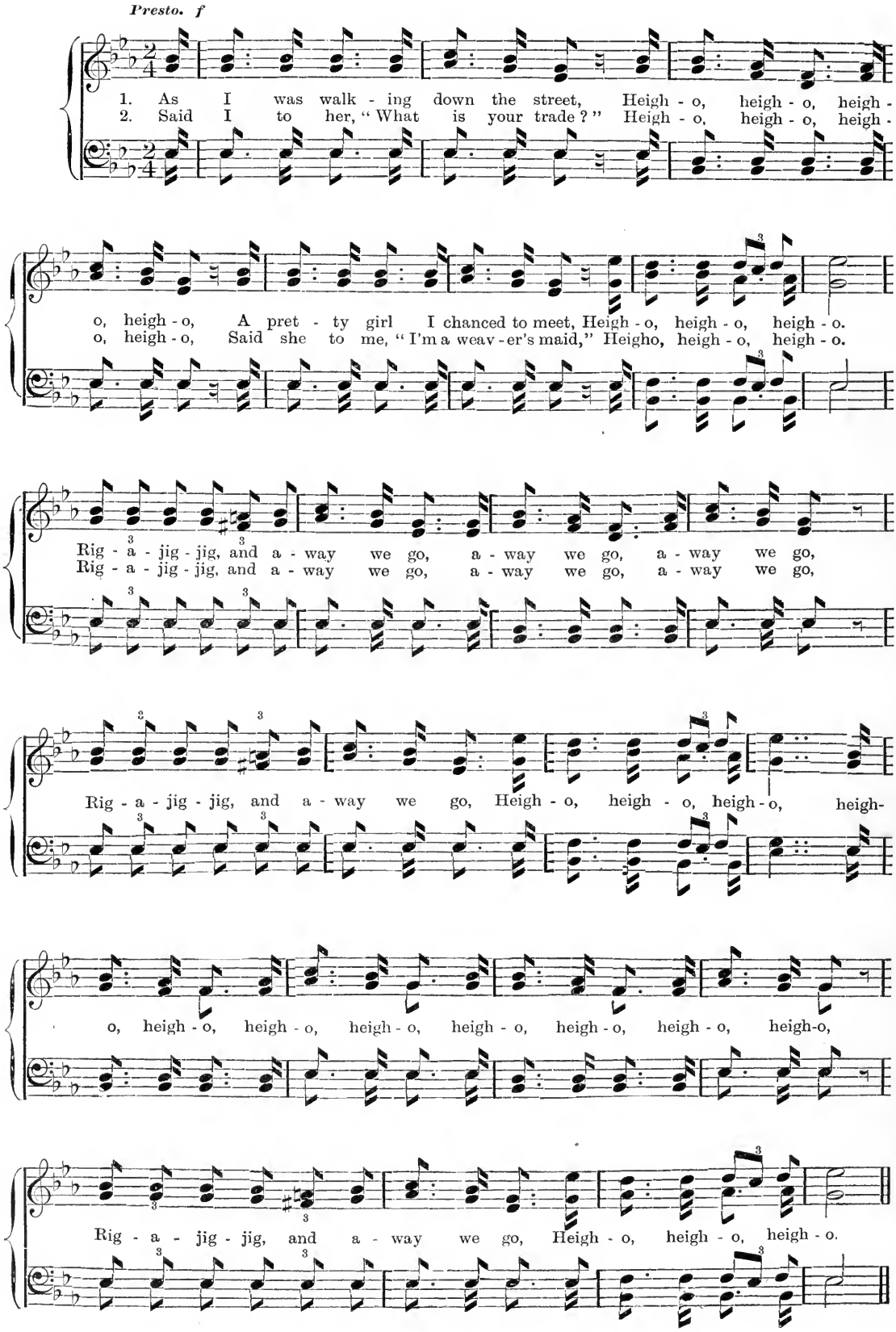
* With a vigorous nod of affirmation.

THE THREE CROWS.

3. "There lies a horse on yonder plain," } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
"There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."—*Chorus*

4. "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone," } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
"And pick his eyes out one by one."—*Chorus.*

5. "The meat we'll eat before it's stale," } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
"The meat we'll eat before it's stale,
"Till nought remains but bones and tail."—*Chorus.*

* Imitate Crows.

HEIGHO, HEIGHO.

MARCHING SONG.

Tune—"HEIGHO HEIGHO."

Words by J. J. FERGUSON, '90.

1. Come listen to our hearty song,
   Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
   We'll sing it as we march along,
   Heigho, heigho, heigho.

   CHORUS.
   Rig a jig jig and away we go,
   Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho.
   Rig a jig jig and away we go,
   Heigho, heigho, heigho.

2. Oh! we're the boys of 'Varsity,
   We're out to-night upon a spree.

3. We do our best quite willingly,
   To make Rome howl with melody.

4. We keep the sidewalk two and two,
   Nor turn we out for all the "blue."

5. We hustle them gently out of the way,
   And still we sing our festive lay.

6. They make the hearts of sinners quake,
   And do their duty when awake.

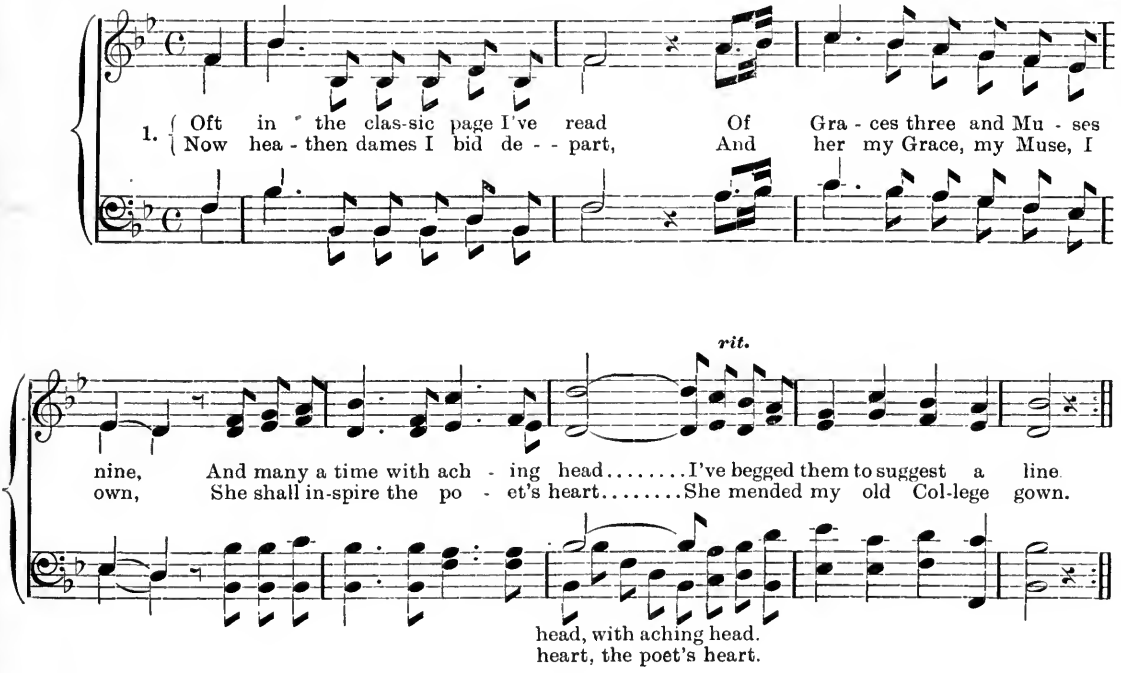
7. We know right well it's very wrong
   To keep the cops awake so long.

8 Good night! next week we'll come again,
   We must inspect them now and then.

THE COLLEGE GOWN.

Tune—"DER PABST LEBT HERRLICH."

Words by REV. J. CAMPBELL, 65.

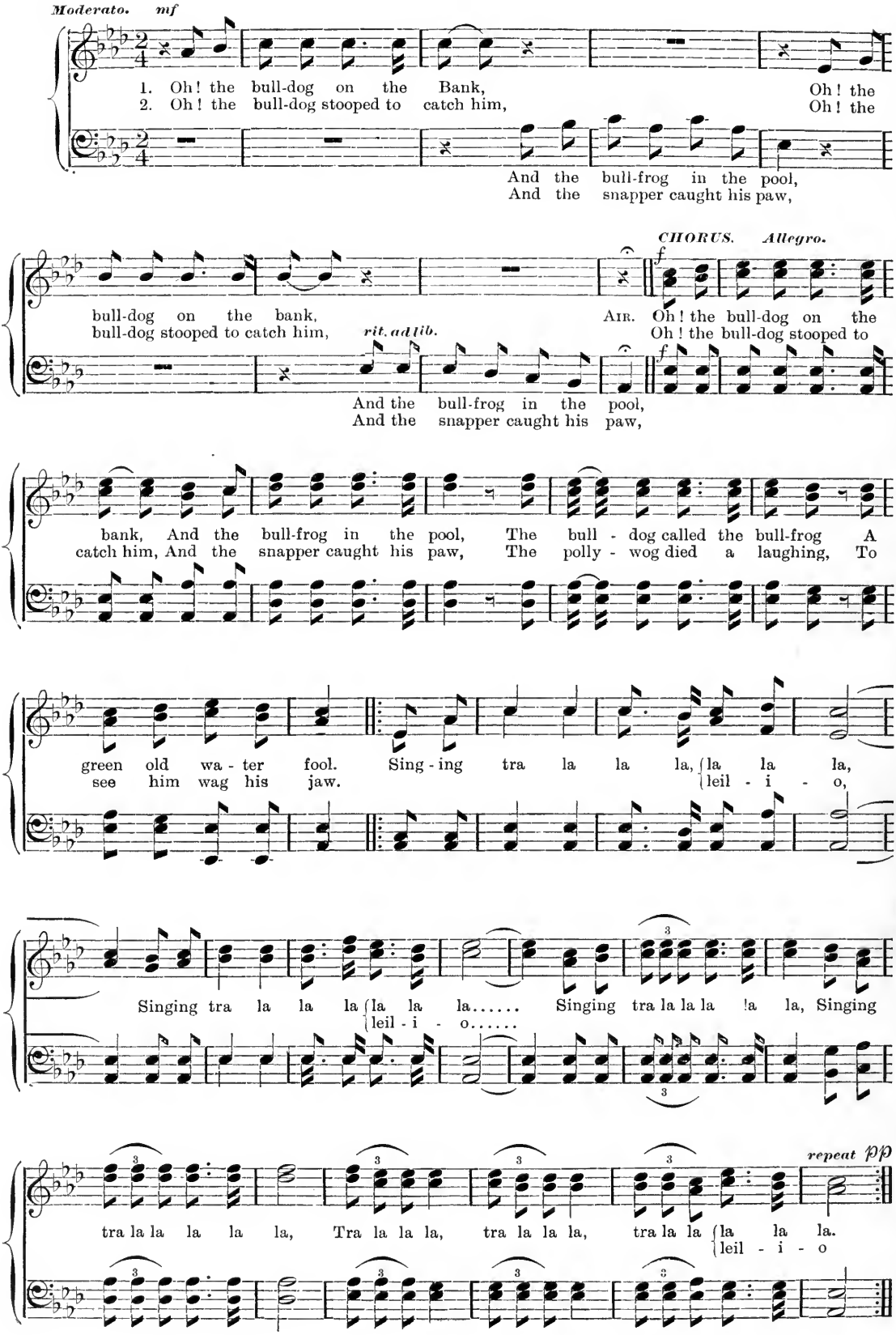


2. Dynamic forces ne'er can move
   Th' ecstatic zero of my soul,
   No calculus compute its love,
   Nor optic powers discern the whole.
   Though squared and cubed, no lapse of years
   Can e'er her fond remembrance drown,
   Nay though they numbered thrice the tears
   She mended in my College Gown.

3. No language can express her charms,
   No living tongue her virtues tell;
   Her name the poet's pen disarms,
   And dares his powers to break the spell.
   Nor would he, if he could, disclose
   That name in every language known,
   'Tis stated best in English prose—
   She mended my old College Gown,

4. Philosophy perchance may please
   The earnest and enquiring mind
   But neither mighty Socrates
   Nor Cicero himself could find
   A secret that in ages past
   Baffled sages of renown.
   The *summum bonum*—found at last!
   She mended my old College Gown.

5. Great wonders Science brings to light,
   Great truths her growing powers unfold,
   And Nature spreads before our sight
   A thousand beauties new and old.
   Yet one o'er all I still prefer,
   Who in her kindom wears the crown,
   The world were empty wanting her
   Who mended my old College Gown.

THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato. mf
1. Oh! the bull-dog on the Bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
Oh! the
Oh! the
And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
CHORUS. Allegro.
f
bull-dog on the bank,
bull-dog stooped to catch him,
rit. ad lib.
AIR. Oh! the bull-dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to
And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull - dog called the bull-frog A
catch him, And the snapper caught his paw, The polly - wog died a laughing, To
green old wa - ter fool. Sing - ing tra la la la, la la la,
see him wag his jaw. leil - i - o,
Singing tra la la la la la la..... Singing tra la la la la la, Singing
leil - i - o.....
repeat pp
tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.
leil - i - o

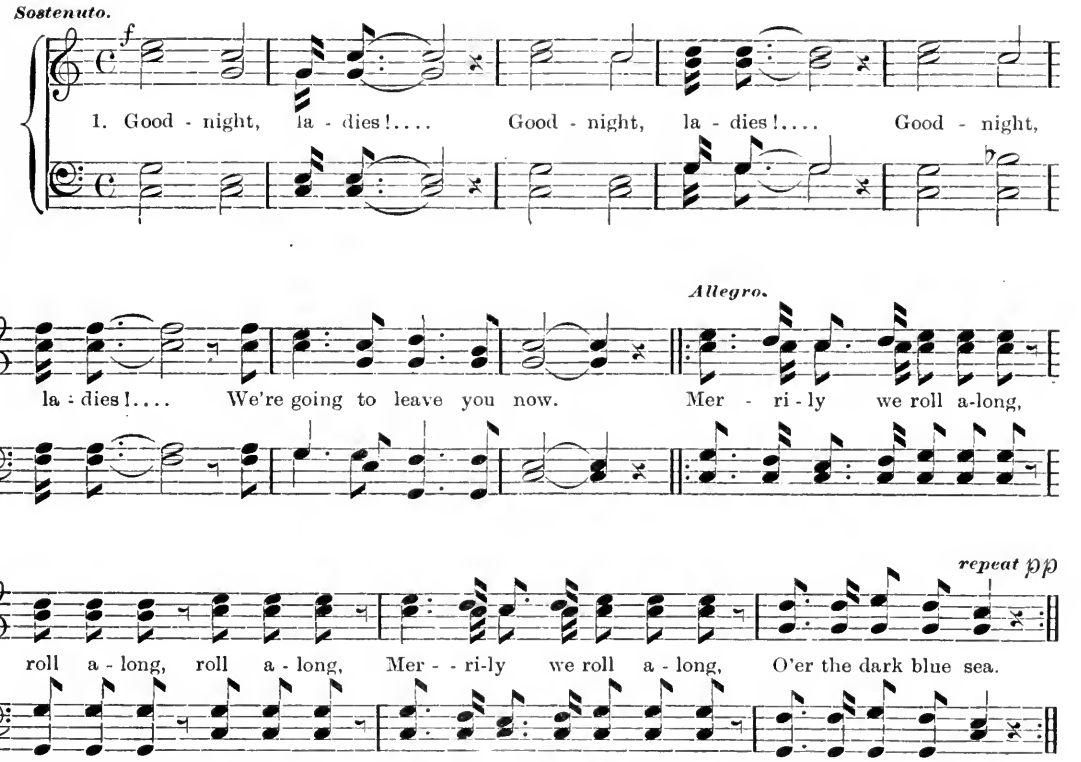
3. Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4. Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

5. Says the tom-cat to the dog,
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jule's about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo, *incog.*"

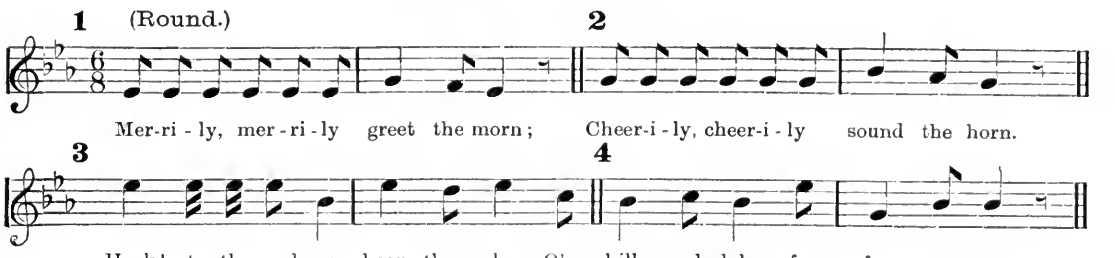
6. Says the bull-dog to the cat
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night,
But where's the harm in that?"

7. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole
And sent him off to school.

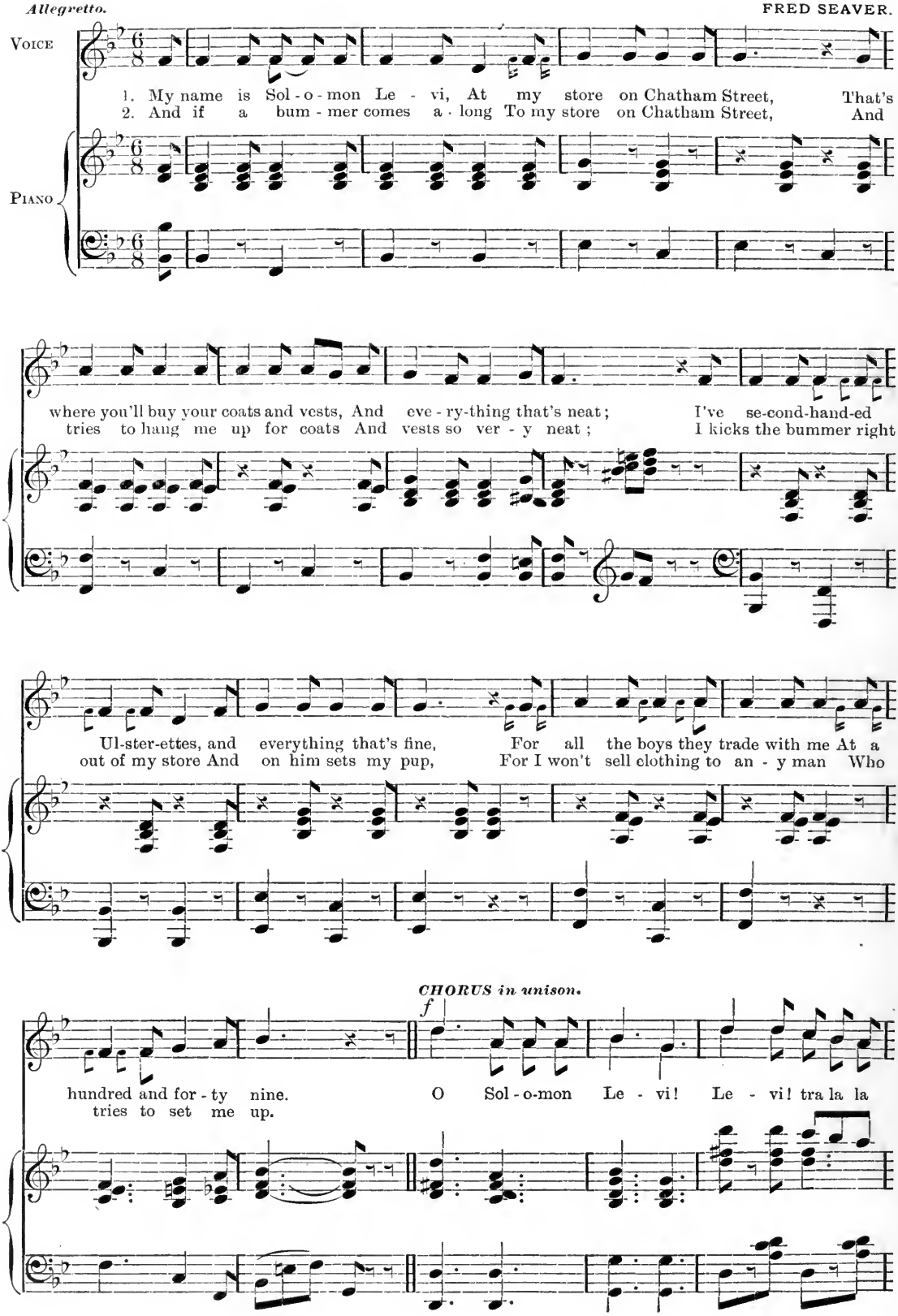
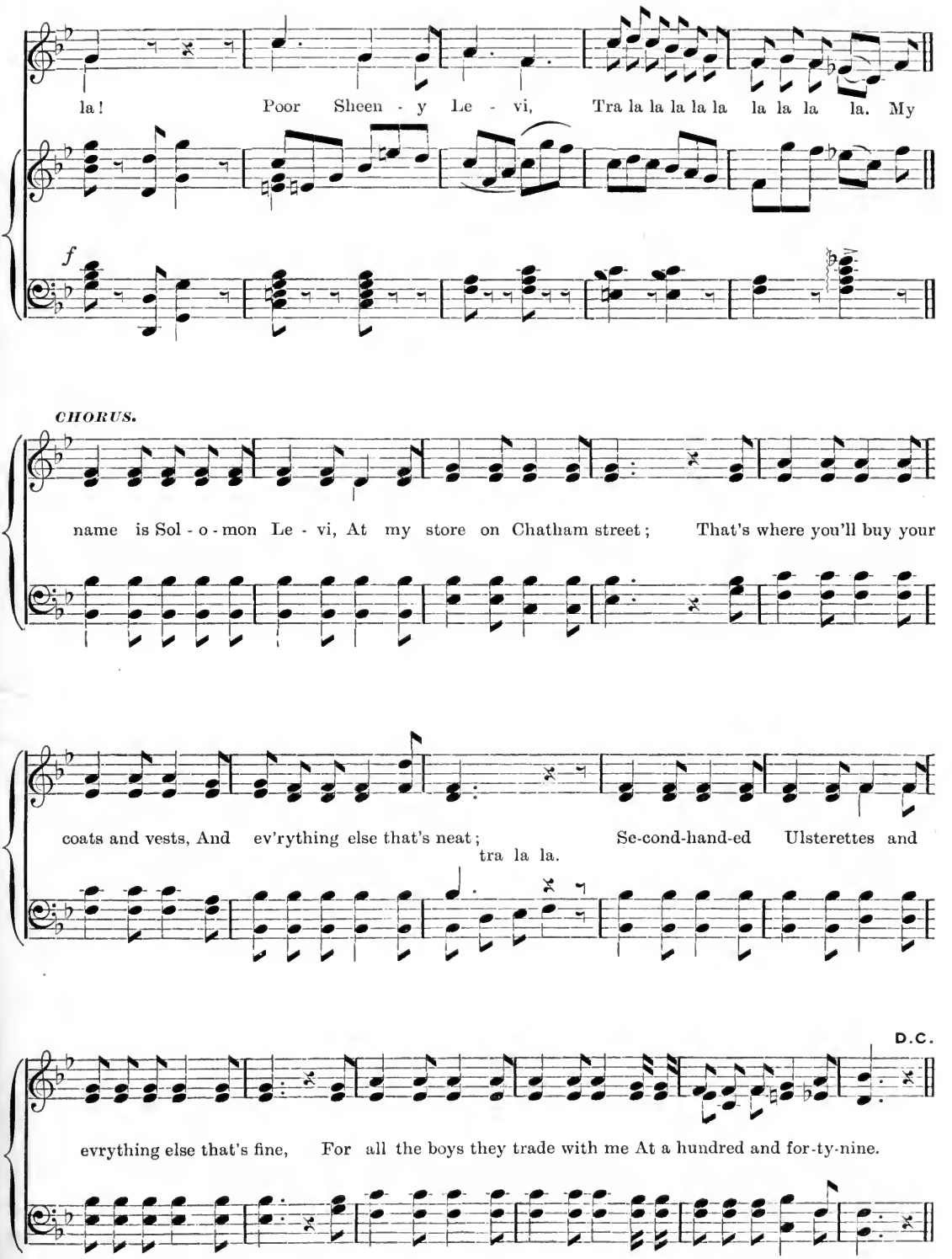
GOOD-NIGHT.

2. Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
Merrily, etc.

3. Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
Merrily, etc.

MERRILY, MERRILY.



SOLOMON LEVI.

Allegretto. FRED SEAVER.

3. The people are delighted to come inside of my store,
And trade with the elegant gentleman what I keeps to walk the floor.
He is a blood among the Sheenies, beloved by one and all,
And his clothes they fit him just like the paper on the wall.—*Chorus.*

PORK, BEANS, AND HARD-TACK;

A REBELLION SONG.

Tune—"Solomon Levi."

1. Our volunteers are soldiers bold, so say the people all,
When duty calls they spring to arms, responsive to the call,
With outfits old and rotten clothes ill-fitted for the strife,
They leave their home on starving pay to take the nitchies' life.

Chorus.

Pork, beans and hard-tack, tra la la la, etc.,
Poor hungry soldier, tra la la, etc.
In rags we march the prairie, most eager for the fray,
But when we near the enemy, they always run away.
As Corporation labourers with fat-i-gue each day,
We dig and scrape and hoe and rake for fifty cents a day.

2. Faint, cold and weary, we're packed on an open car,
Cursing our fate and grumbling as soldiers ever are,
Hungry and thirsty, over the C.P.R. we go
Instead of by the all-rail route—Detroit and Chicago.—*Chorus.*

3. On half cooked beans and fat pork we're fed without relief,
Save when we get a change of grub on hard-tack and corn beef.
On fat-i-gue and guards all day, patrols and pickets by night,
It's thus we while our time away, our duty seems ne'er to fight.

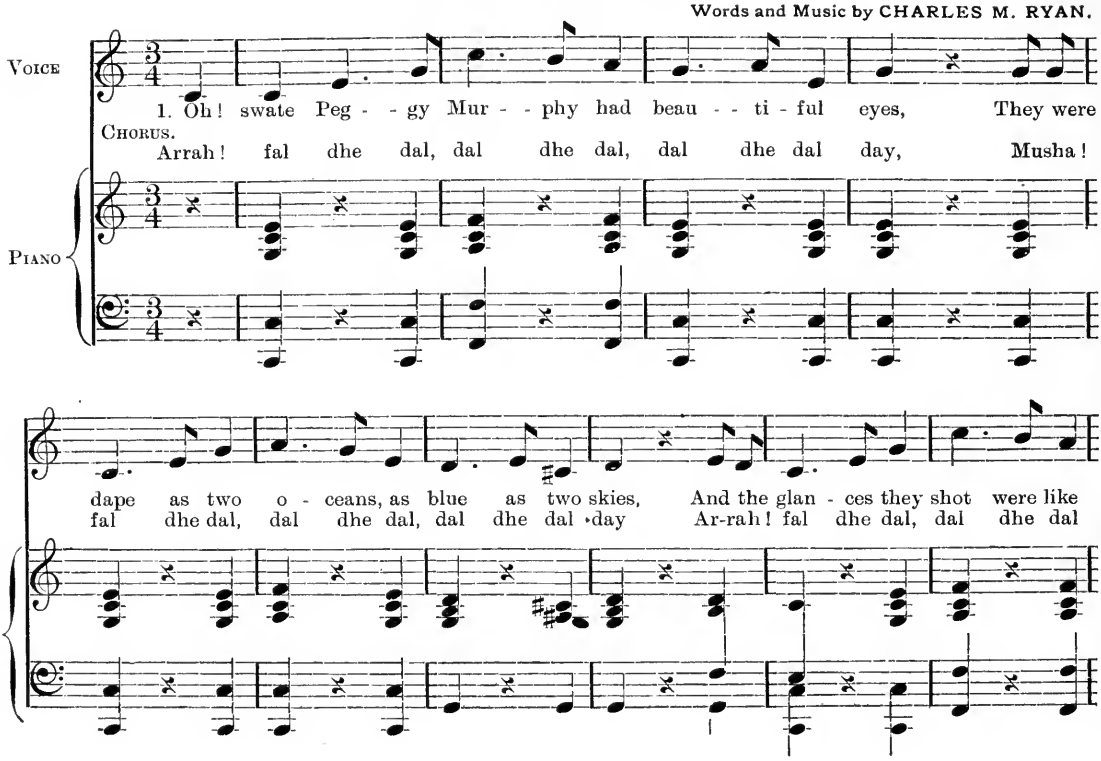
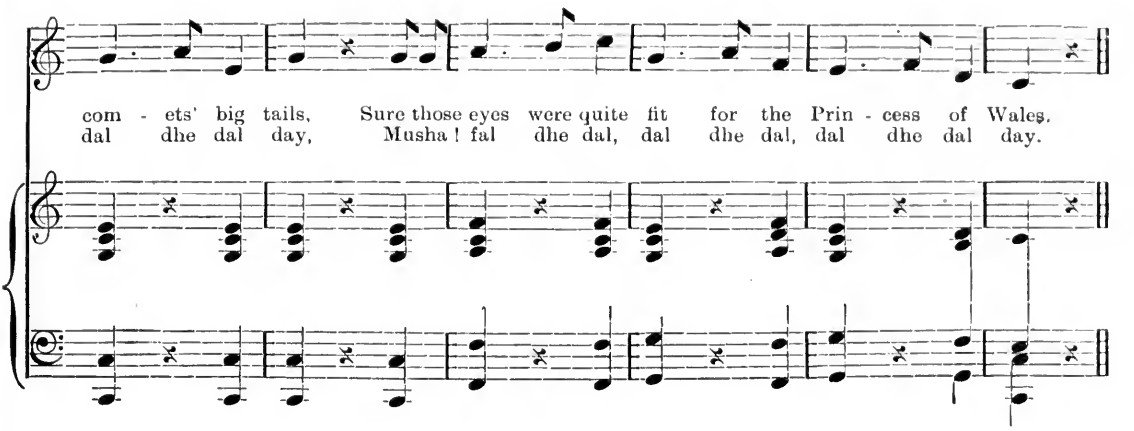
4. Down the wild Saskatchewan in river boats we go,
At last we reach Lake Winnipeg and are taken by a tug in tow.
On board a barge two regiments are shoved into the hold,
Like sardines in a box we're packed, six hundred men all told.

5. Down the length of Winnipeg Lake we roll throughout the night,
And on we're towed along the Lake till Selkirk is in sight,
We disembark in double quick time, we once more board a train,
We're on our way for Winnipeg, we're getting near home again.

6. The ladies of our city are noble dames you know,
And helped us in our woeful plight when grub was very low,
We cannot thank them as we ought for every kindness done,
But we say it from our inmost souls their goodness our hearts has won.

PEGGY MURPHY.

Words and Music by CHARLES M. RYAN.



2. Her mouth it was like a—och ! sure I can't tell,
But whene'er she spoke through it a sound like a bell
Went a ringin' and dingin' straight into my soul,—
Sure a swate little mouth was that same little hole.

3. Her skin it was whiter than newly-laid milk,
And softer by far than the softest of silk;
Her complexion indade was so clear and so fair
You could see through her face all the roots of her hair.

4. Her lips an' her cheeks had an exquisite tint,
So rich and so rare, by the angels 'twas lint;
Arrah ! naught could compare with her blushes so red,
When she walked in the garden the roses dropped dead.

5. Her hair was so fine that it couldn't be felt,
An' so much like the sunshine you'd think it would melt;
Oh ! it glistened an' dazzled, I'm tellin' no lies,
That to take a look at it you'd shut both your eyes.

6. Her neck an' each shoulder, each arm an' each hand,
Made her fit for a fairy queen holdin' a wand;
Arrah ! she was so deservin' of fairy-like things,
I'm not sure but I think she had nice little wings.

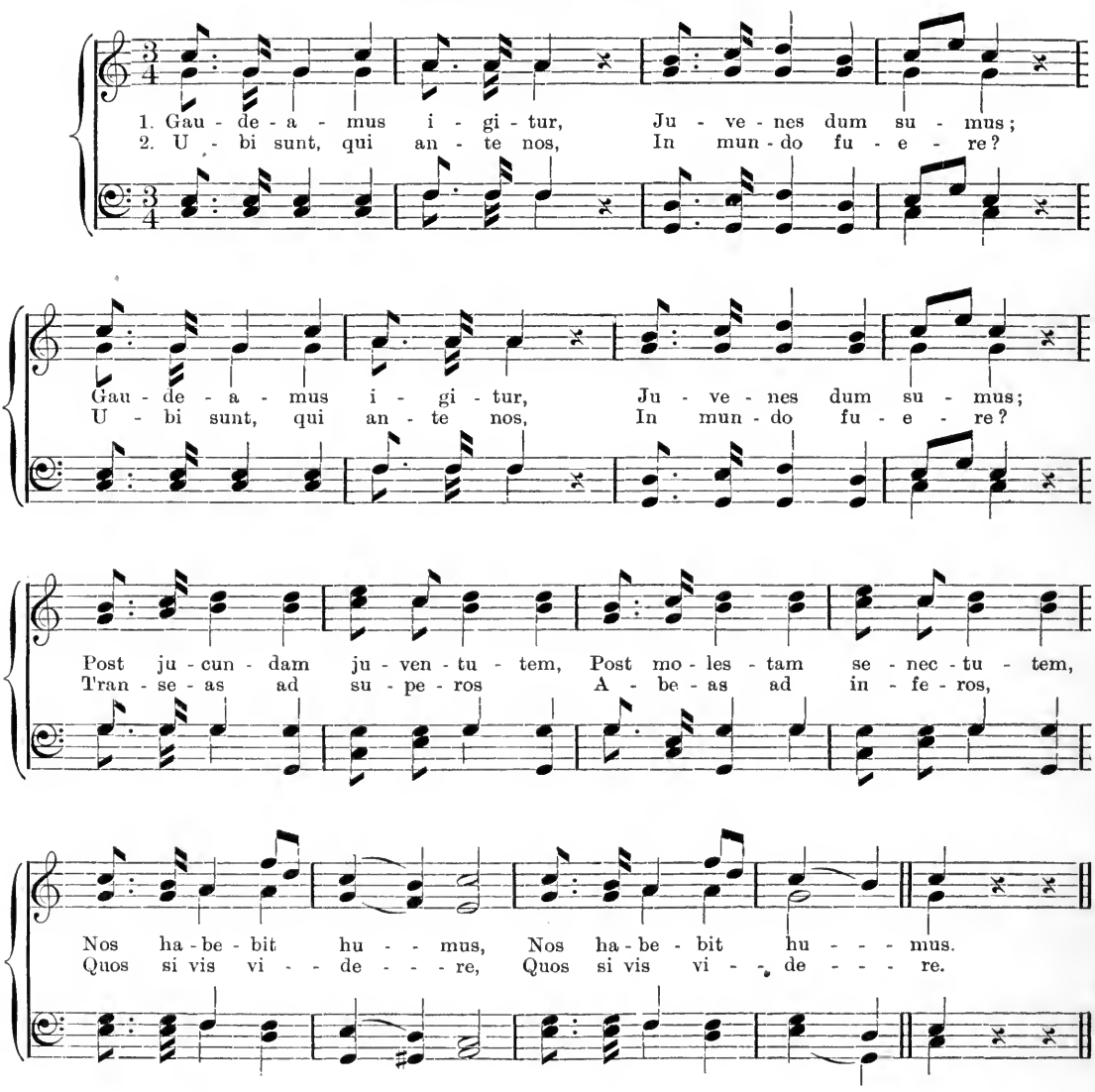
7. Her teeth were like pearls strung out in two rows.
Between luscious cherries right under her nose;
They formed a nate fence round such nice private grounds,
Where a sharp teasing tongue never stayed within bounds.

8. Her breath was as pure as a babe's or a dove's,
That milky-like breath that a spoony man loves,
'Twas the clarified essence of nectar an' dew,
An' sugar an' honey made into a stew.

9. For a word or a smile from my paragon Peg
I'd cut off my head, or I'd saw off my leg;
And as for a kiss from her lips fresh and swate,
'Twould so fill me with joy as to intoxicate.

10. I cooed an' I wooed her a year an' a day,
An' I asked her to marry me quick straight away.
Oh ! she laughed in my face sayin', "Larry, me boy,
I'm engaged to be married to Mickey McCoy !"

11. Then I threw myself under a willowy tree,
An' I blubbered an' bawled till I scarcely could see.
Why didn't I ask when I first crossed her door
If she'd e'er been engaged or married before ?

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

3. Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4. Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet
Semper sint in flore.

5. Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ!
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

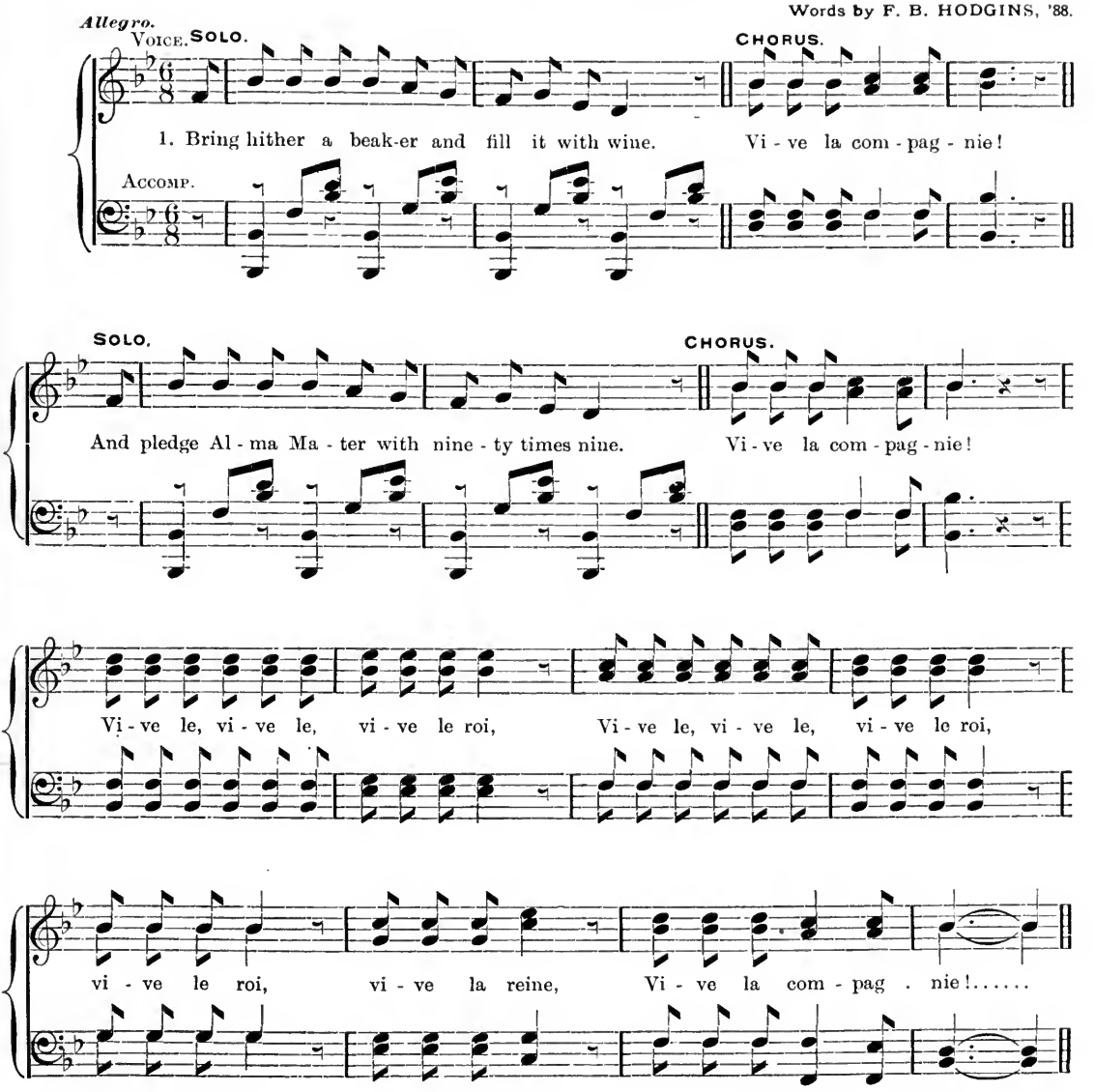
6. Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

7. Alma mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos, congregavit.

8. Vivat et republica
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

9. Pereat tristitia
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE.

Words by F. B. HODGINS, '88.

2. Here's to the Senators, all in a row,
   But what they are good for I really don't know.

3. The Professors come next, and they're not a bad lot,
   There are some that are good, and there are some that are not.

4. Here's to the Ladies—they do as they please,—
   Take our places in street-cars and class-lists with ease.

5. Here's to the Freshman, of brazen fifteen,
   In his cap and his gown day and night he is seen.

6. Here's to the Bedel, who carries the mace,
   As he walks up the aisle he's the model of grace.

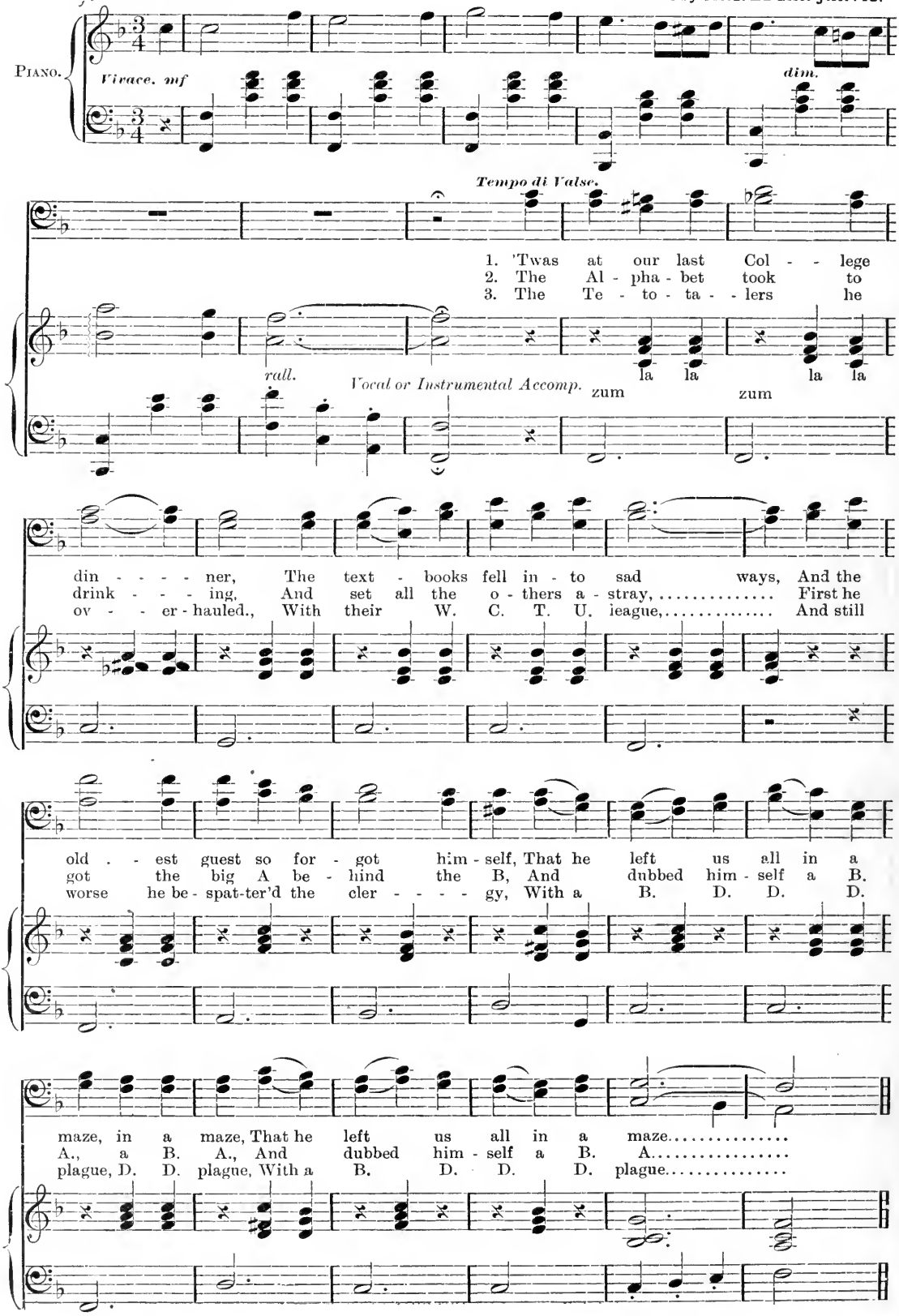
7. Here's to the Janitor—here's to the Twins,
   You can't tell them apart, they're as like as two pins.

8. Here's to ourselves—we're the best of the crowd,
   We're too modest to mention our praises out loud.

9. Here's to the fellow who sings out of tune,
   We'll choke him right off, for he can't die too soon.

10. Here's to Exams., but we've drained the last drop,
    So I think it is time for this ditty to stop.

OUR NEW DEGREE!

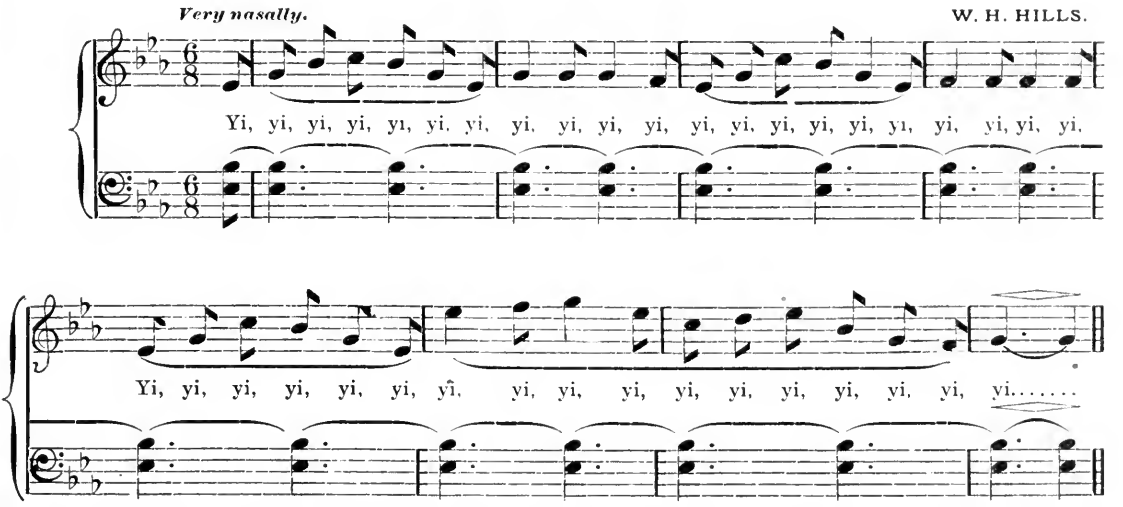
Words by President WILSON. Music by MRS. EDGAR JARVIS.

4. He muddled himself so sadly,
That his wits went wildly astray;
Was it LL.D, or L.S.D.,
Or Ph. D., he could not say.

5. Next he led his Roman history
So hopelessly into a scare,
That the common run of P.Q.R.S.
Got blund'ring as S.P.Q.R.

6. He hiccoughed into phonetics,
And slurred every vowel in spite;
And swore he'd reform English spelling,
And give the old Dons such a fright.

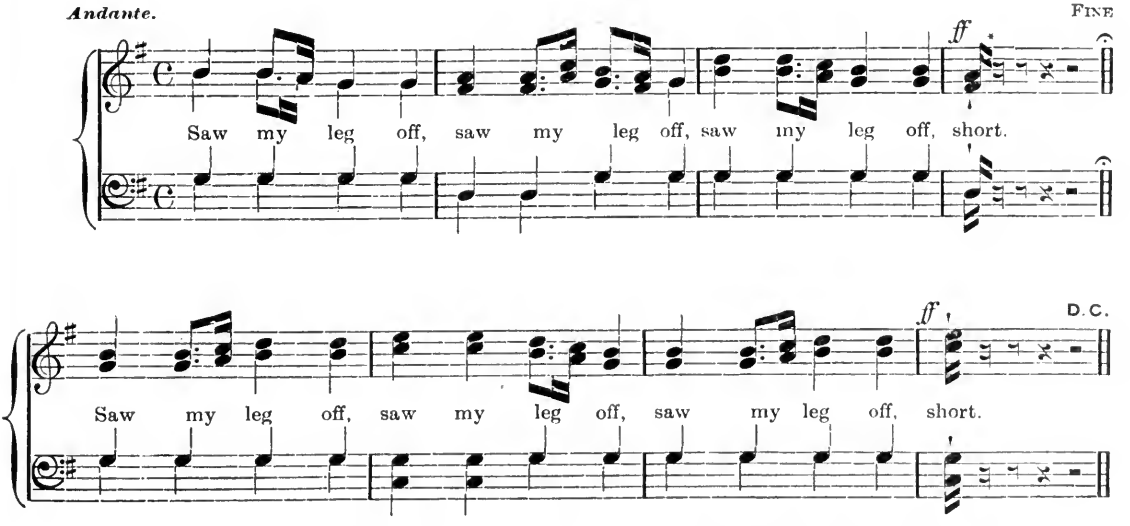
7. So at our next convocation
Let the V.C. confer the degree,
And in jolliest nursery fashion
Make him Doctor and A.B.C.

THE BAGPIPES.

Very nasally. W. H. HILLS.

NOTE.—As the soloist reaches the climax of the swell in the last measure, the chorus, *diminuendo-ing*, turn on their heels and scatter in all directions, thus illustrating the peculiar *die-away* dissipation of sound characteristic of the bag-pipes. Meanwhile the soloist, holding his note, stands facing the audience, and puts an added volume of twang into his finish, as though he had, with an effort, squeezed his bag flat.

SAW MY LEG OFF.

Andante. FINE

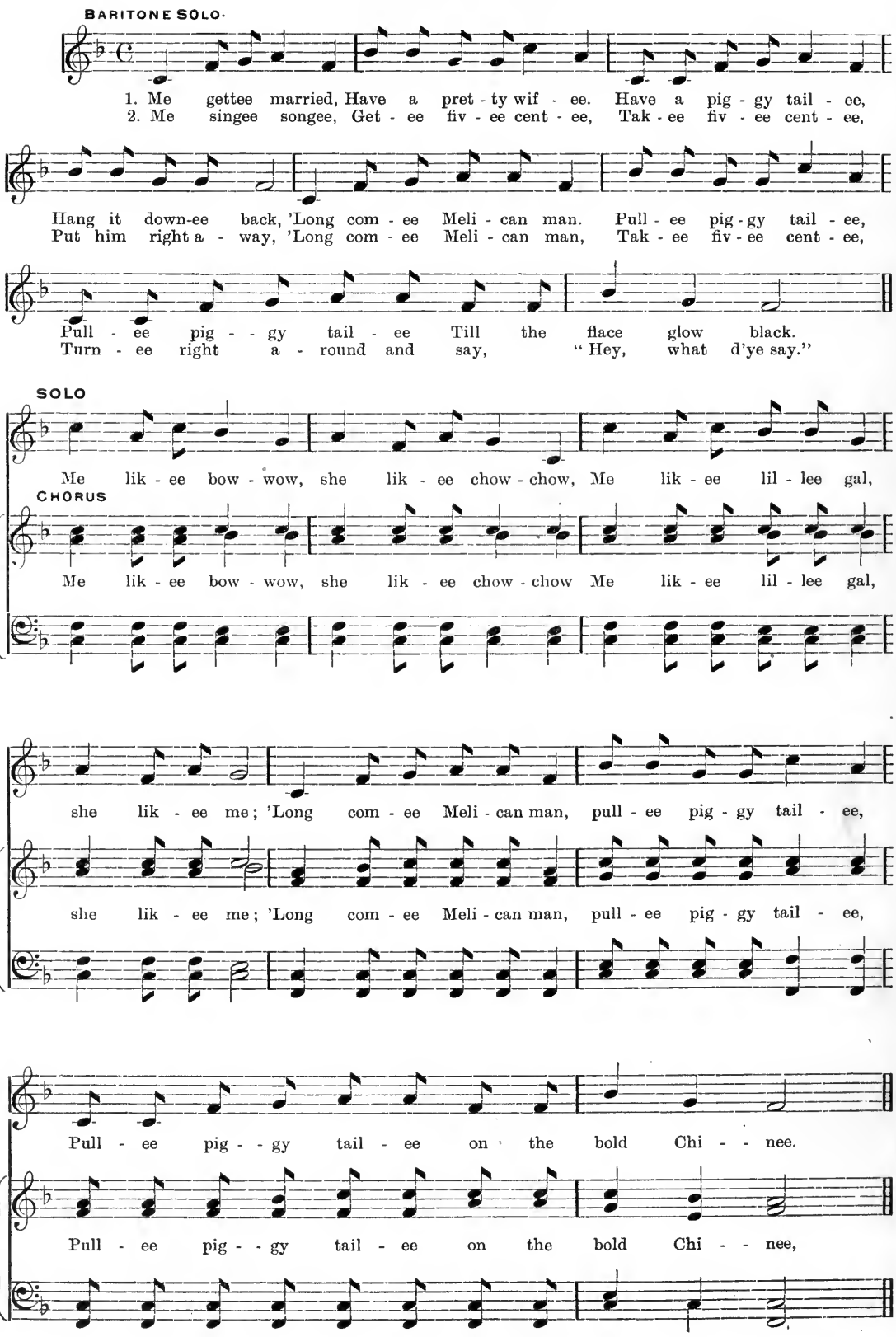
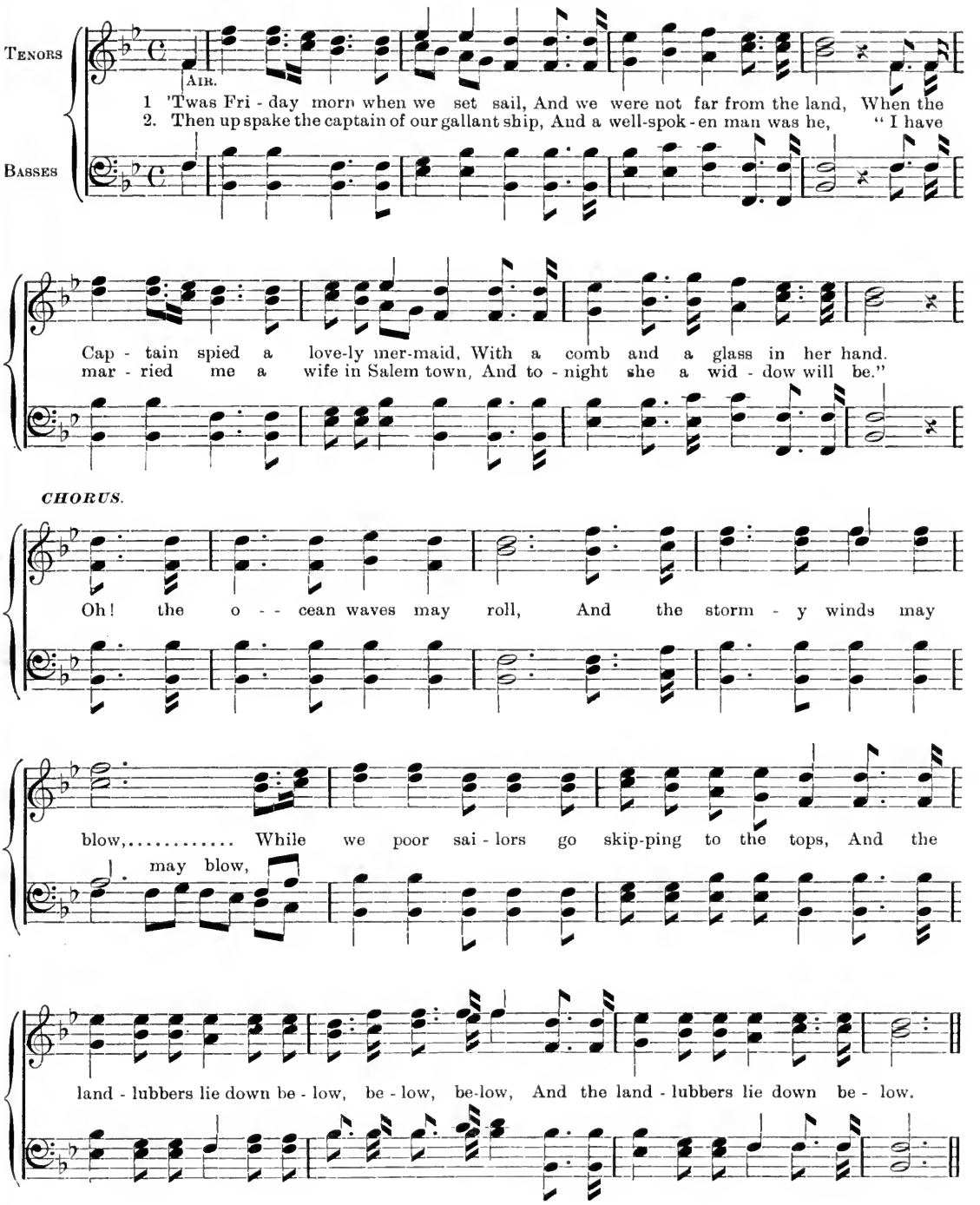


2. Saw it on again, quick.

3. Call your dog off, sharp.

4. Hash for breakfast, Hash for dinner,
Hash for supper, Hash!

* Shouted.

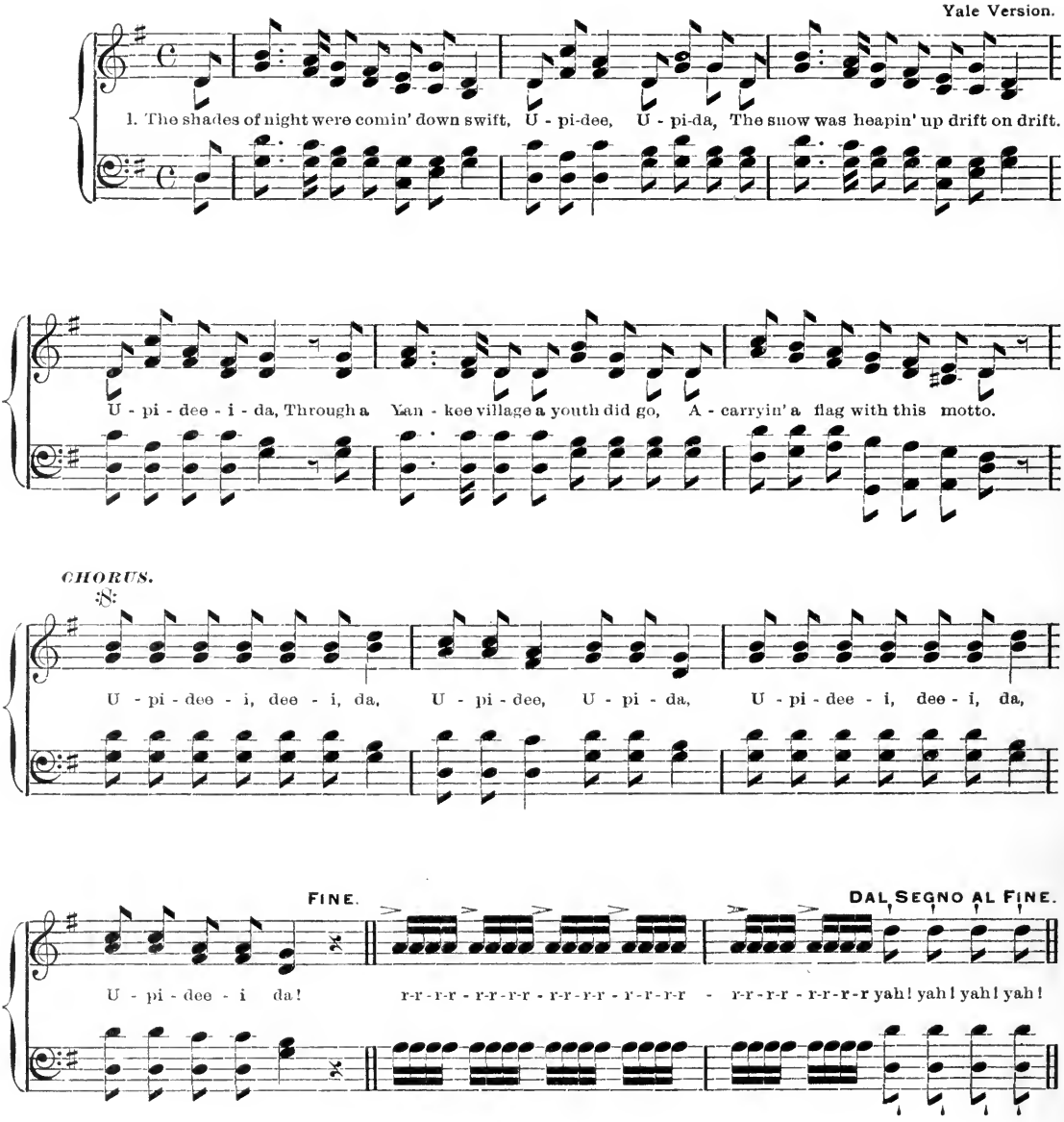
CHINESE SONG.

THE MERMAID.

3. Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cook was he;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the depths of the sea."—*Chorus.*

4. Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken laddie was he;
"I've a father and mother in Boston city,
But to-night they childless will be."—*Chorus.*

5. "Oh, the moon shines bright and the stars give light;
Oh, my mammy she'll be looking for me;
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea."—*Chorus.*

6. Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea."—*Chorus.*

UPIDEE.

Yale Version.

2. O'er his high forehead curl'd copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose and complexion fair,
He'd a light blue eye and an auburn lash,
And he ever kep' a shoutin' through his moustache.—*Cho.*

3. He saw through the windows as he kept gettin' upper,
A number of families sittin' at supper;
But he eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a-fleein':

4. "O take care you," said the old man, "stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on the other side!"
But the hurryin' stranger still replied:

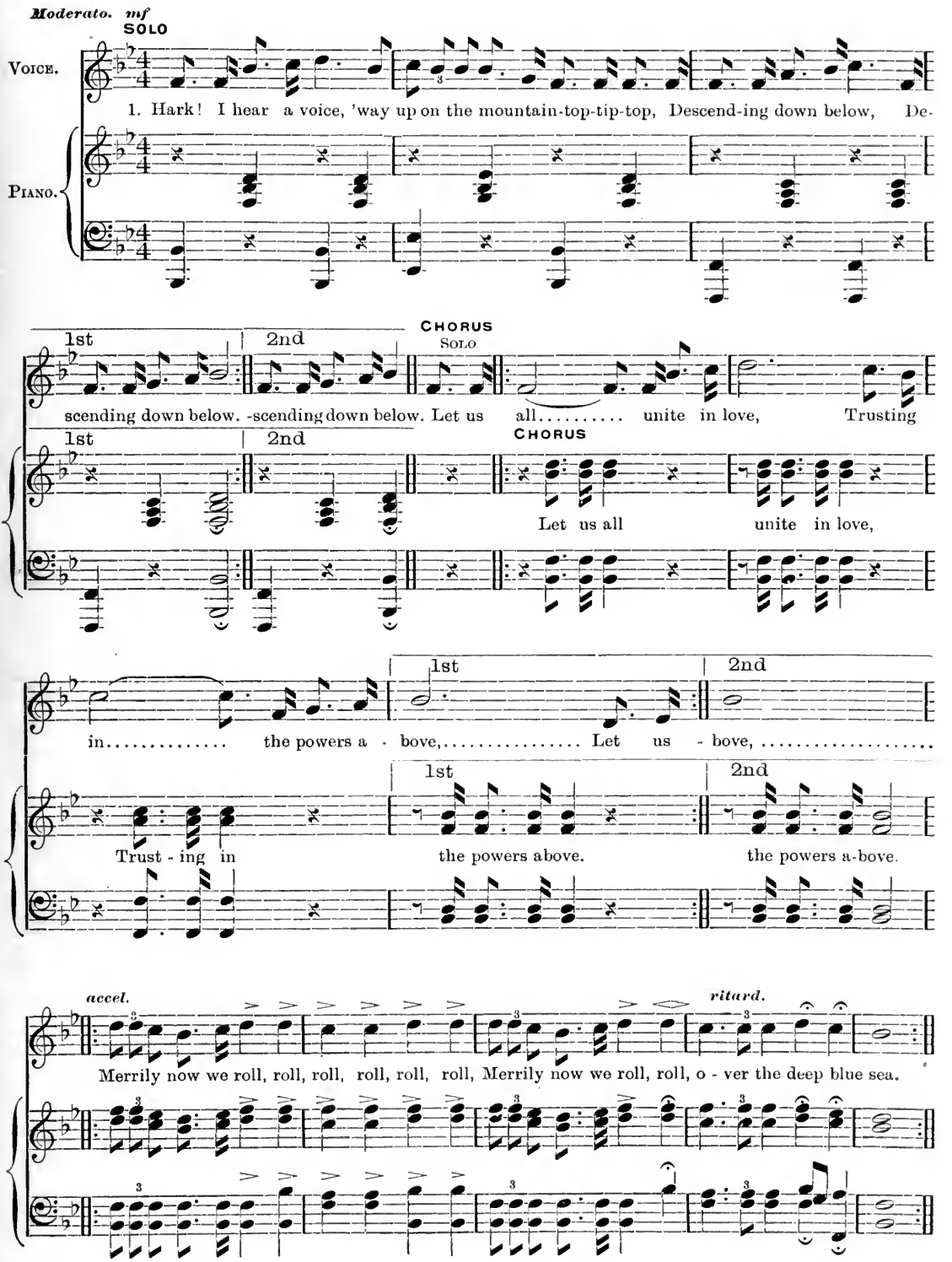
5. "O don't go up such a shockin' bad night;
Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright.
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked, as he upward clumb:

6. "Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree!
Dodge rollin' stones if any you see!"
Sayin' which the farmer went to bed,
But the singular voice replied overhead:

7. About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally goin' up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as much as twice,
Those very same words in a very weak voice:

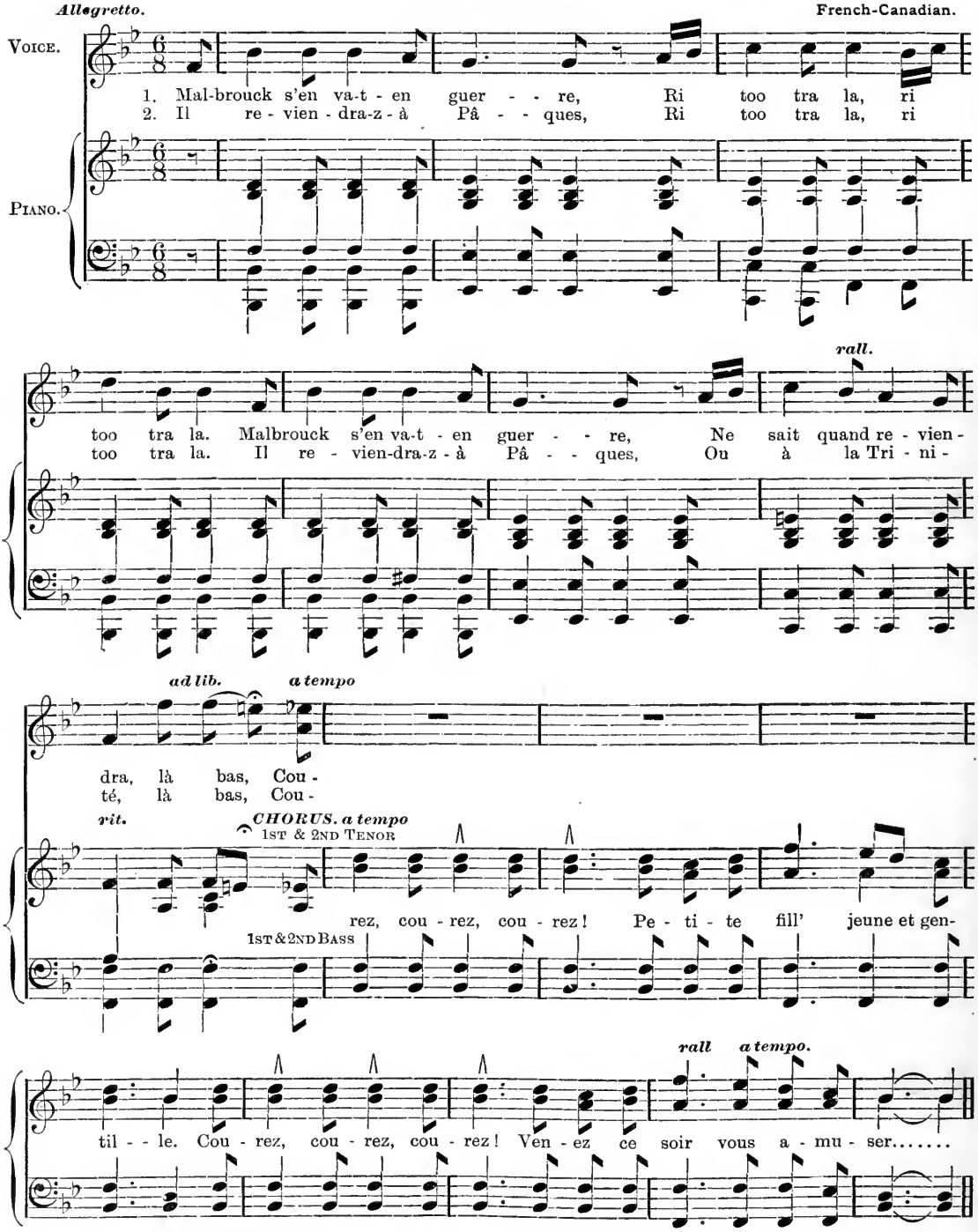
8. Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven,
He found, buried up in the snow and ice,
The boy and his flag with the strange device:

9. He's dead, defunct, without a doubt,
The lamp of his life has entirely gone out;
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin'
And there was no more use for him to be a-sayin':

'WAY UP ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP-TIP-TOP.

2. Little Jacky Horner,
A-sitting in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big boy am I!"
Chorus.—Let us all, etc.

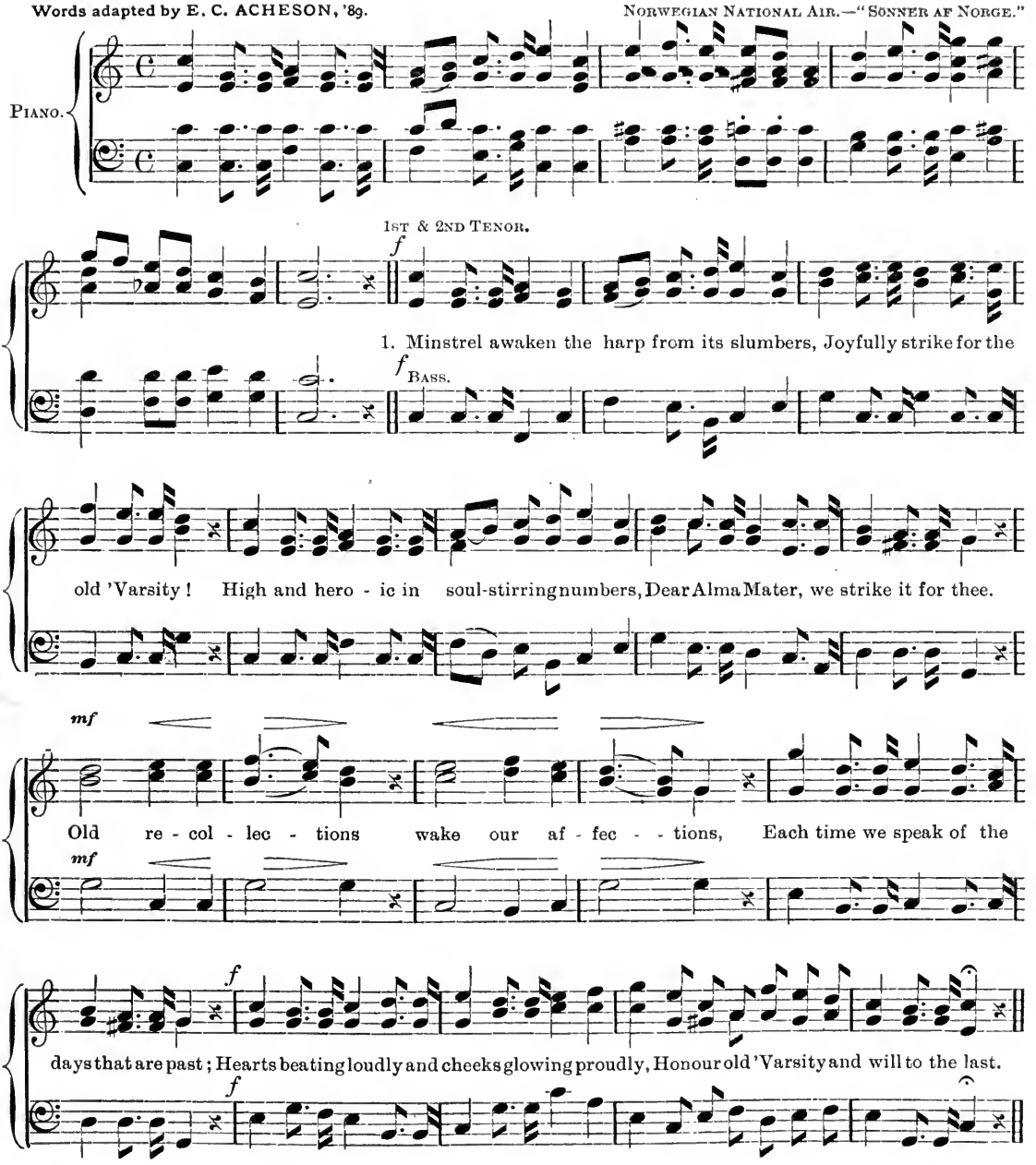
3. Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy had none.
Chorus.—Let us all, etc.

MALBROUCK.

Allegretto. French-Canadian.

3. La Trinité se passe,
   Ri too tra la, etc.,
   La Trinité se passe,
   Malbrouck ne revient pas, là bas.
4. Madame à sa tour monte,
   Ri too tra la, etc.,
   Madame à sa tour monte,
   Si haut qu'ell' peut monter, là bas.
5. Elle aperçoit son page,
   Ri too tra la, etc.
   Elle aperçoit son page
   Tout de noir habillé, là bas.
6. "Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
   Quell' nouvelle apportez?"
7. "Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
   Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.
8. Quittez vos habits roses,
   Et vos satins brochés.
9. Monsieur Malbrouck est more,
   Est mort et enterré.
10. J'l'ai vu porter en terre,
    Par quatre-z-officiers."

HONOUR OLD 'VARSITY.

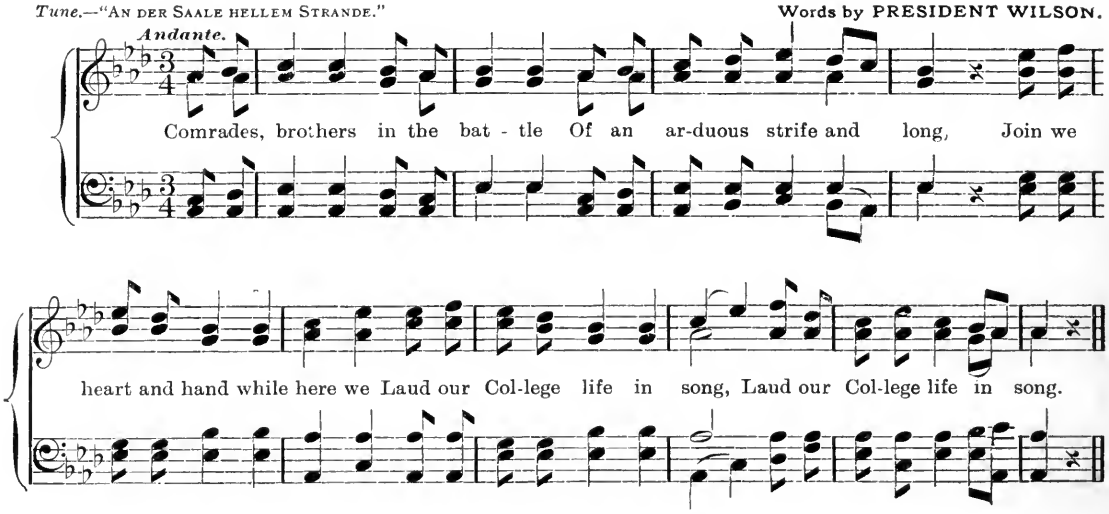
Words adapted by E. C. ACHESON, '89.

NORWEGIAN NATIONAL AIR.—"SÖNNER AF NORGE."

2. Wide now are scattered thy sons and thy daughters,—
Oft, when begin the long shadows to fall,
On us, in floods, like the swift, rushing waters,
Crowd recollections of hours past recall.
Days full of pleasure without stint or measure,—
Days when the hours were like birds on the wing,-
These were our blessing, when, ardor possessing,
Dwelt we at 'Varsity, whose praise now we sing.

3. Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers,
Joyfully strike for the old 'Varsity!
High and heroic, in soul stirring numbers,
Dear Alma Mater, we strike it for thee.
Heedless of others, maidens and brothers,
Stick to your colors with hearts brave and free,
Aid freely lend her, and stoutly defend her,
Honour old 'Varsity, dear 'Varsity.

ALMA MATER.

Tune.—"An der Saale hellem Strande."

Words by PRESIDENT WILSON.

2. Life is earnest; be our purpose
Here to win its noblest prize;
Hold on high the lamp of learning,
Emulate the great and wise.

3. Seize the rich award that culture
Offers in the generous strife;
Win and wear it as the guerdon
Of a pure and noble life.

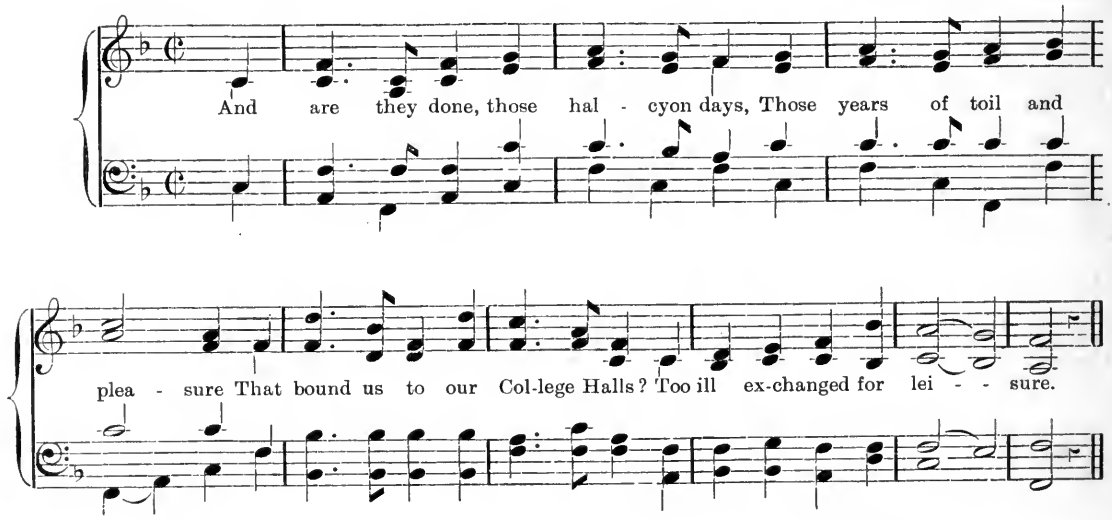
4. Press still onward in th' arena,
Emulation needs no spur;
Hold the honor of our College
High above detraction's slur.

5. Till the day our Alma Mater
Crowns each victor in the fight;
Then to wear her laurels proudly,
And may God defend the right!

COMMENCEMENT.

Tune—"Deutsches Weihelied."

Words by President WILSON.



2. Familiar scenes of rainbow hope
And cordial emulation;
Of matches on the College lawn,
And speeches on the nation!

3. Of Locke and Hegel, Comte and Kant,
Of Jelf upon the Article;
Or, for a treat, a grind at Tait's
Dynamics of a Particle!

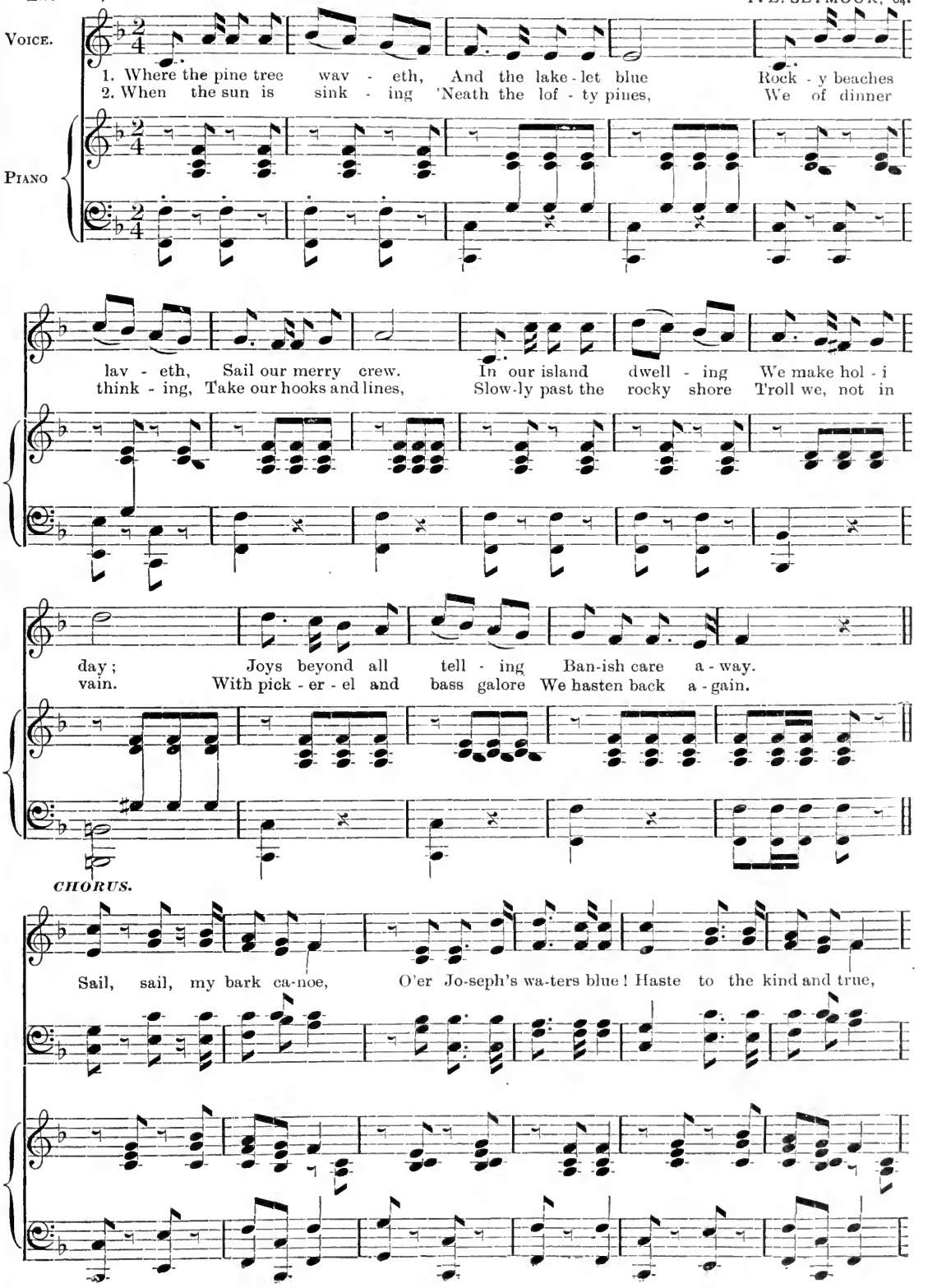
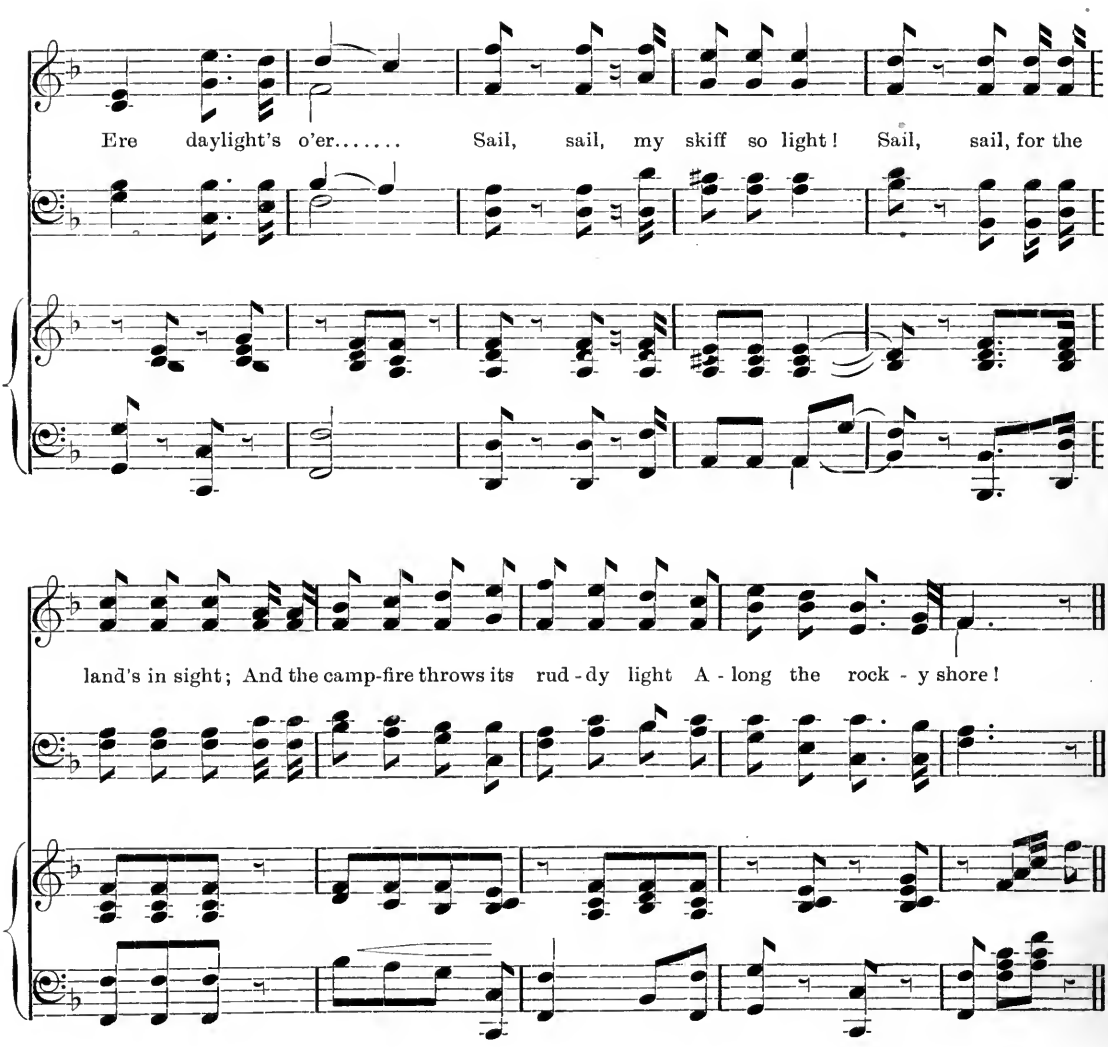
4. The genial converse, social cheer
Of friendship, true as tender;
With rivals in the generous strife
For Fame, and no surrender.

5. Farewell, ye dear old College joys!
'Tis in some novel sense meant
This ending of life's jolliest days,
And calling it Commencement!

Miscellaneous.

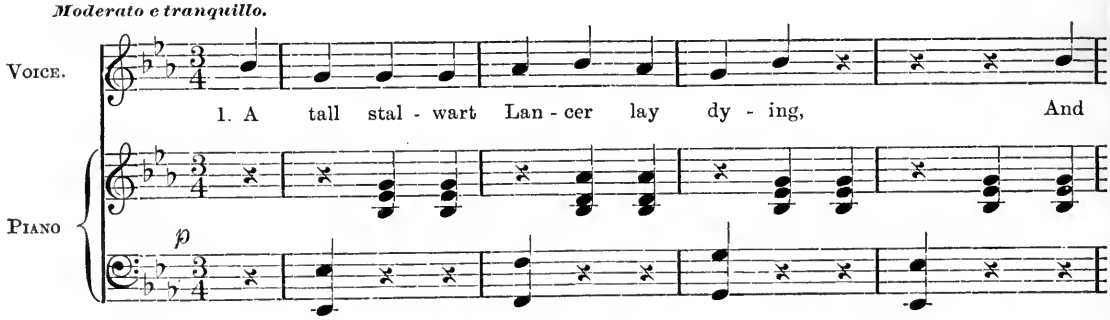
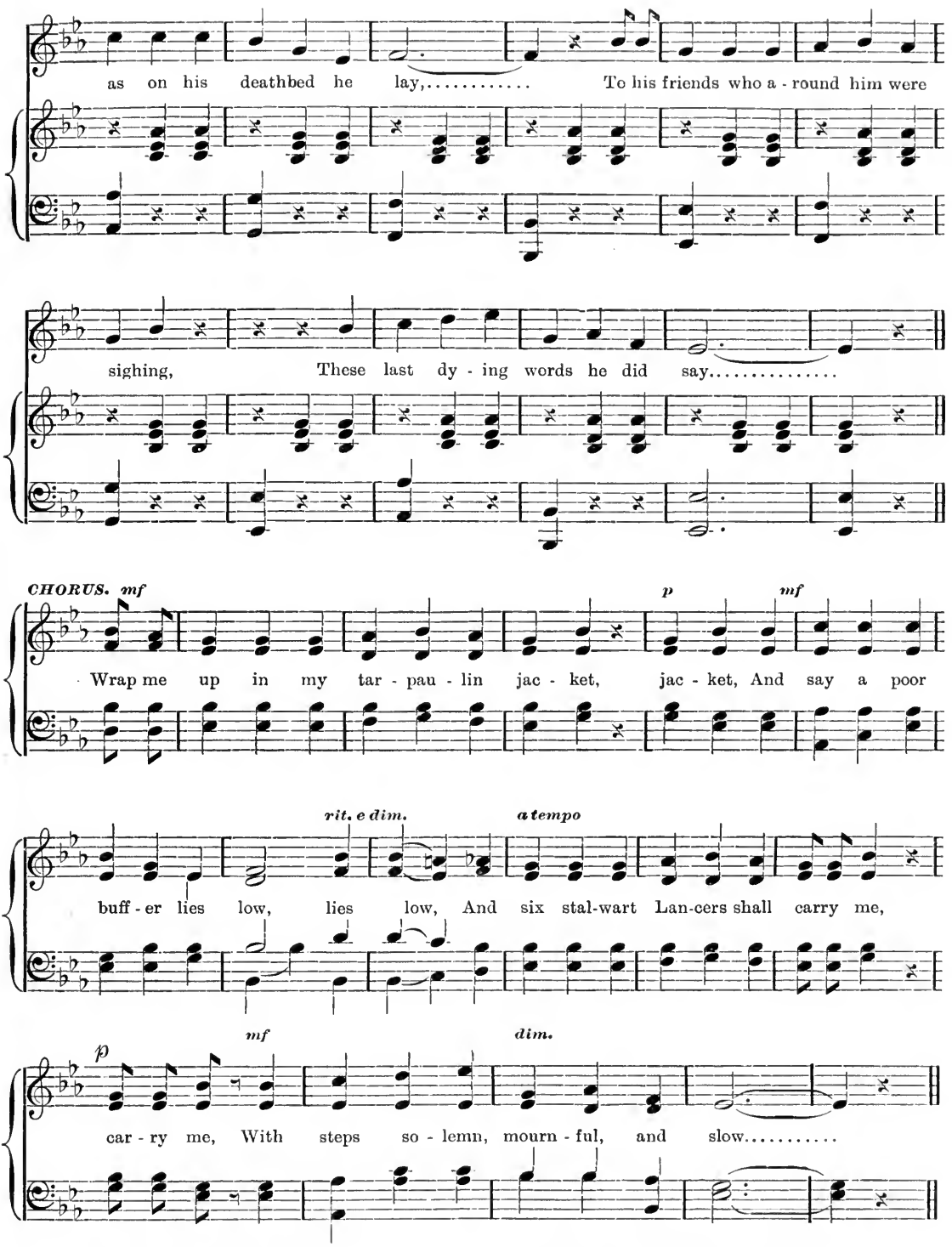
SAIL, SAIL, MY BARK CANOE.

Air.—"Pif, Paf"

F. E. SEYMOUR, '64.

3. In the mellow gloaming
Rings our dinner bell;
Weary with our roaming,
We like the sound full well.
And when we've done our dining,
In kilmarnocks bright
Round the fire reclining,
We spend a jolly night.

4. Or should skies most glorious,
Tempt once more to stray,
Moonbeams dancing o'er us,
Light each rock-bound bay;
Maidens fair, with eyes of light,
Freight our shallops frail;
And far beneath the Queen of Night
We merrily sing and sail.

THE TARPAULIN JACKET.

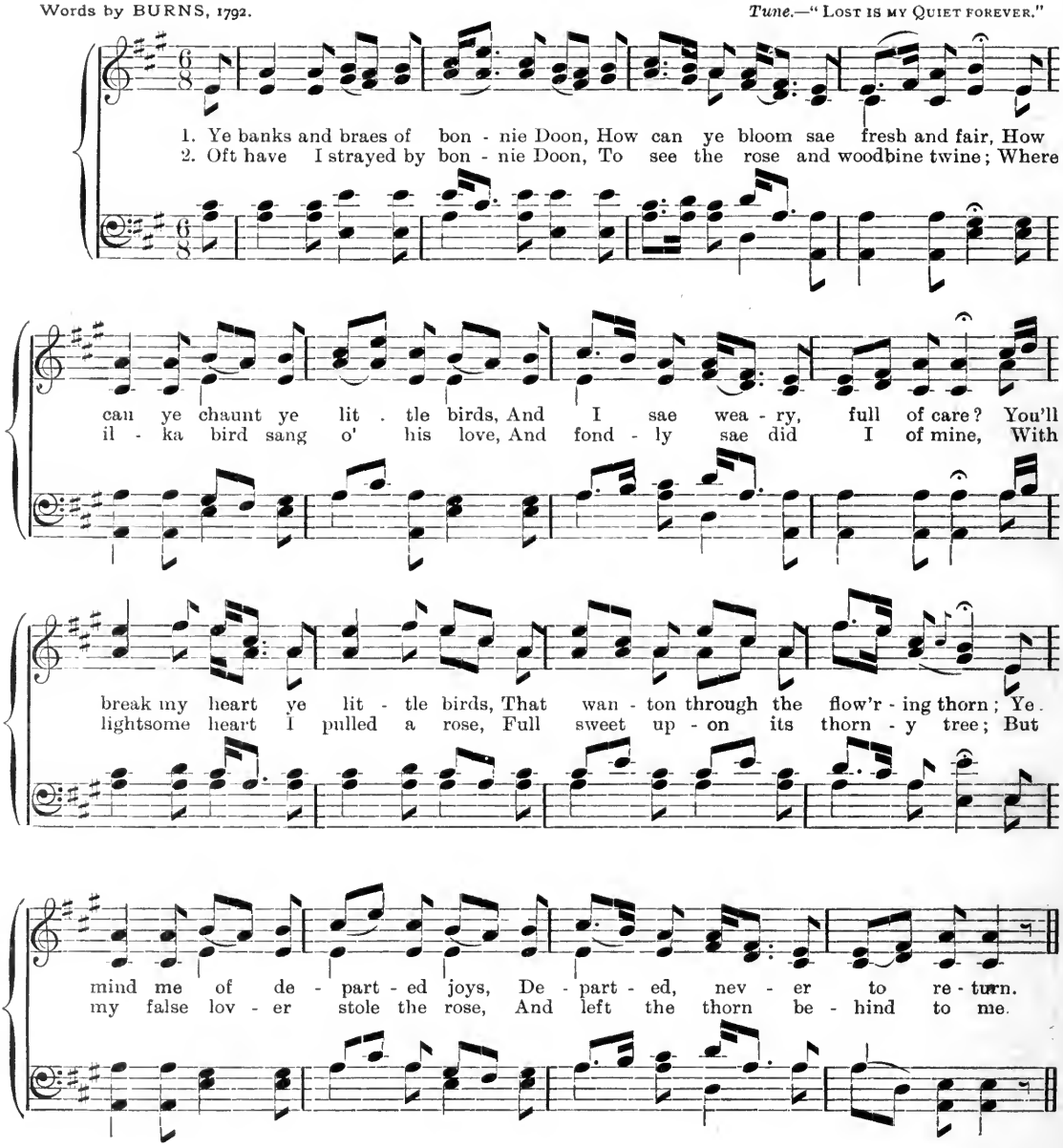
Moderato e tranquillo.

2. Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay me and die.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

3. Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a pen-knife and scratch there
" Here lies a poor buffer below."
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

4. And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

5. And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

BONNIE DOON.

Words by BURNS, 1792. *Tune.*—"LOST IS MY QUIET FOREVER."

AULD LANG SYNE.

Tune.—VIDE PAGE 21. BURNS.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
   And never brought to min' ?
   Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
   And days o' lang syne ?

2. We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
   And pu'd the gowans fine ;
   But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
   Sin' auld lang syne.

3. We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
   Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
   But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
   Sin' auld lang syne.

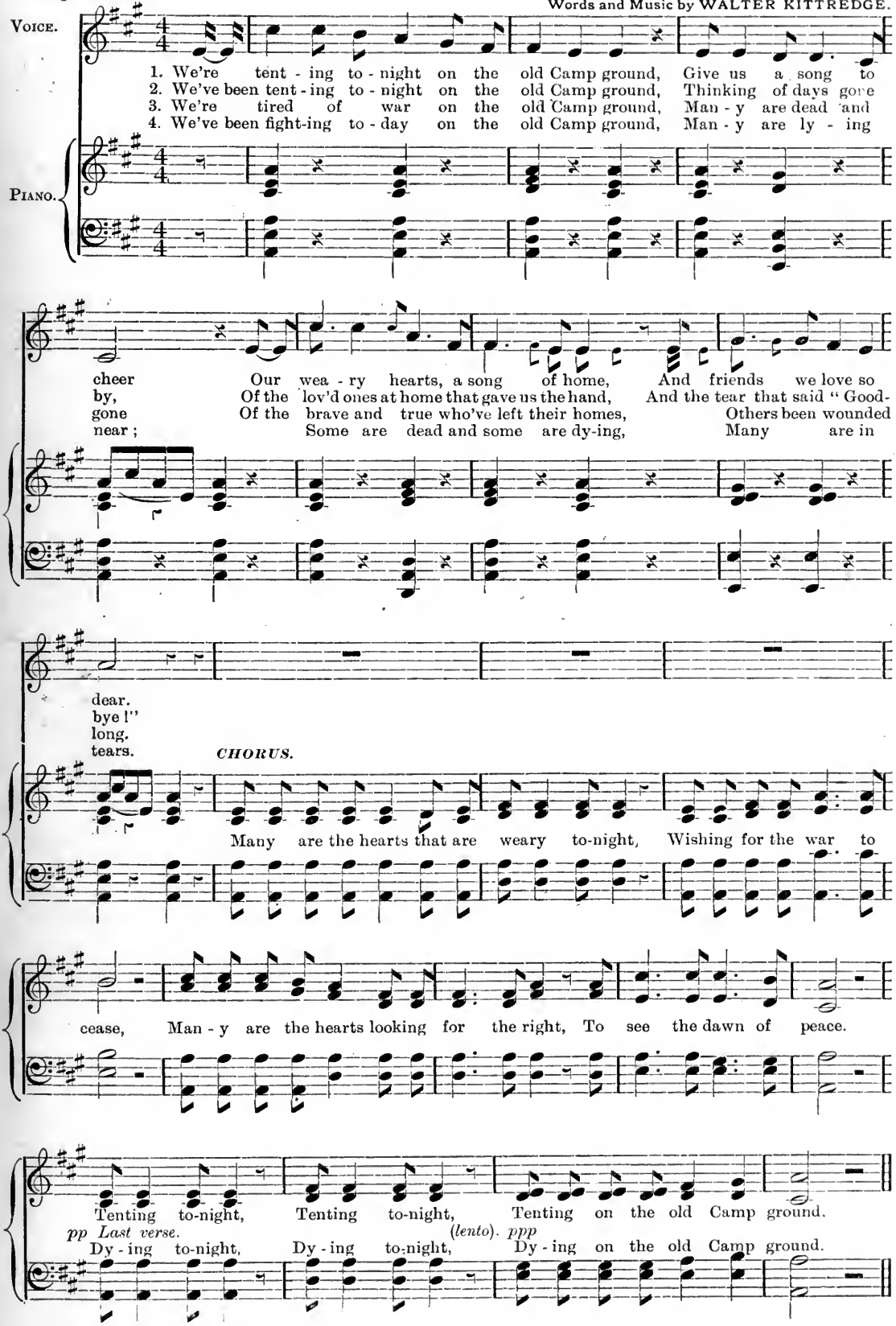
4. Then here's a hand, my trusty frien',
   And gie's a hand o' thine ;
   And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
   For auld lang syne.

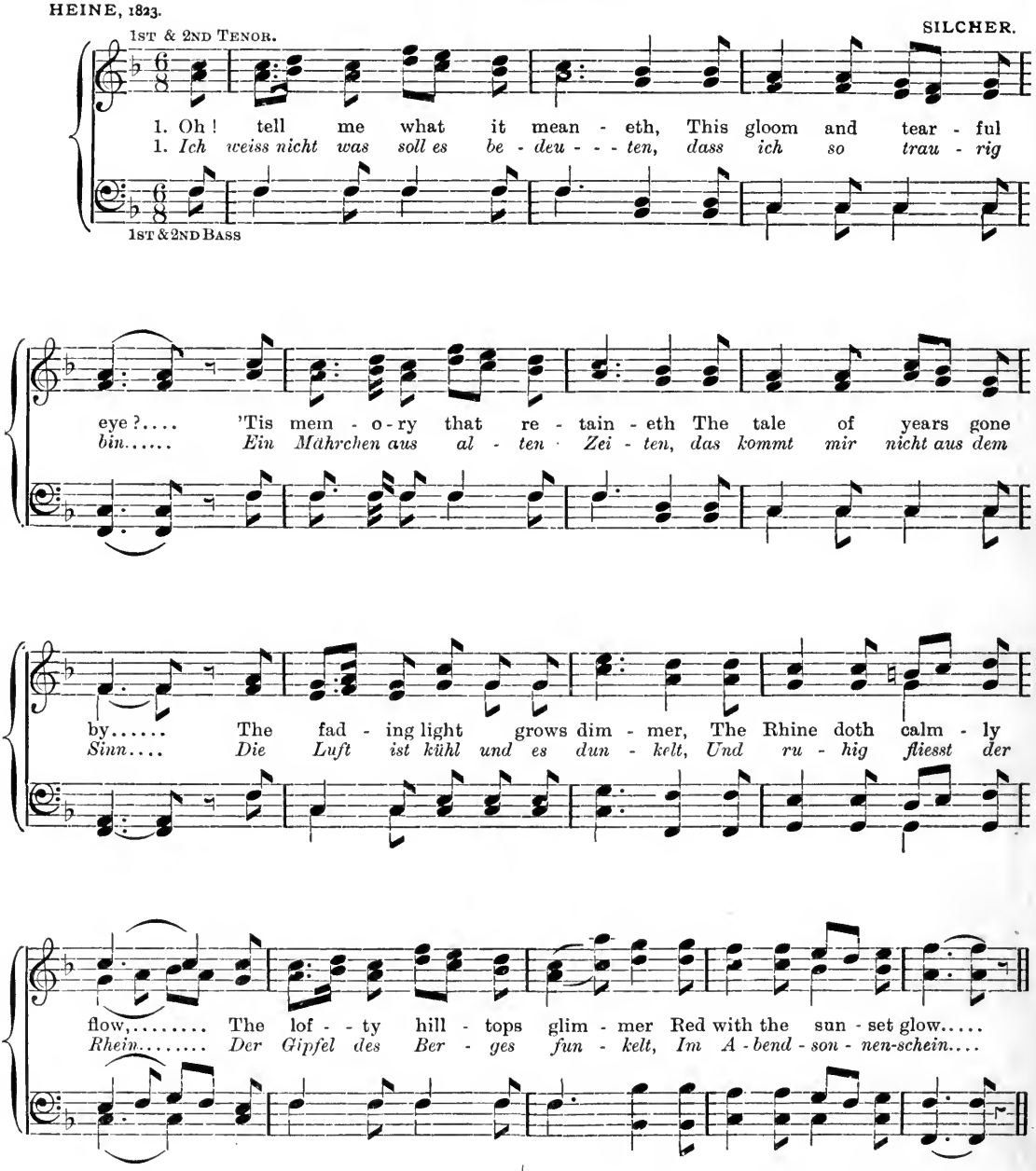
CHORUS,

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Tempo di marcia.

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

DIE LORELEI.

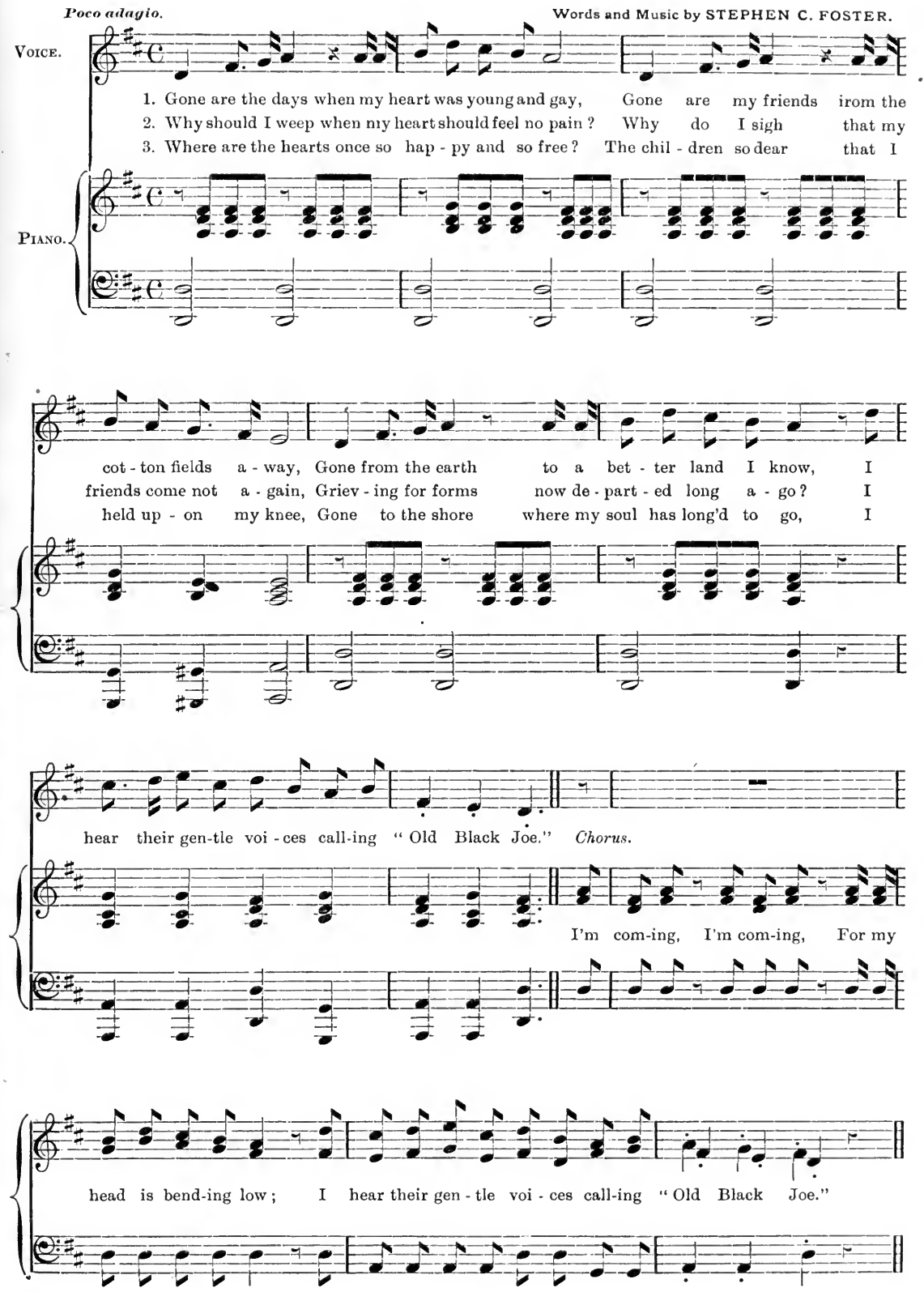
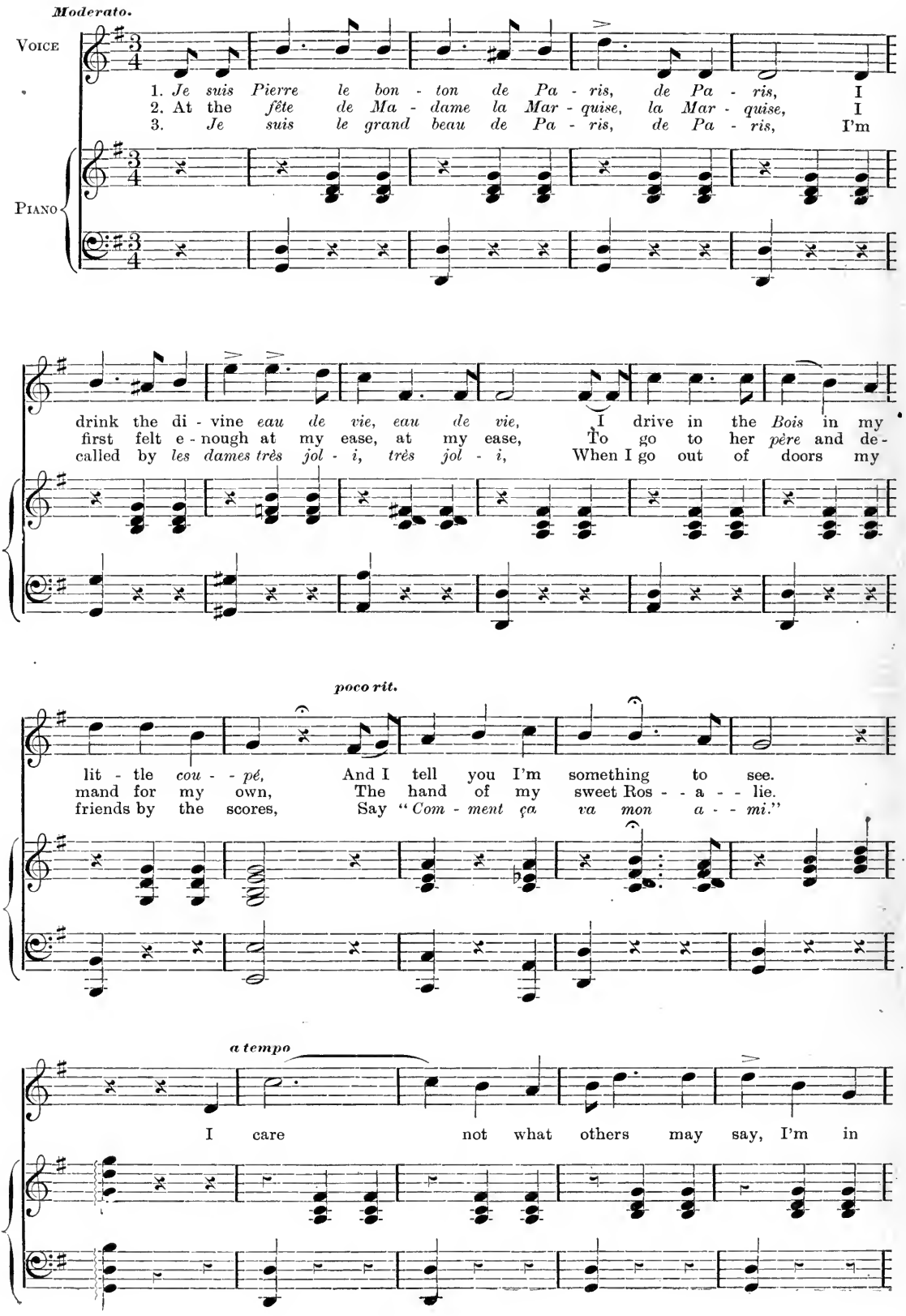
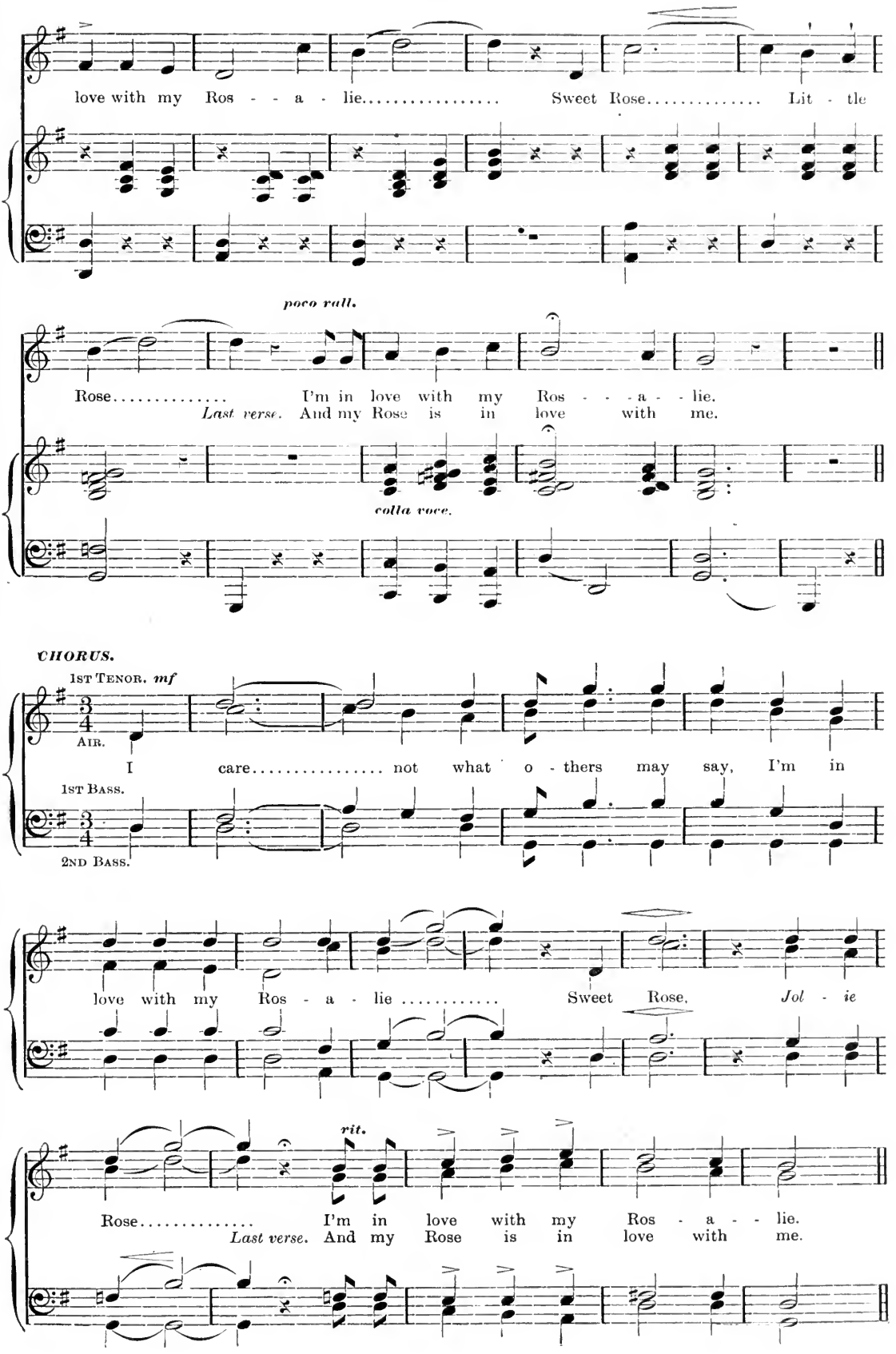
HEINE, 1823. SILCHER.

2. Above the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
Her shining golden hair:
With comb of gold prepares it,
The task with song beguiled;
A fitful burden bears it—
That melody so wild.

3. The boatman on the river,
Lists to the song, spell-bound;
Oh! what shall him deliver
From danger threat'ning 'round?
The waters deep have caught them,
Both boat and boatman brave;
The Loreley's song hath brought them
Beneath the foaming wave.

2. *Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet*
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar,
Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei.

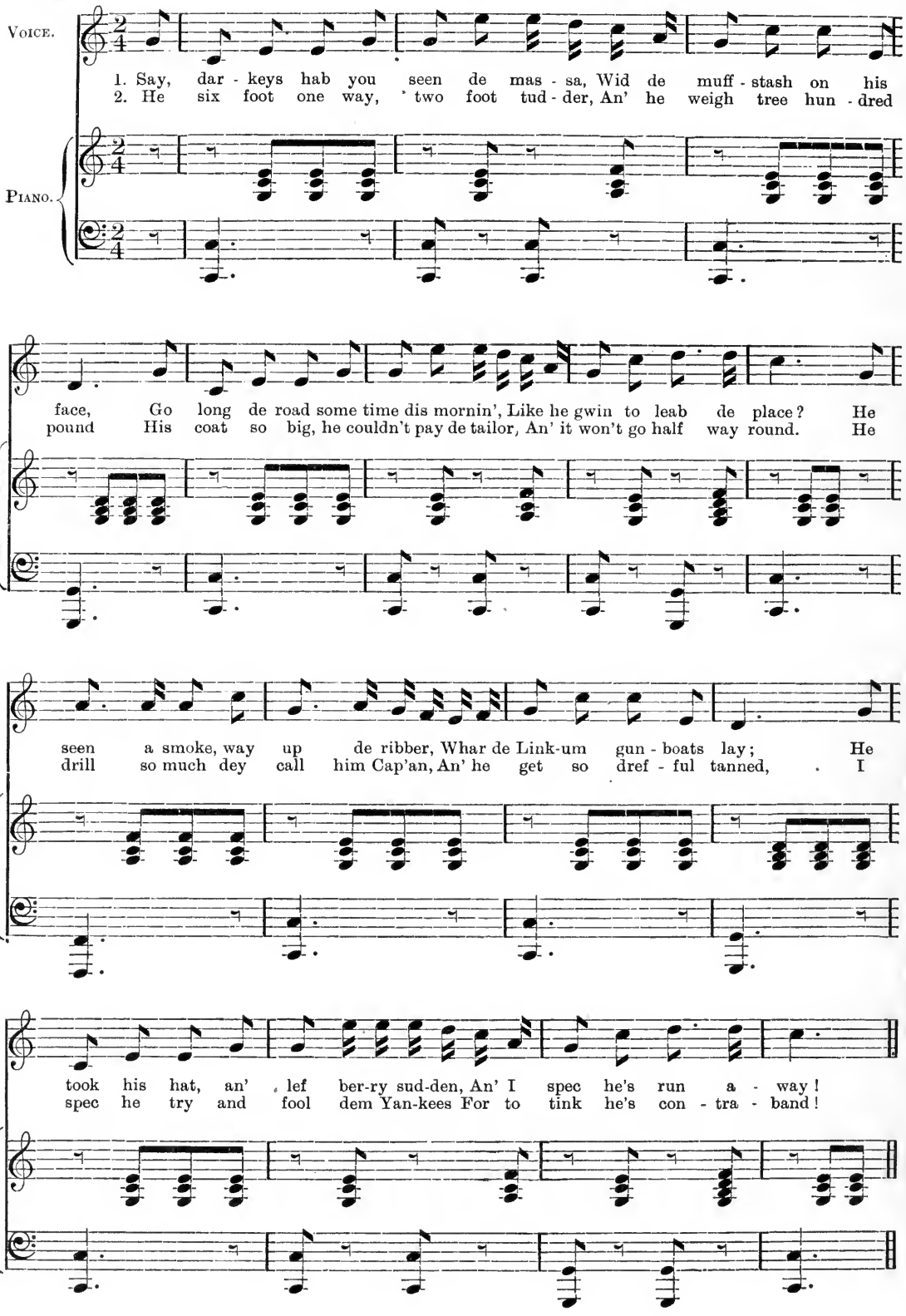
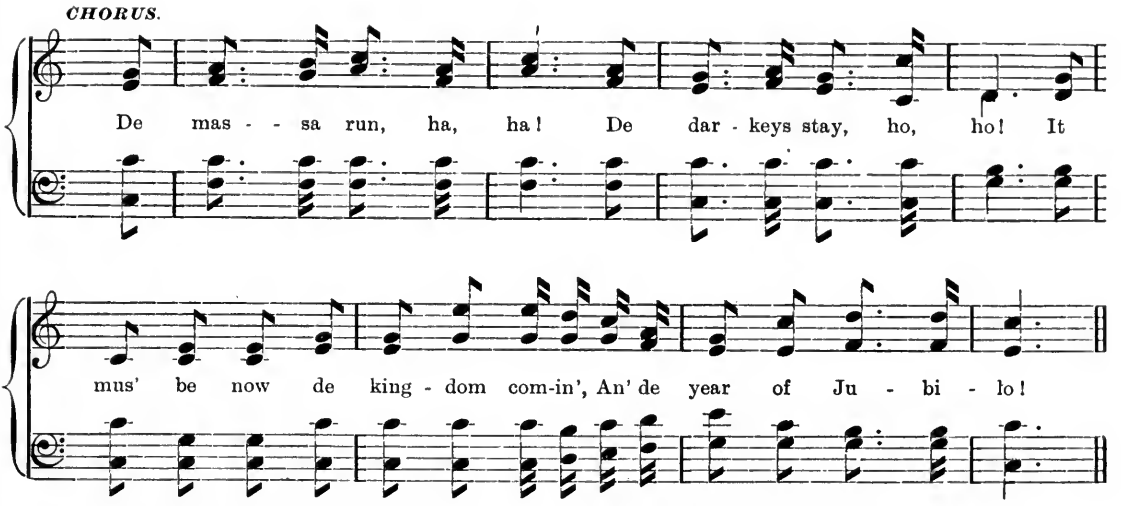
3. *Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe*
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er sieht nur hinauf in die Höh'
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

OLD BLACK JOE.

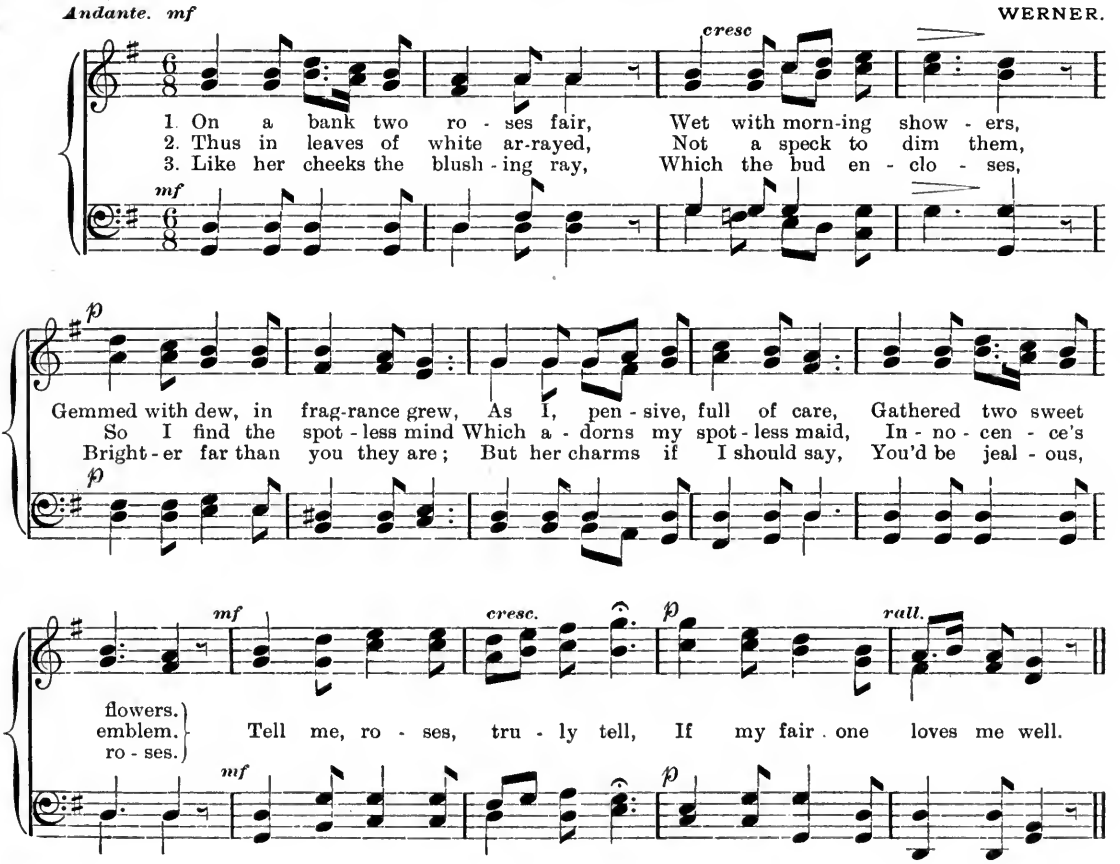
Poco adagio. Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

ROSALIE.

Moderato.
Voice
Piano
1. Je suis Pierre le bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I
2. At the fête de Ma - dame la Mar - quise, la Mar - quise, I
3. Je suis le grand beau de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm
drink the di - vine eau de vie, eau de vie, I drive in the Bois in my
first felt e - nough at my ease, at my ease, To go to her père and de-
called by les dames très jol - i, très jol - i, When I go out of doors my
poco rit.
lit - tle cou - - pé, And I tell you I'm something to see.
mand for my own, The hand of my sweet Ros - - a - - lie.
friends by the scores, Say "Com - ment ça va mon a - - mi."
a tempo
I care not what others may say, I'm in

love with my Ros - - a - lie..... Sweet Rose..... Lit - tle
poco rall.
Rose..... I'm in love with my Ros - - - a - - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.
colla voce.
CHORUS.
1st Tenor. mf
Air.
I care..... not what o - thers may say, I'm in
1st Bass.
2nd Bass.
love with my Ros - a - lie ..... Sweet Rose, Jol - ie
rit.
Rose..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.

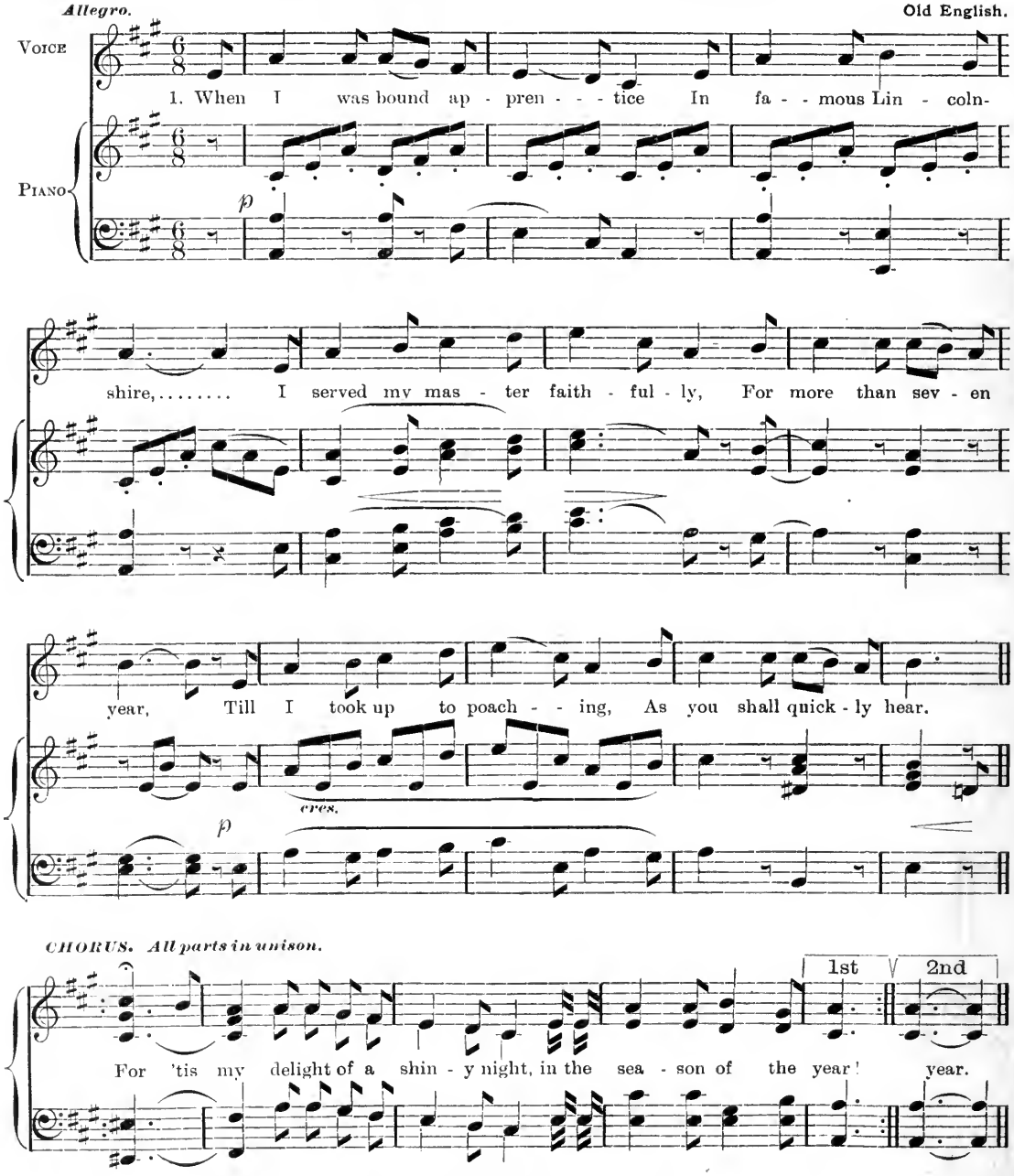
KINGDOM COMING.

Allegro.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

3. De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing
In de log-house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated
When de Linkum sojers come.—*Chorus.*

4. De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better,
Dan to went an' run away.—*Chorus.*

THE TWO ROSES.

THE POACHERS OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

Allegro. Old English.

2. As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper—for him we didn't care;
For we can wrestle and fight my boys, jump over anywhere,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

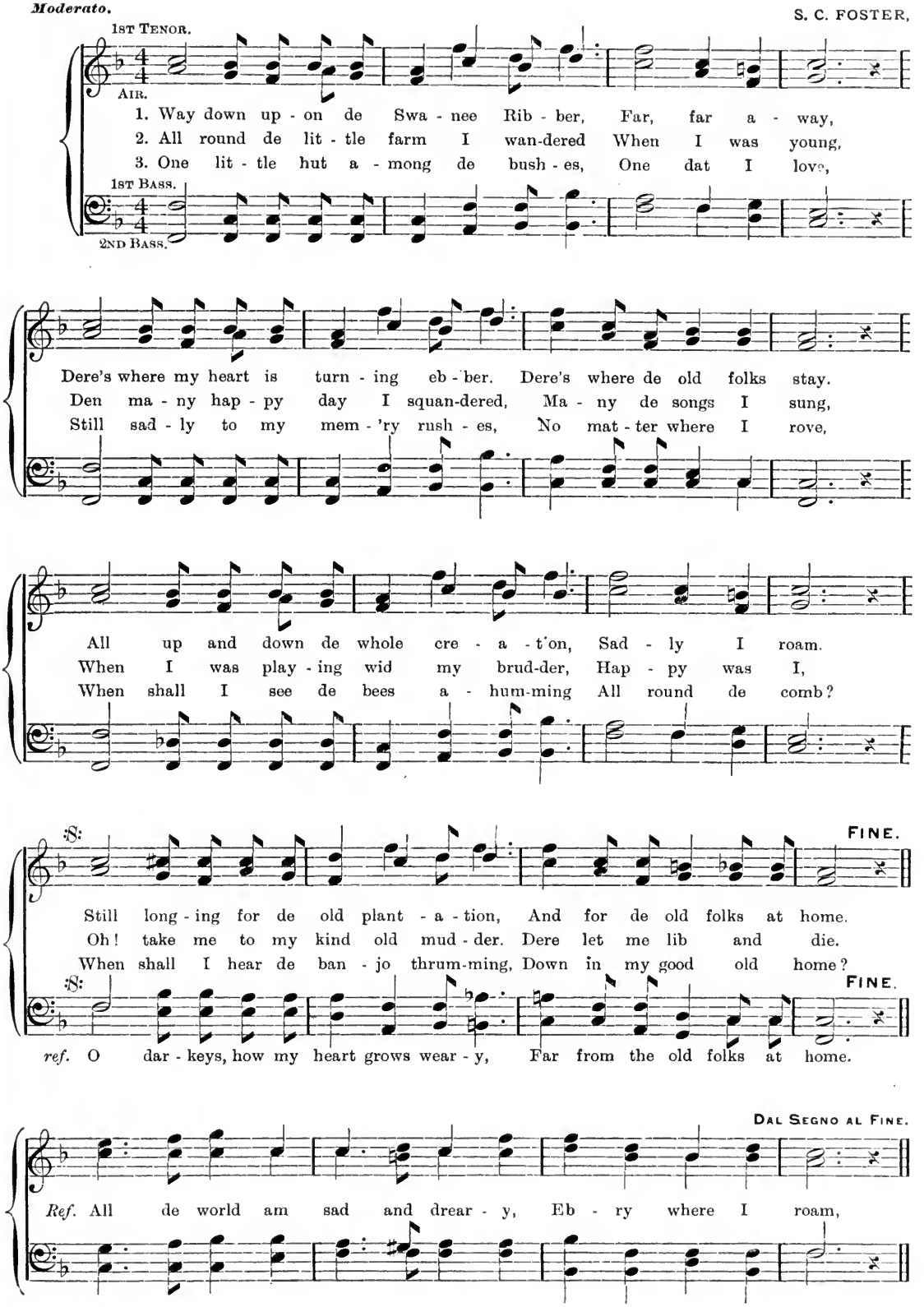
3. As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popped her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did steer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

4. I threw her on my shoulders, and wandered through the town,
We took her to a neighbor's house, and sold her for a crown;
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

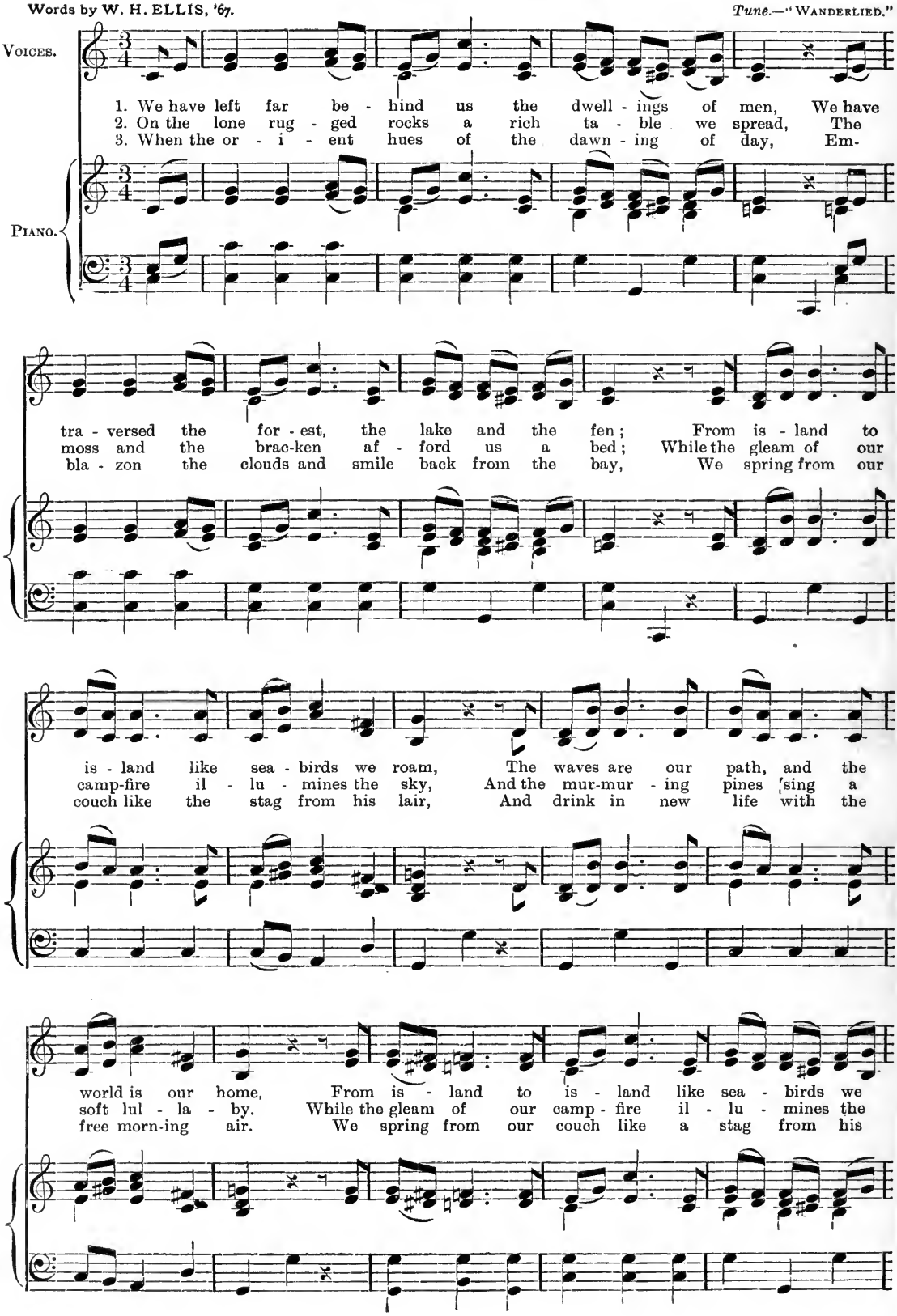
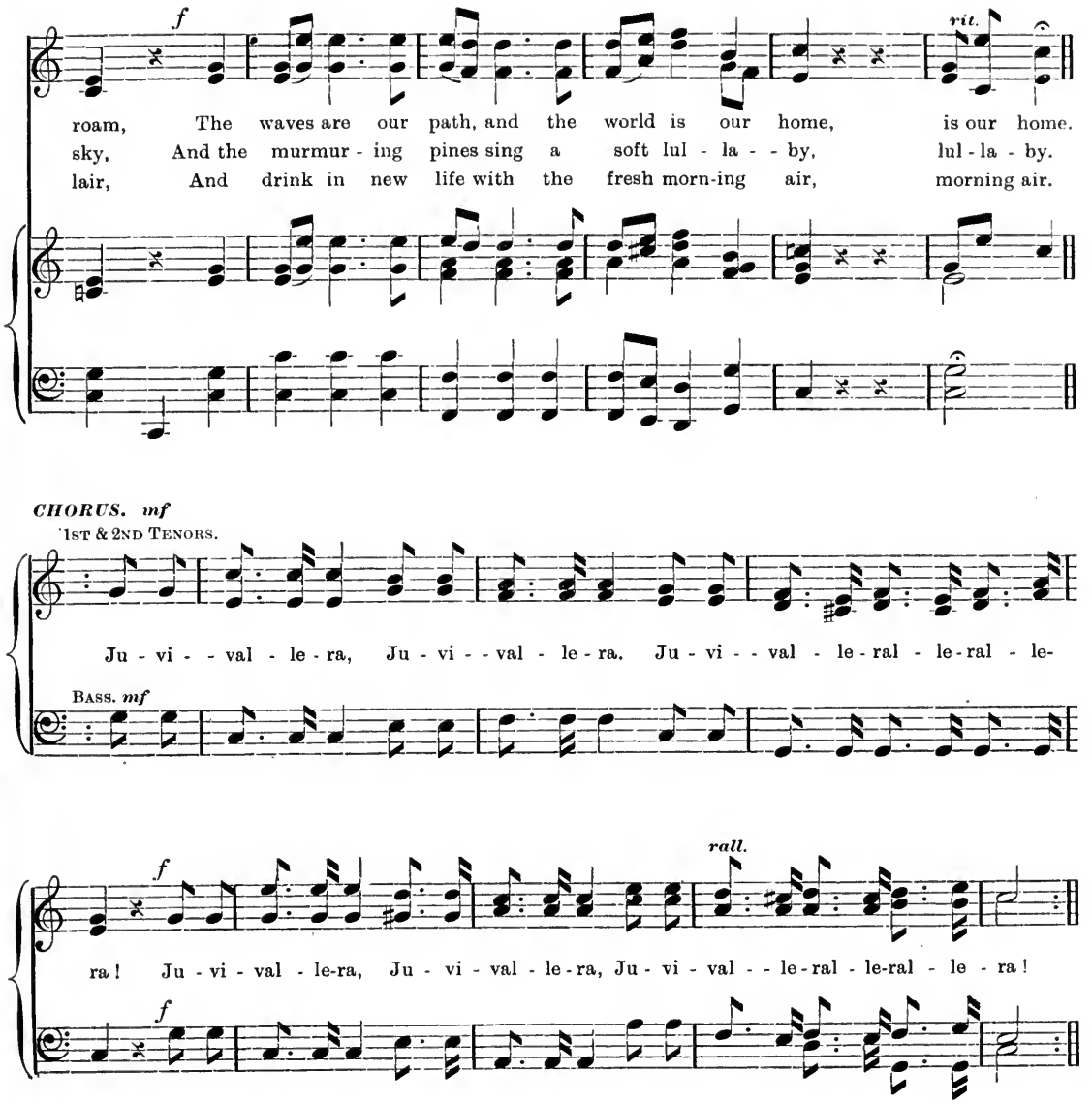
5. Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Moderato. S. C. FOSTER.



CAMPING SONG.

Words by W. H. ELLIS, '67. *Tune.*—"WANDERLIED."

4. Then we launch our light bark on the silvery lake,
That dimples and breaks into smiles in our wake;
While we sweeten our toil with a tale or a song,
Or rest while the winds waft us bravely along.

Juvivallera, &c.

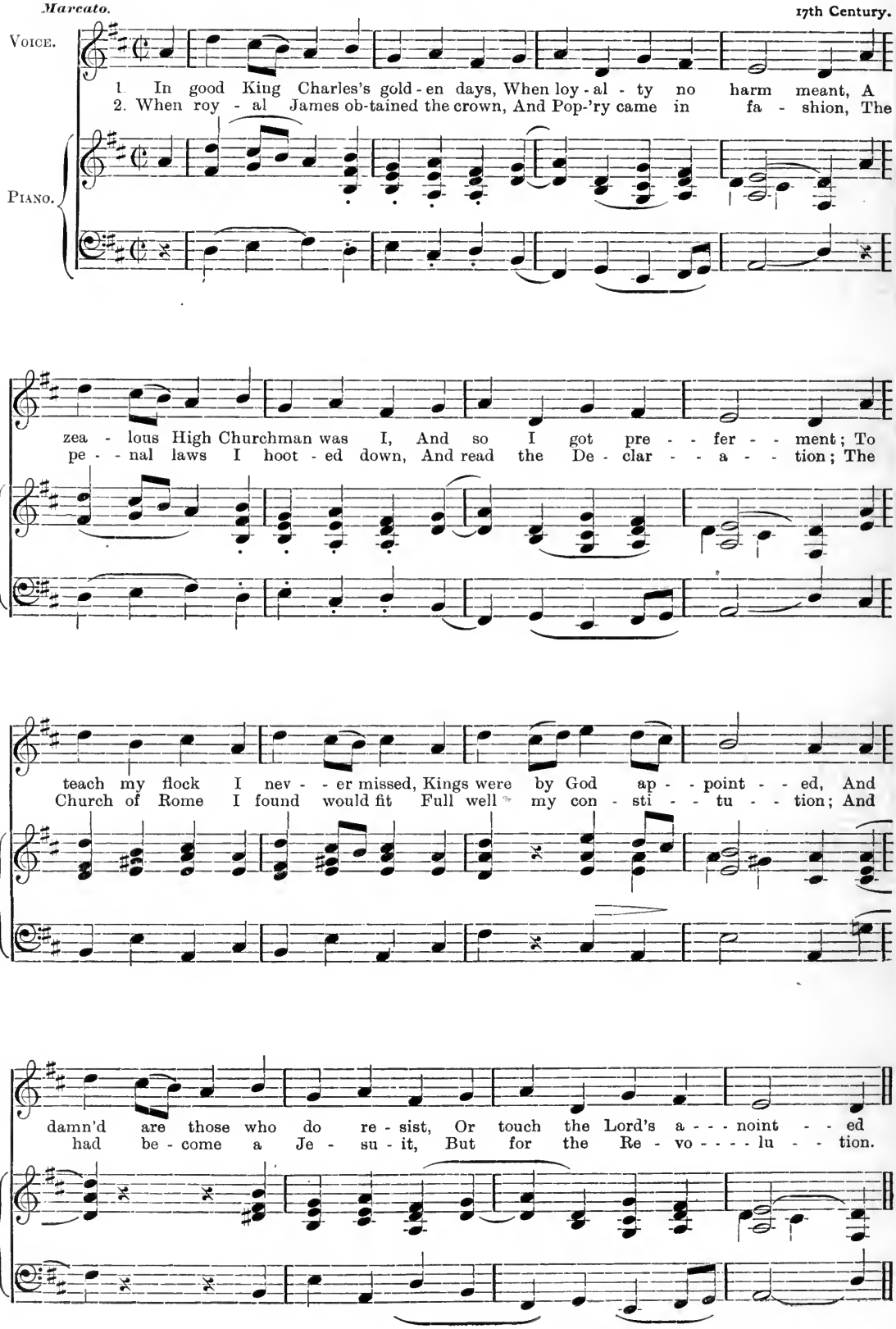
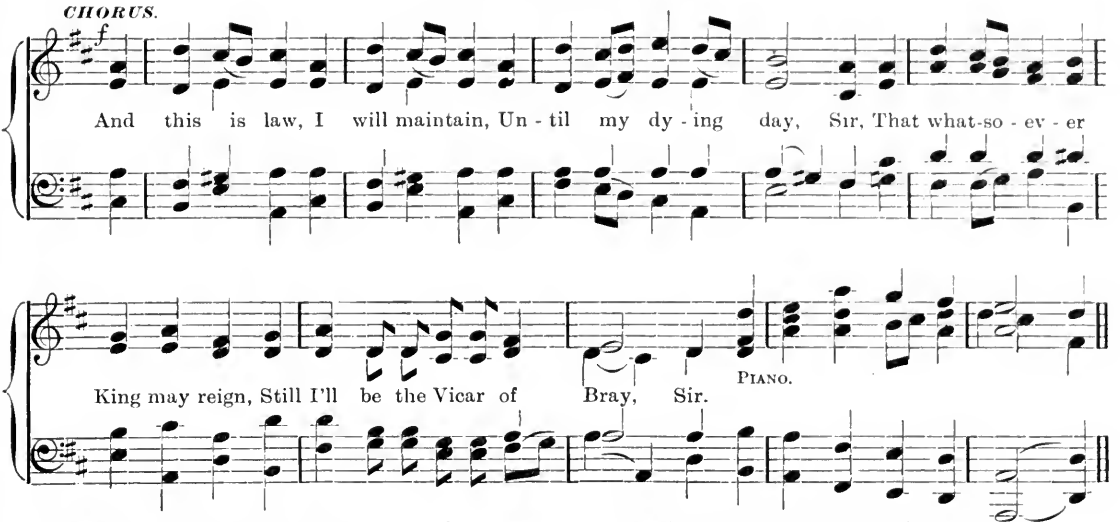
5. At night when the deer to the thicket has fled,
And the scream of the nighthawk is heard overhead,
We startle with laughter the wilderness dim,
Or the forests resound with our evening hymn.

Juvivallera, &c.

6. Then hurrah for the north, with its woods and its hills!
Hurrah for its rocks, and its lakes, and its rills!
And long may its forests be lovely as now,
Untouched by the axe and unscathed by the plow!

Juvivallera, &c.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

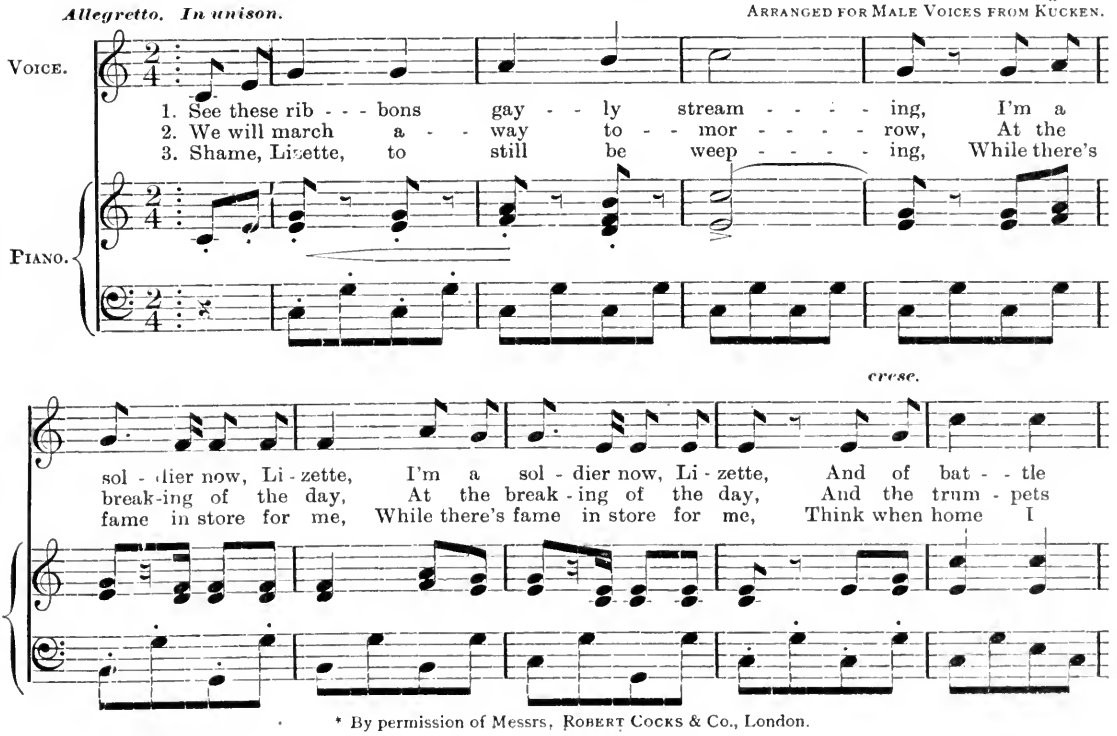
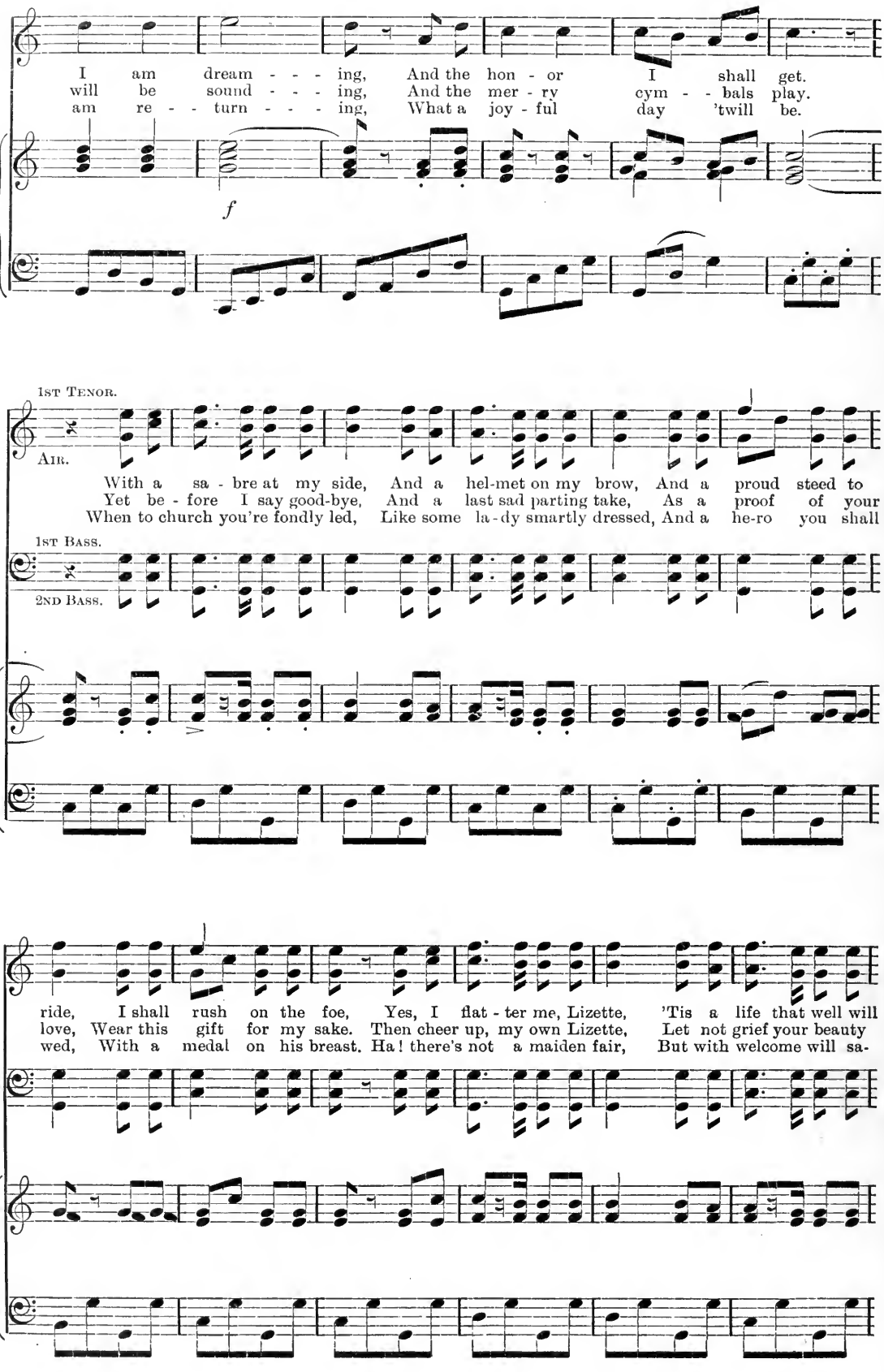
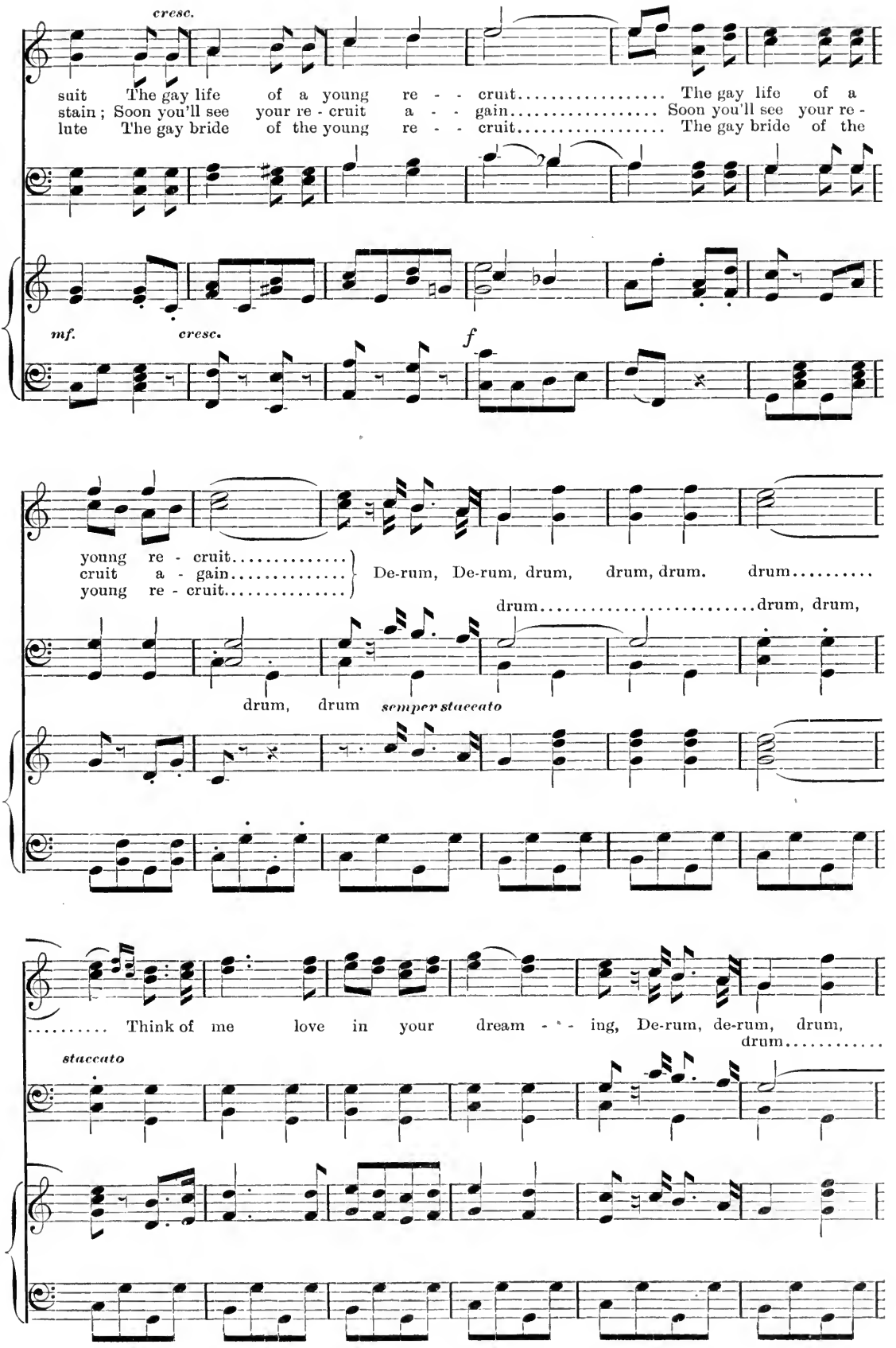
Marcato. 17th Century.

3. When William was our King declared,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

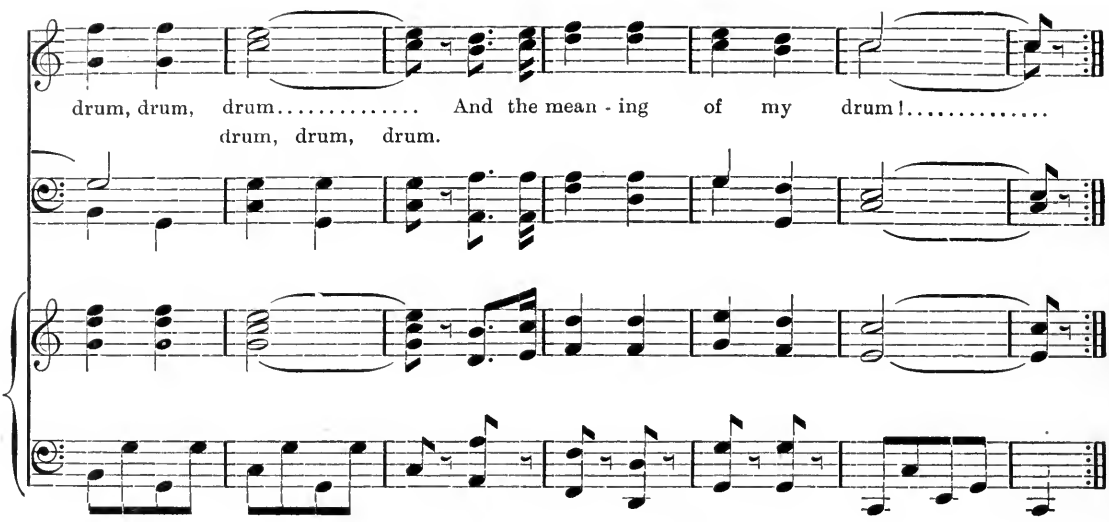
4. When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

5. When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus, preferment I procured,
From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

6. The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep profession—
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be,
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

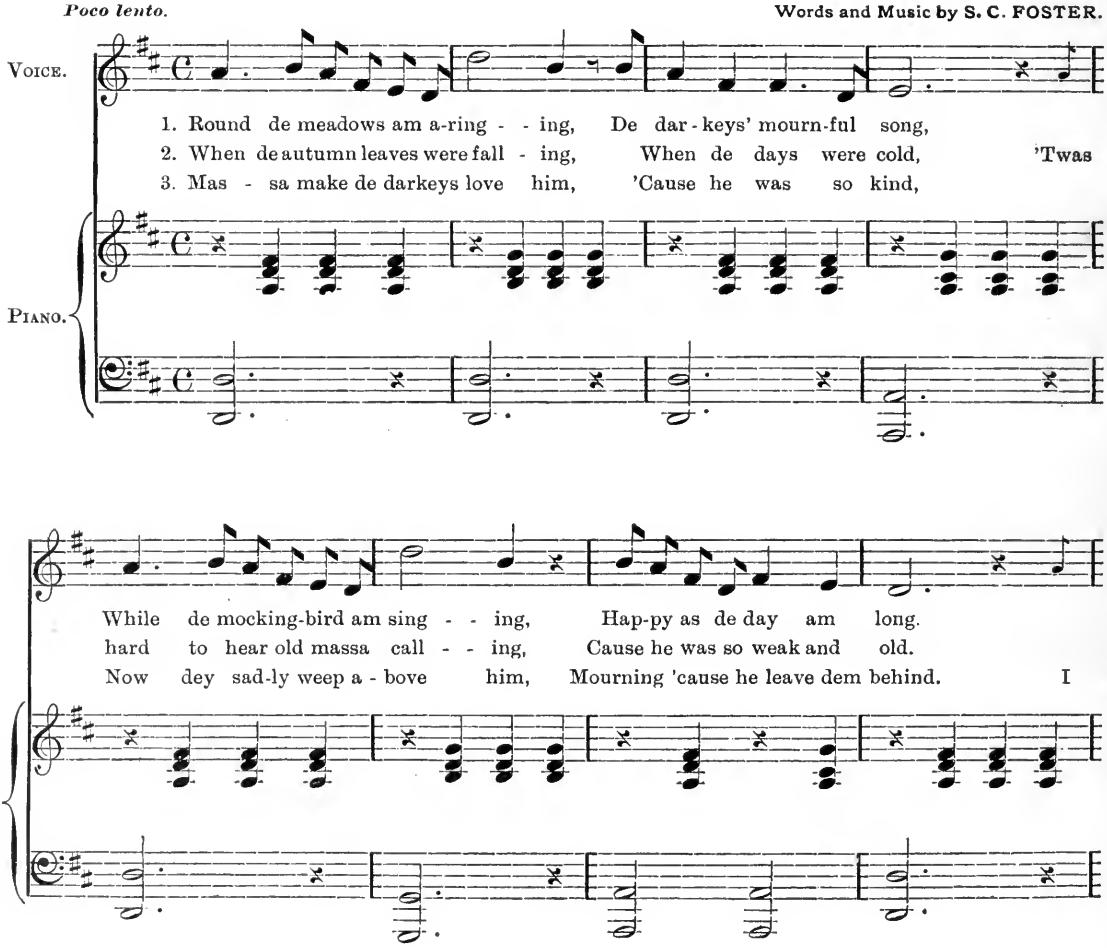
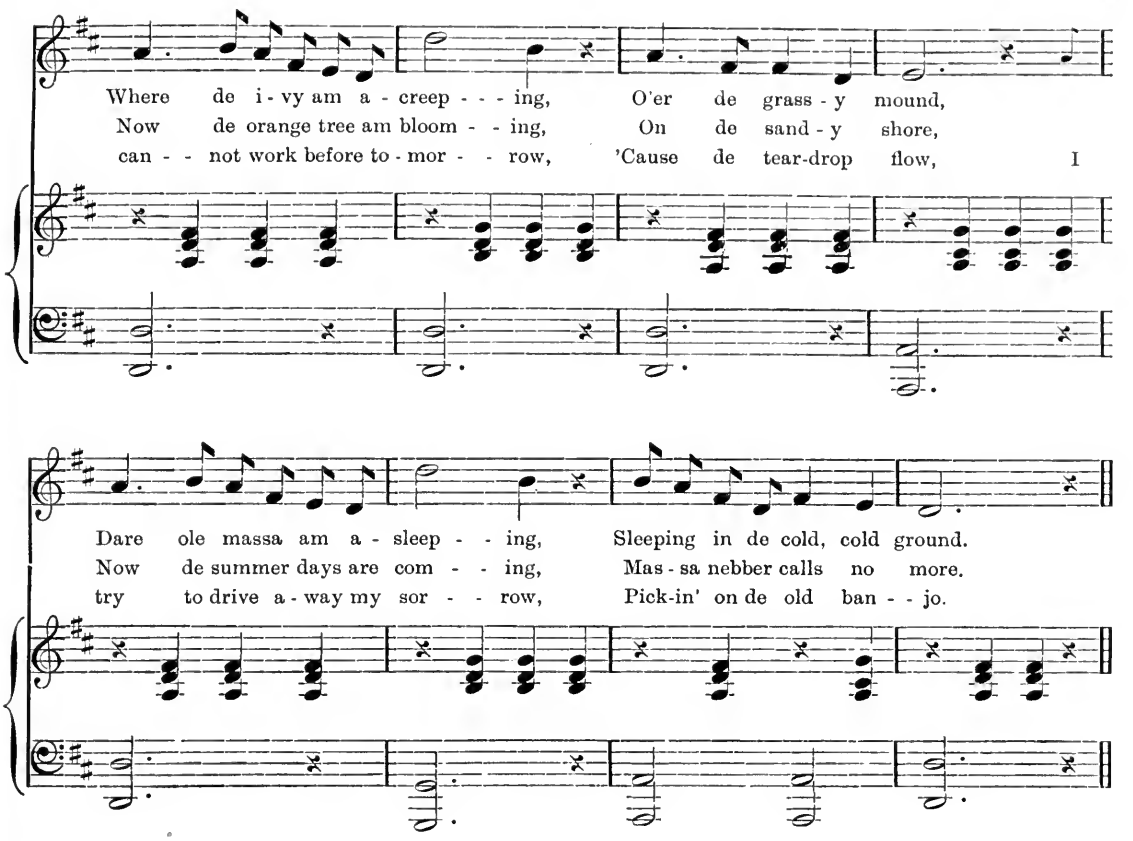
THE YOUNG RECRUIT.*

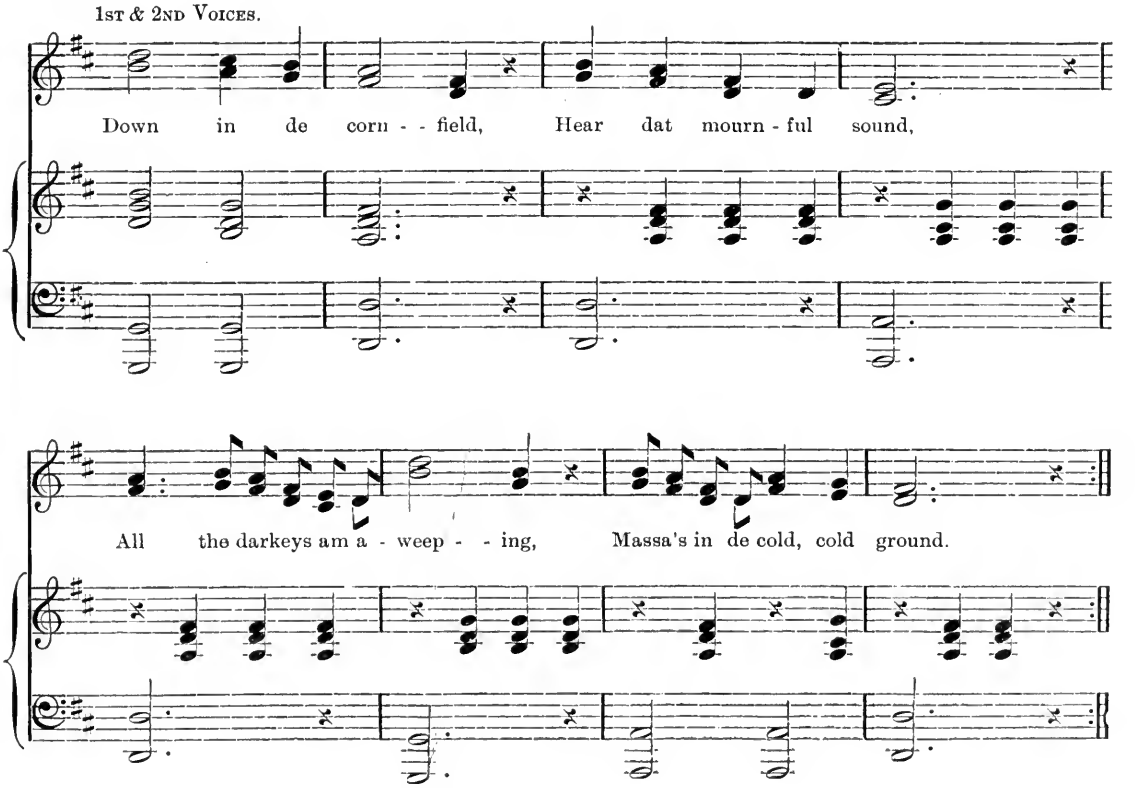
Allegretto. In unison. ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES FROM KÜCKEN.

* By permission of Messrs. ROBERT COCKS & Co., London.

I am dream - - - ing, And the hon - or I shall get.
will be sound - - - ing, And the mer - ry cym - - bals play.
am re - - turn - - - ing, What a joy - ful day 'twill be.
f
1st Tenor.
Air.
With a sa - bre at my side, And a hel-met on my brow, And a proud steed to
Yet be - fore I say good-bye, And a last sad parting take, As a proof of your
When to church you're fondly led, Like some la-dy smartly dressed, And a he-ro you shall
1st Bass.
2nd Bass.
ride, I shall rush on the foe, Yes, I flat - ter me, Lizette, 'Tis a life that well will
love, Wear this gift for my sake. Then cheer up, my own Lizette, Let not grief your beauty
wed, With a medal on his breast. Ha! there's not a maiden fair, But with welcome will sa-

cresc.
suit The gay life of a young re - - cruit..... The gay life of a
stain; Soon you'll see your re - cruit a - - gain..... Soon you'll see your re -
lute The gay bride of the young re - - cruit..... The gay bride of the
mf.
cresc.
f
young re - cruit.....
cruit a - gain.....
young re - cruit.....
De-rum, De-rum, drum, drum, drum. drum.....
drum.....drum, drum,
drum, drum
semper staccato
..... Think of me love in your dream - - ing, De-rum, de-rum, drum,
drum.....
staccato



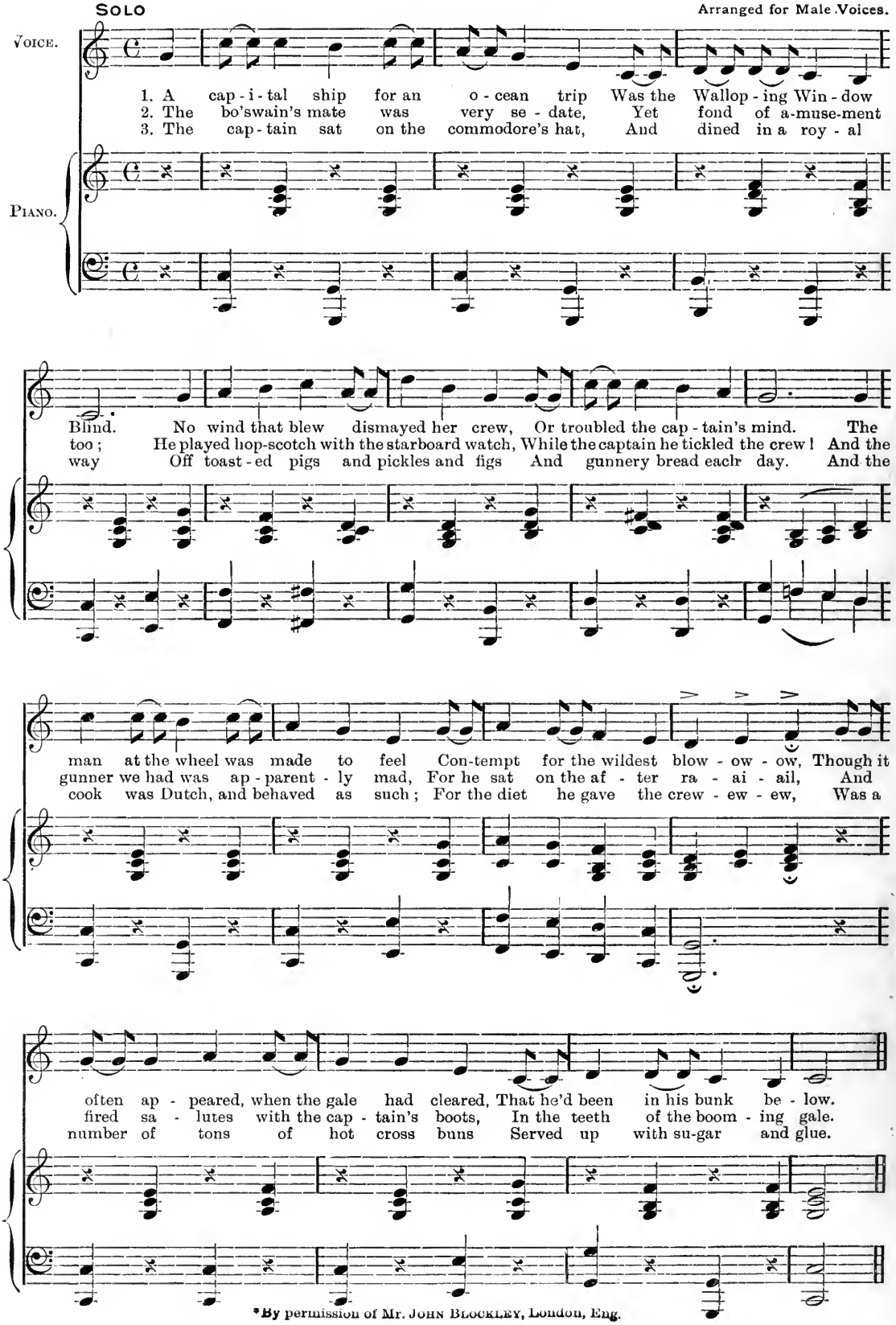
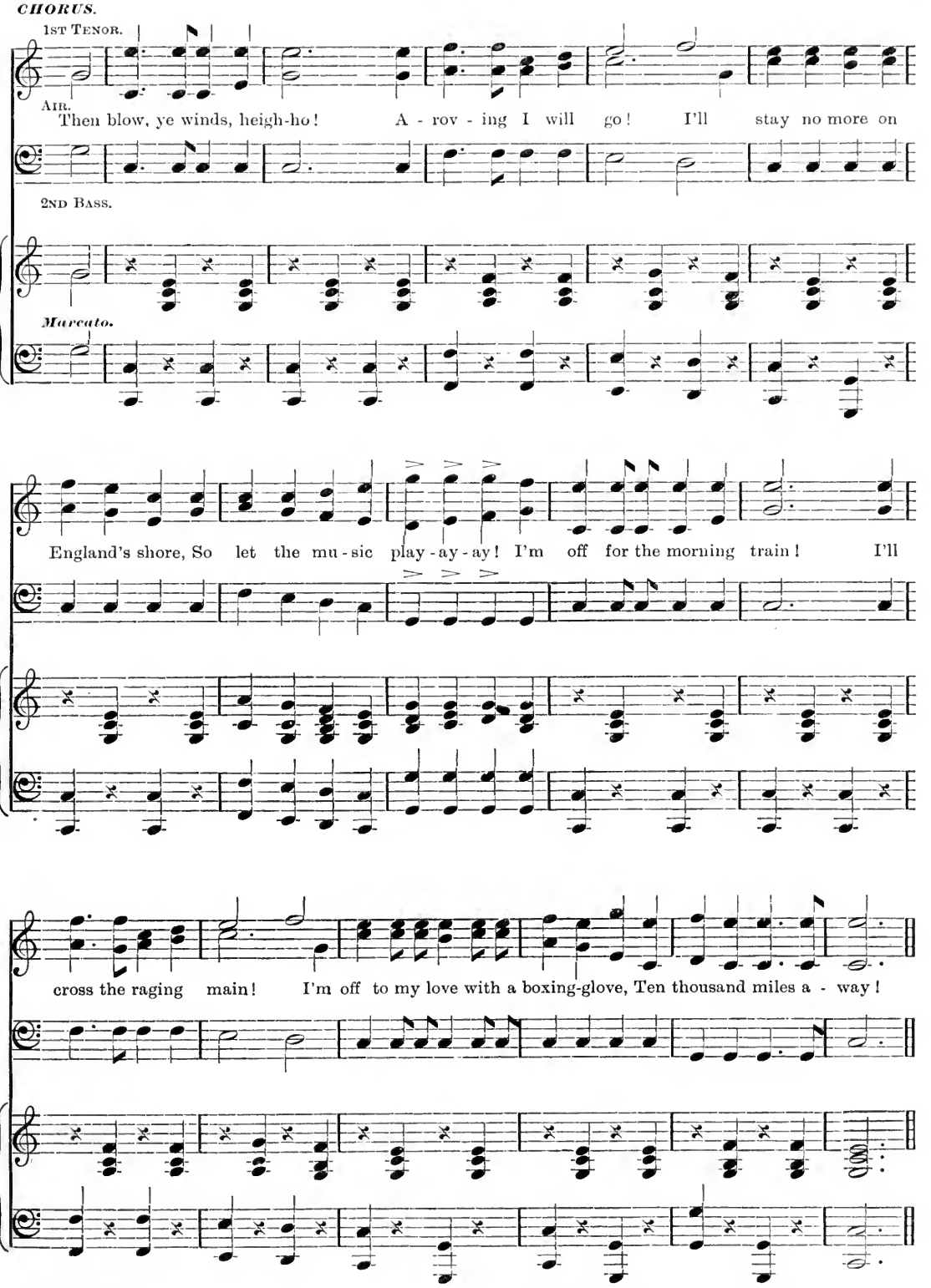
MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Poco lento.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

CHORUS.

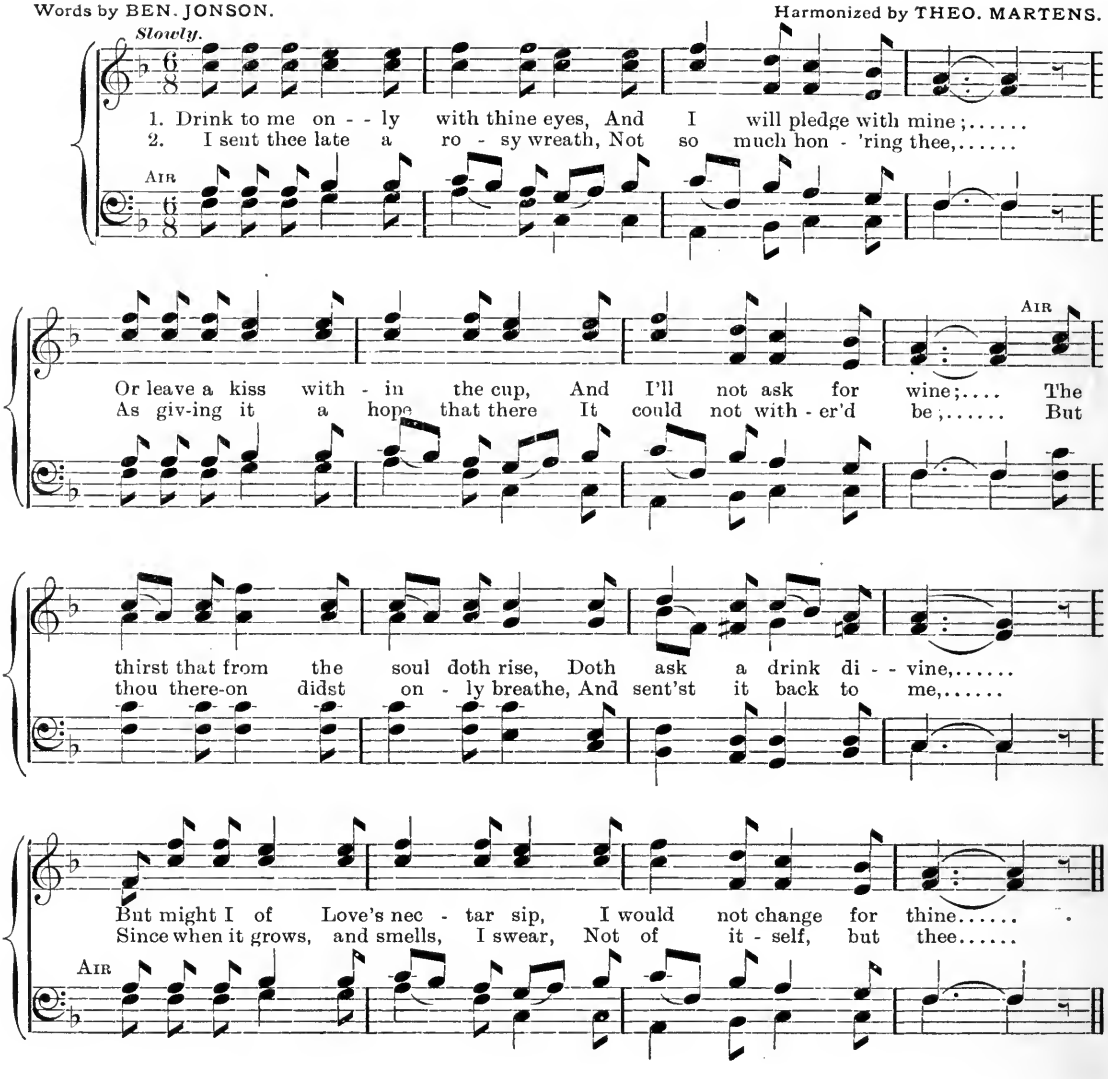
1st & 2nd Voices.

A CAPITAL SHIP. *

SOLO

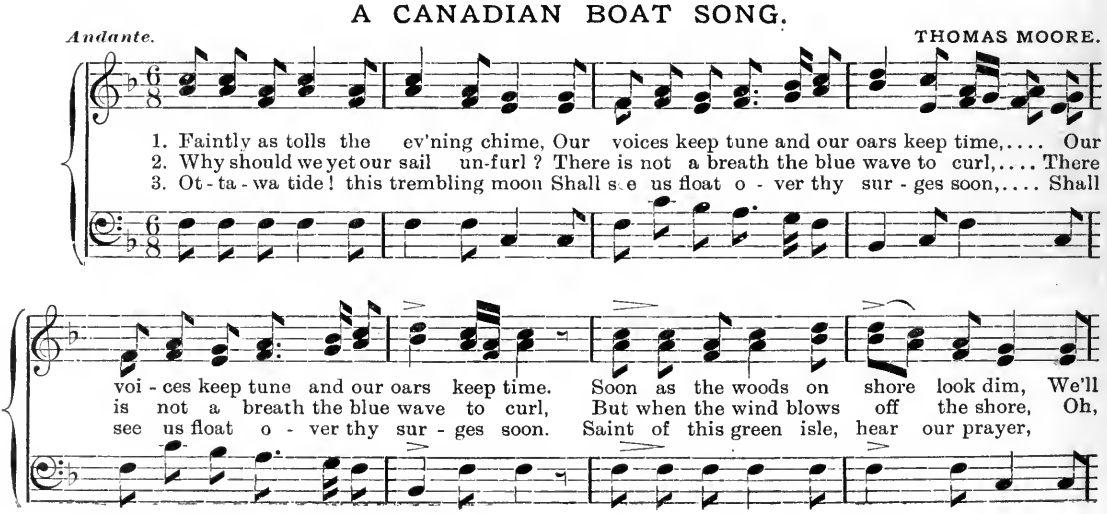
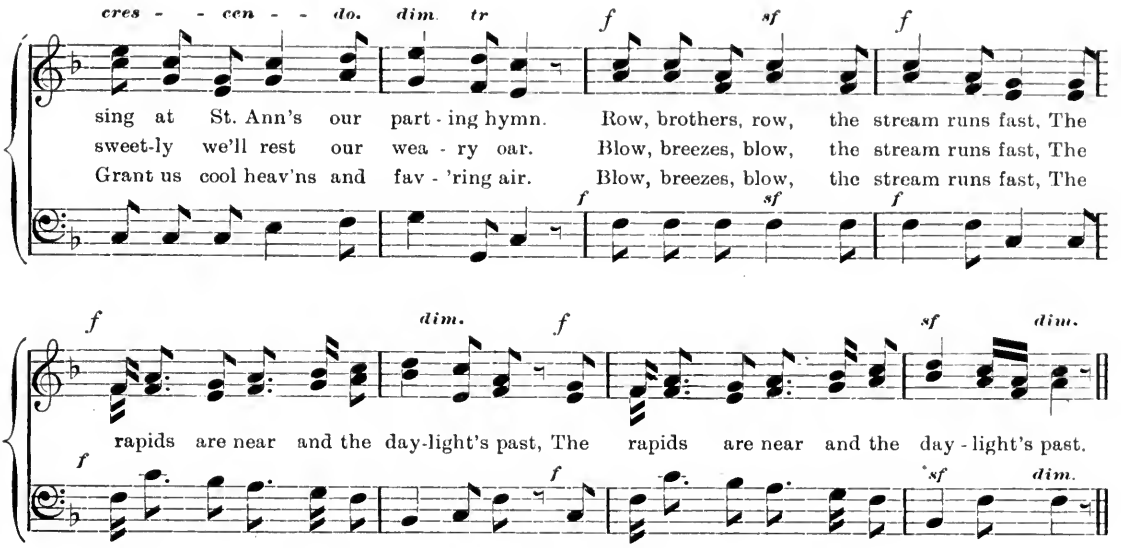
Arranged for Male Voices.

*By permission of Mr. JOHN BLOCKLEY, London, Eng.

4. All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge,
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.—*Chorus.*

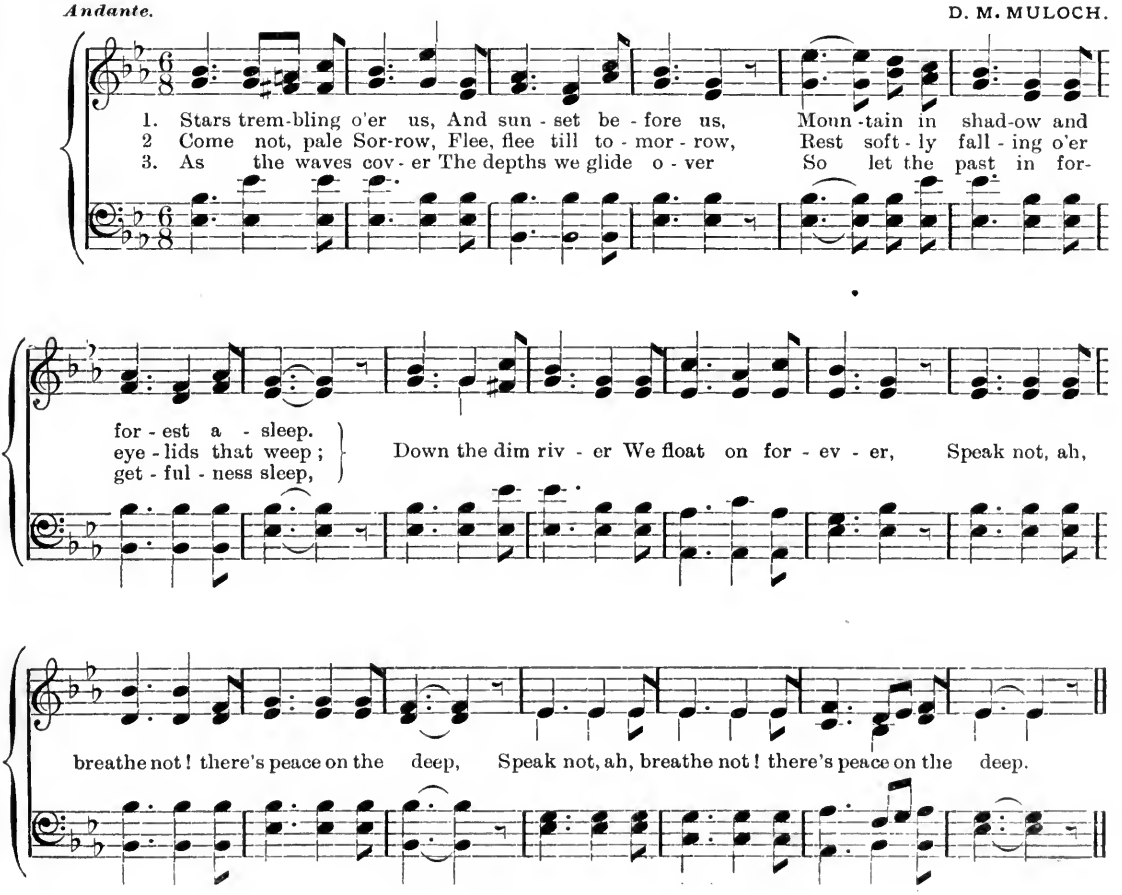
5. On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.—*Chorus.*

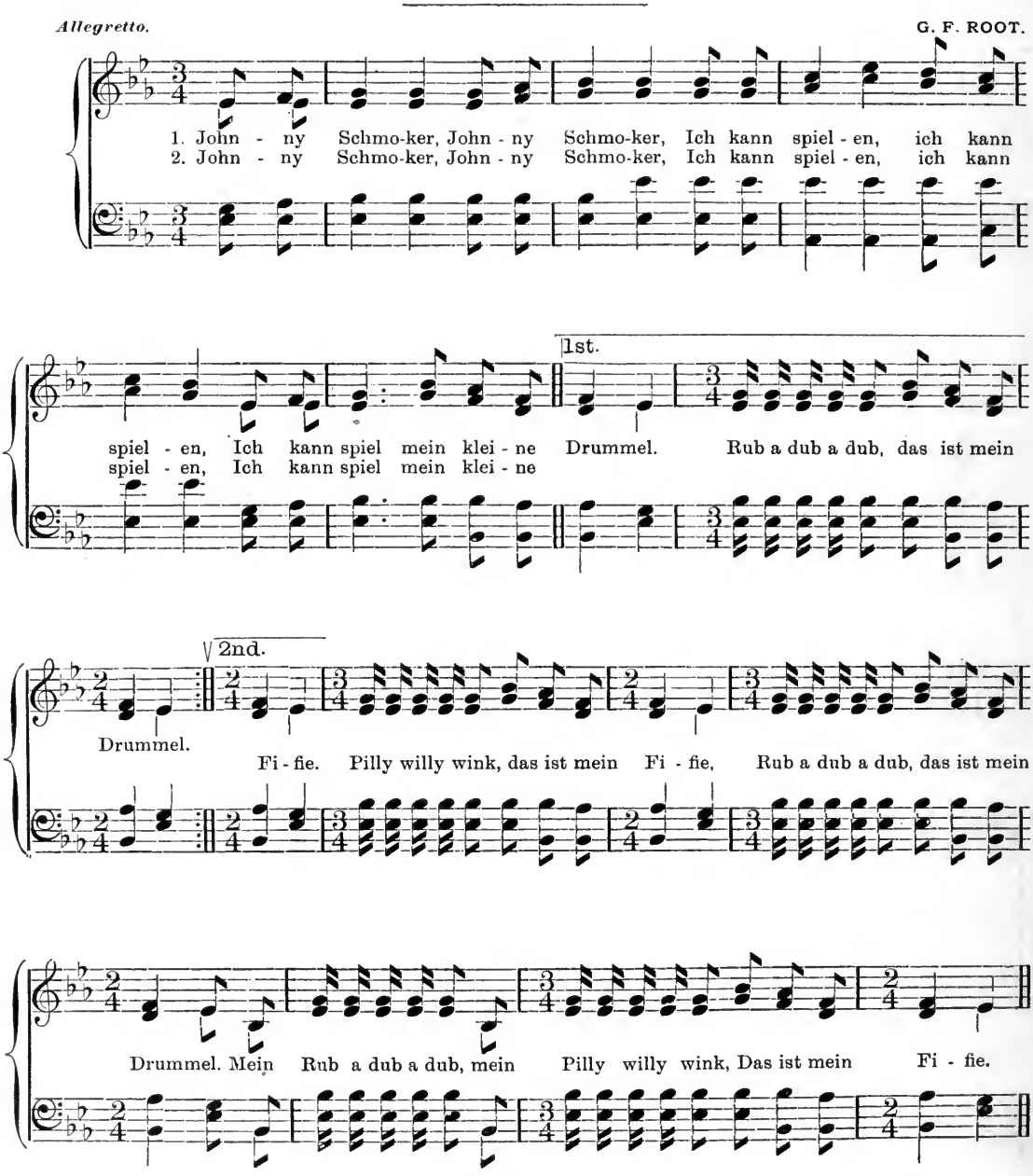
DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Words by BEN. JONSON. Harmonized by THEO. MARTENS.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Andante. THOMAS MOORE.



STARS TREMBLING O'ER US.

JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

In this song, an old German musician tells his friend, Johnny Schmoker, about the instruments upon which he can play, and describes them by motions while he sings. The motions are made only when the words describing the instruments are sung, as, for example, at "Rub, a dub, a dub," the roll of the drum is imitated, beginning—as in the case of all the instruments—with the first and ending exactly with the last word. At "Pilly, willy, wink," the hands are placed as if playing the fife, and only the fingers move; at "Tic, knock, knock," the right hand strikes three times under the left, as if playing the triangle; at "Bom, bom, bom," the hand is moved forward and back, as if playing the trombone; and so on to the last, which is imitated by crooking both arms and striking with them against the sides, as if playing the bagpipe.

3. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein klein Triangle.
Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fifie,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle.

4. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Trombone.

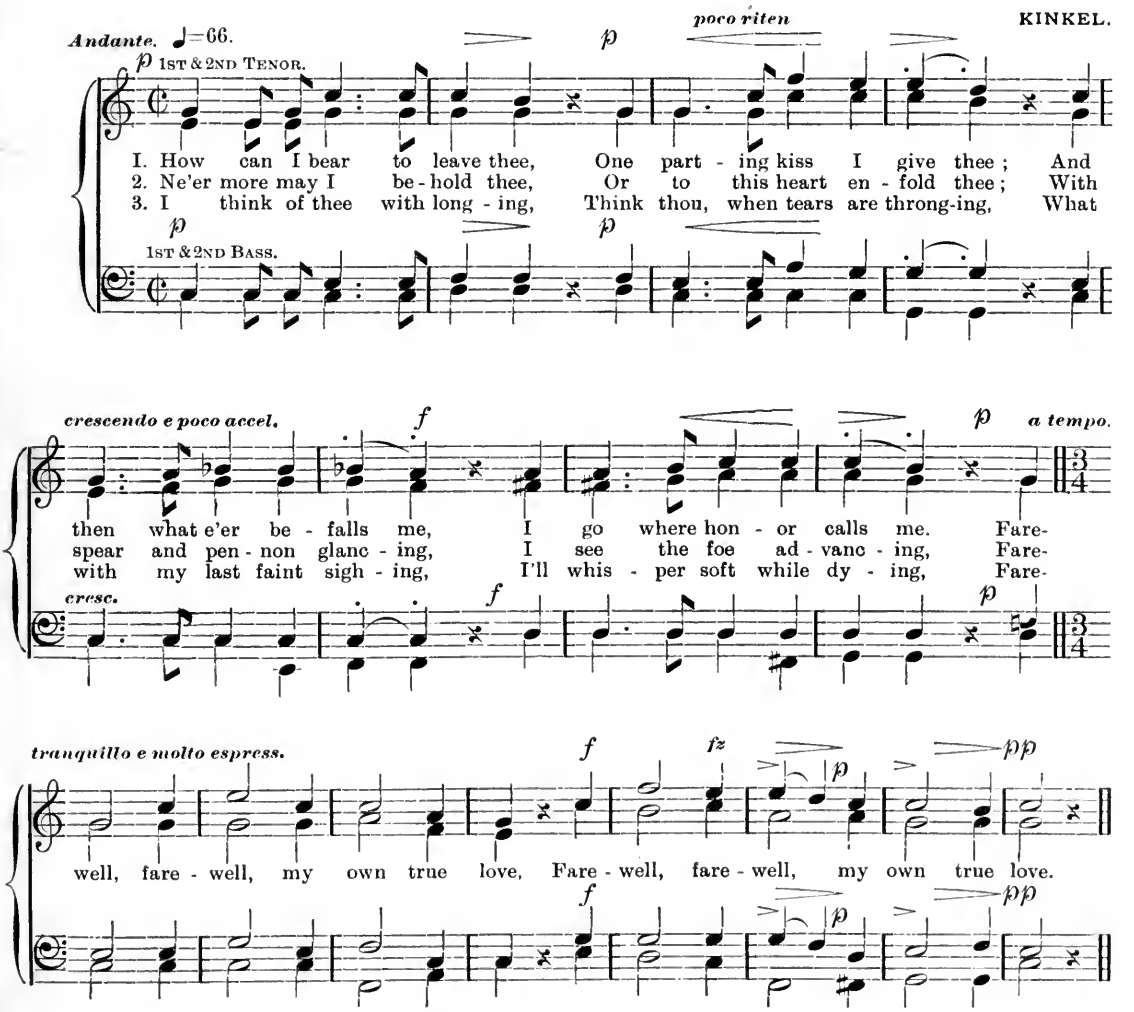
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fifie,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Das ist mein Trombone.

5. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Cymbal.
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fifie,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal.

6. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Viol.
Fal lal lal, das ist mein Viol,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fifie,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein Fal lal lal,
Das ist mein Viol.

7. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Toodle-Sach.
Whack whack whack, das ist mein Toodle-Sach,
Fal lal lal, das ist mein Viol,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fifie,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein Fal lal lal,
Mein Whack whack whack,
Das ist mein Toodle-Sach.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

KINKEL.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

Allegro moderato. From the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

VOICE. PIANO.

1. Here's to the maid-en of bash - ful fif-teen, Here's to the wi - dow of fif - - ty;
2. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize, Now to the maid who has none, sir;
3. Here's to the maid with a bo - som of snow, Now to her that's as brown as a ber - - ry;

p

Here's to the flaunting ex - trav-a - gant quean, And here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty.
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe, And here's to the dam - sel that's mer - ry.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war-rant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

p

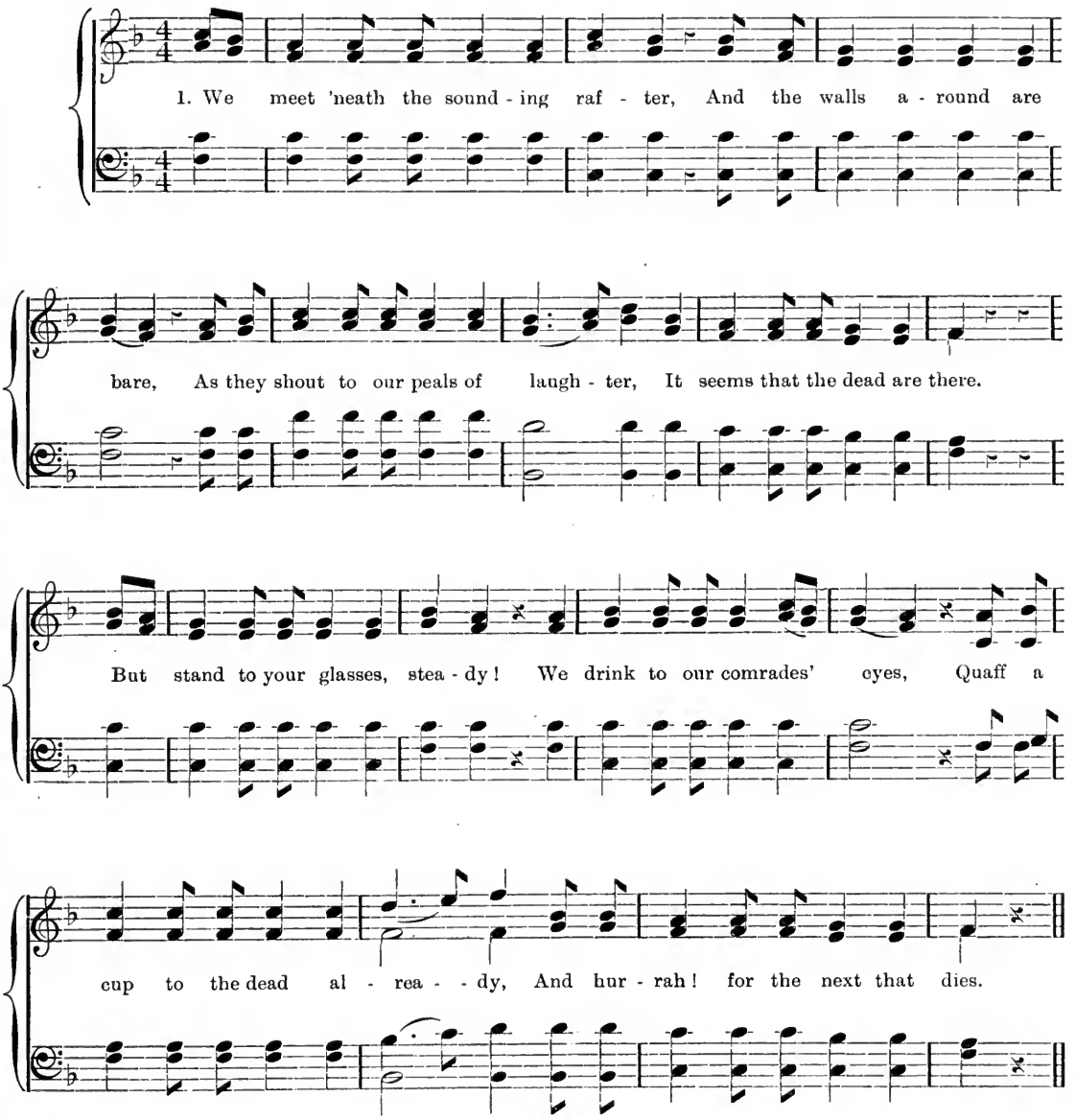
CHORUS.

ff Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war-rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

brillante.

REVELRY OF THE DYING.

Written by a British officer in India, at a time when the plague was hourly sweeping off his companions. He did not long survive his wonderful production.

Air.—"Away with Melancholy"

2. Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that respite buys;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

3. There's a mist on the glass congealing;
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapour flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

4. Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

5. Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies.

AWAY, AWAY, AWAY!

Words by B. MORTON JONES '91. Adapted from DE BERIOT.

Allegretto. *p*

1. Air - i - ly float we with gen - tle swing, Out o'er the waters our voi - ces ring;
2. Out o'er the waters with dip - ping blade, By thoughts of the mor - row un - dis - mayed,
2. Ripples of laughter our plea - sure tell, 'Tis sweeter than rambling by wood and dell,

mf *dim.*

Joy-ful - ly, sweet - ly, we sing, we sing, A - way! a - way! a - - way!
Sorrow and sad - ness a - side are laid, A - way! a - way! a - - way!
Gaily to ride o'er the heav - ing swell, A - way! a - way! a - - way!

f *animato.* *rit. e dim.* *p a tempo.*

A - way, a - way, o'er the wa - ters clear, A - way, a - way, a - way! Where the

moon - light streams in ra - diant beams, Glim-mer-ing far and near.....
and near.

AURA LEE.

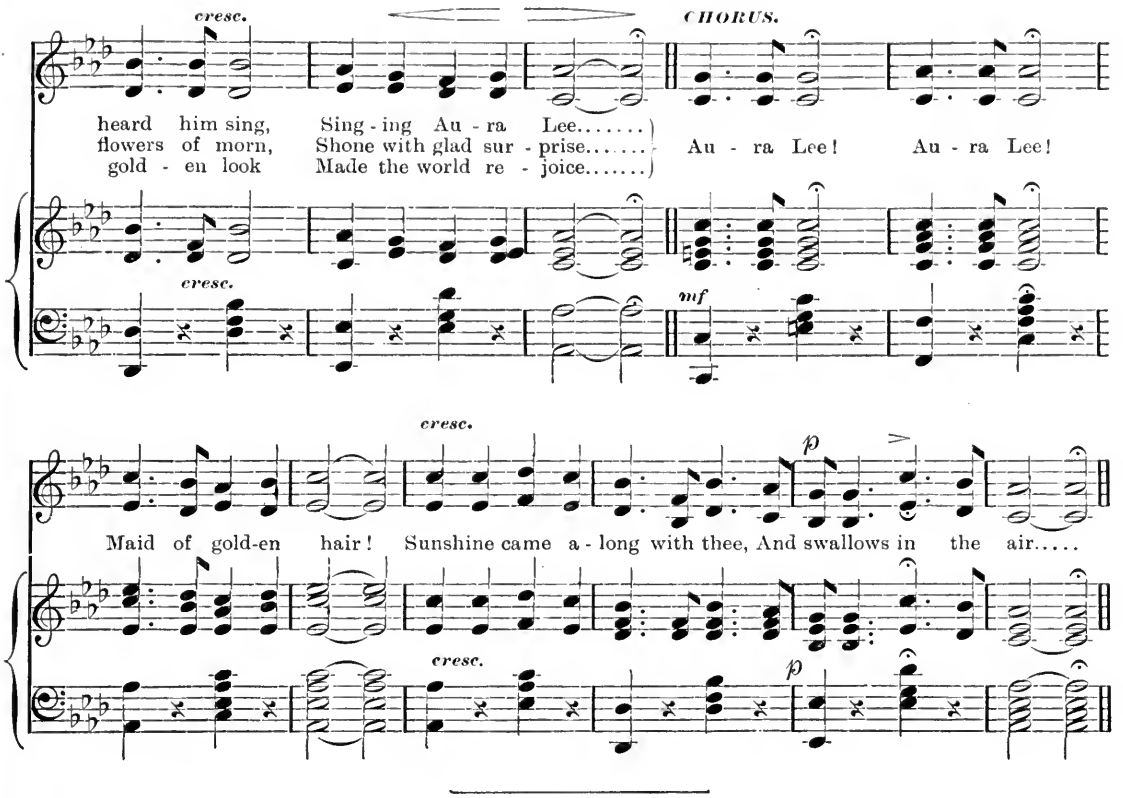
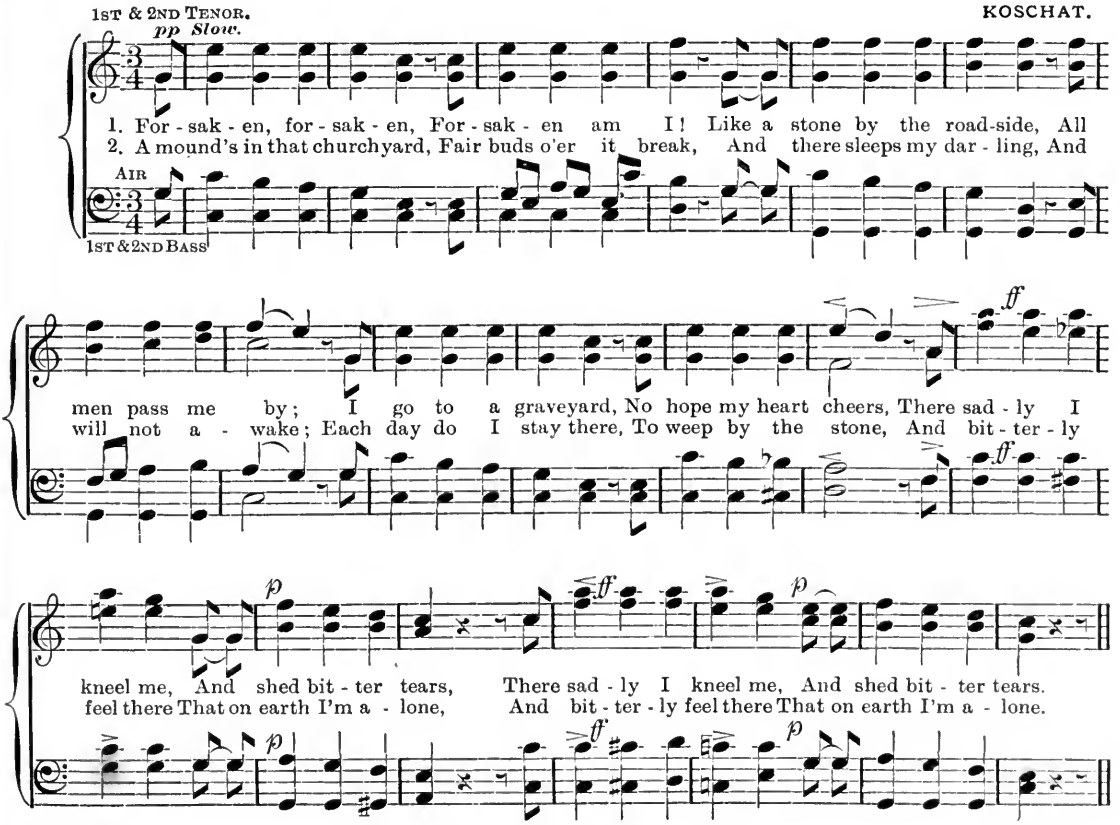
Dolce. *p* *cresc.*

Voices

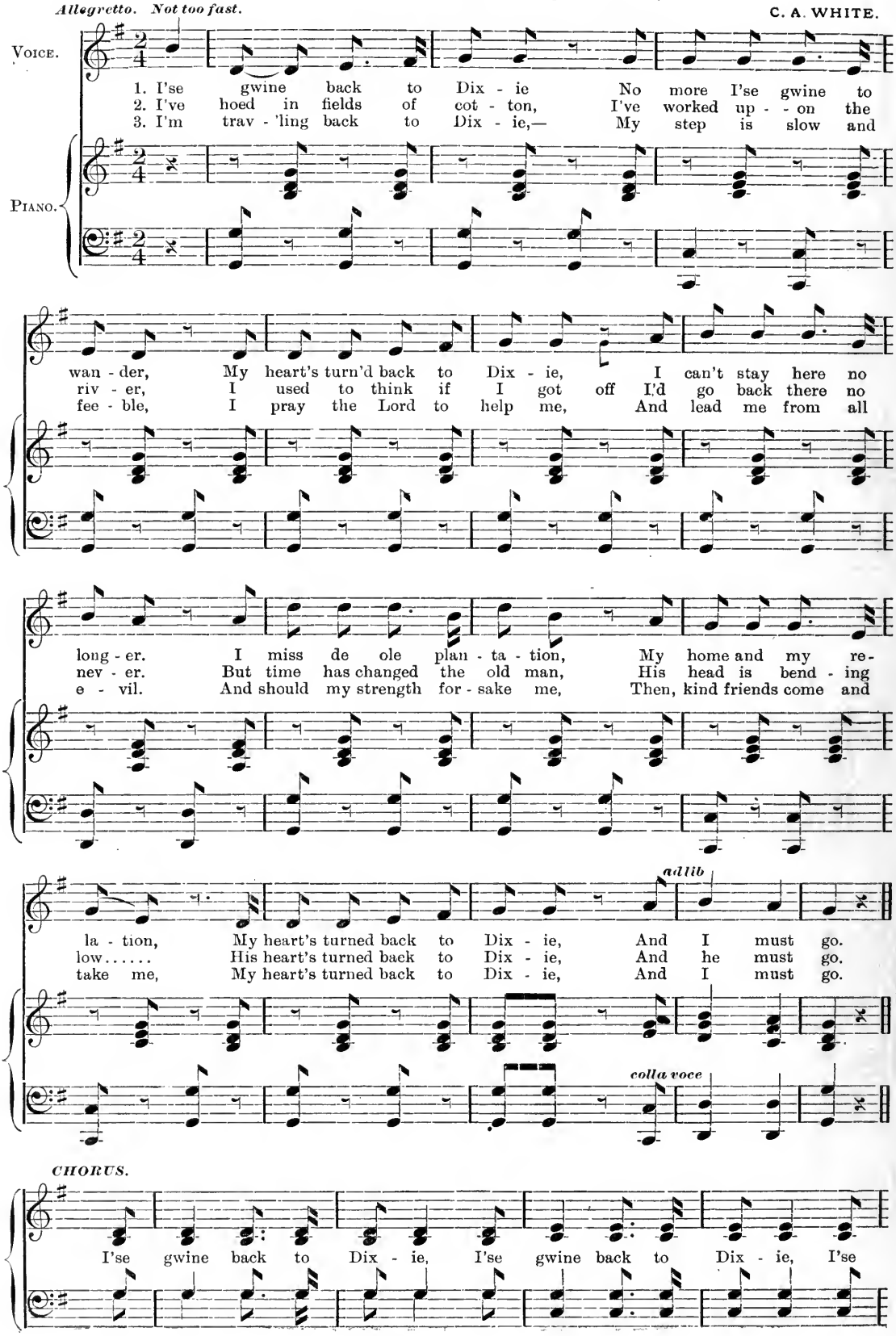
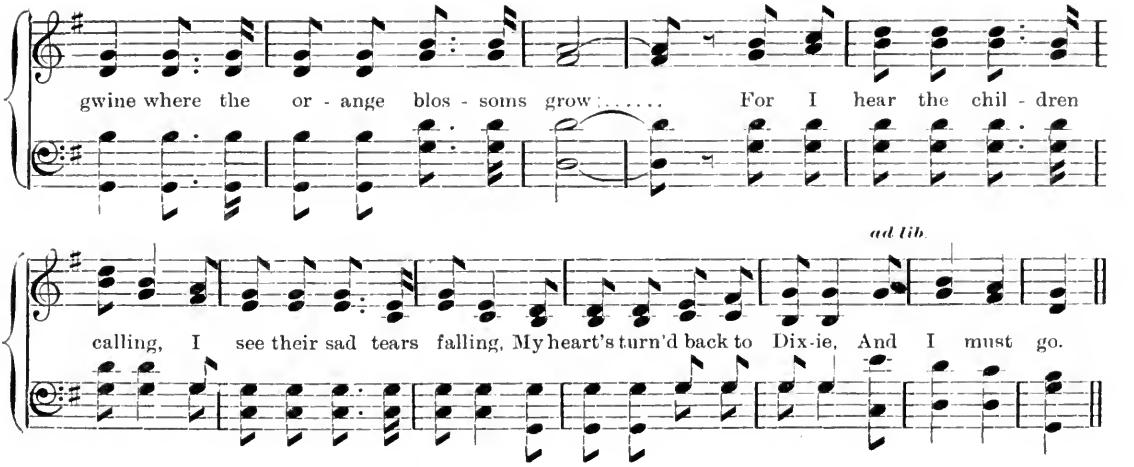
1. As the black-bird, in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree, Sat and piped, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born, And her soft blue eyes, Like the dew - y
3. Like a sun - lit rippling brook, Was her laughing voice, From her eyes one

Piano.

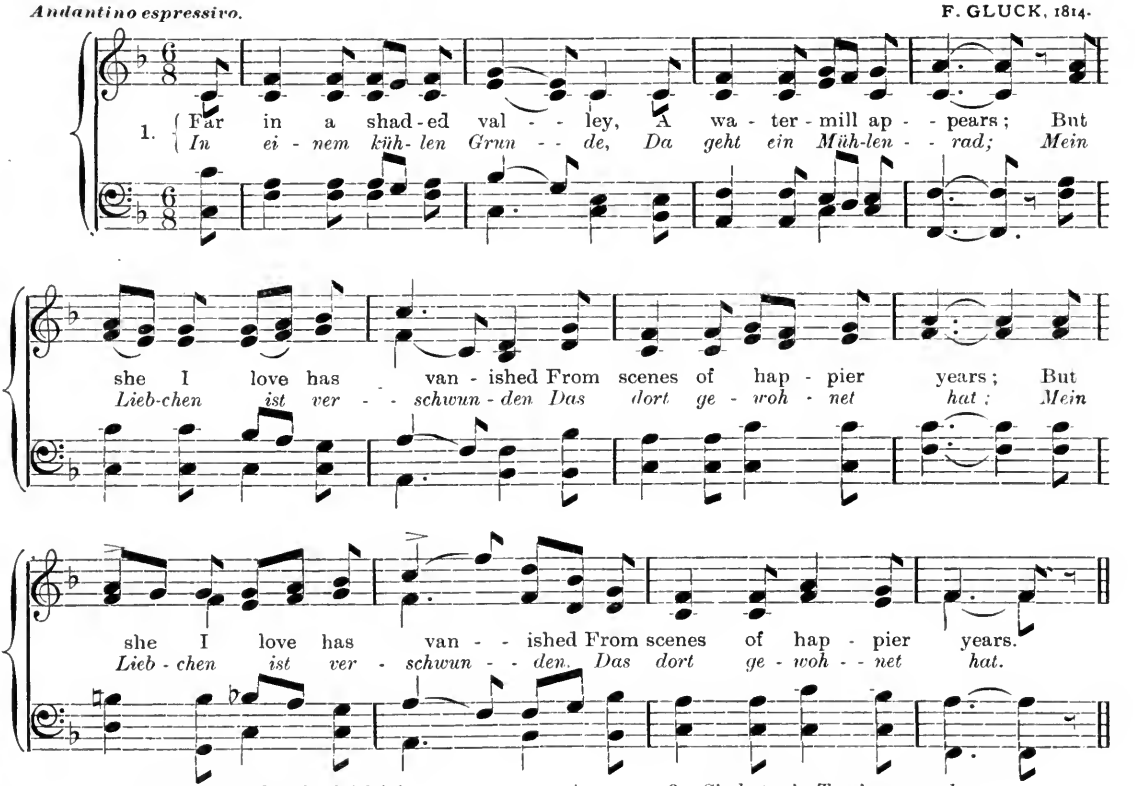
cresc.

p

FORSAKEN AM I.

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

Allegretto. Not too fast.

C. A. WHITE.



THE BROKEN RING.

Andantino espressivo. F. GLUCK, 1814.

2. She promised to be faithful,
She pledged it with a ring,
But faithless hath she proven,
Her gift in twain did spring.

3. How sadly now as minstrel
Throughout the world I'd roam,
My weary ballad singing,
Afar from friends and home.

4. As soldier would I hasten,
Where rages fierce the fight;
And by the watch-fire linger,
Through all the gloomy night.

5. Yet whilst the mill I'm hearing,
I know not what my mind;
Ah! would my days were ended,
I then should quiet find.

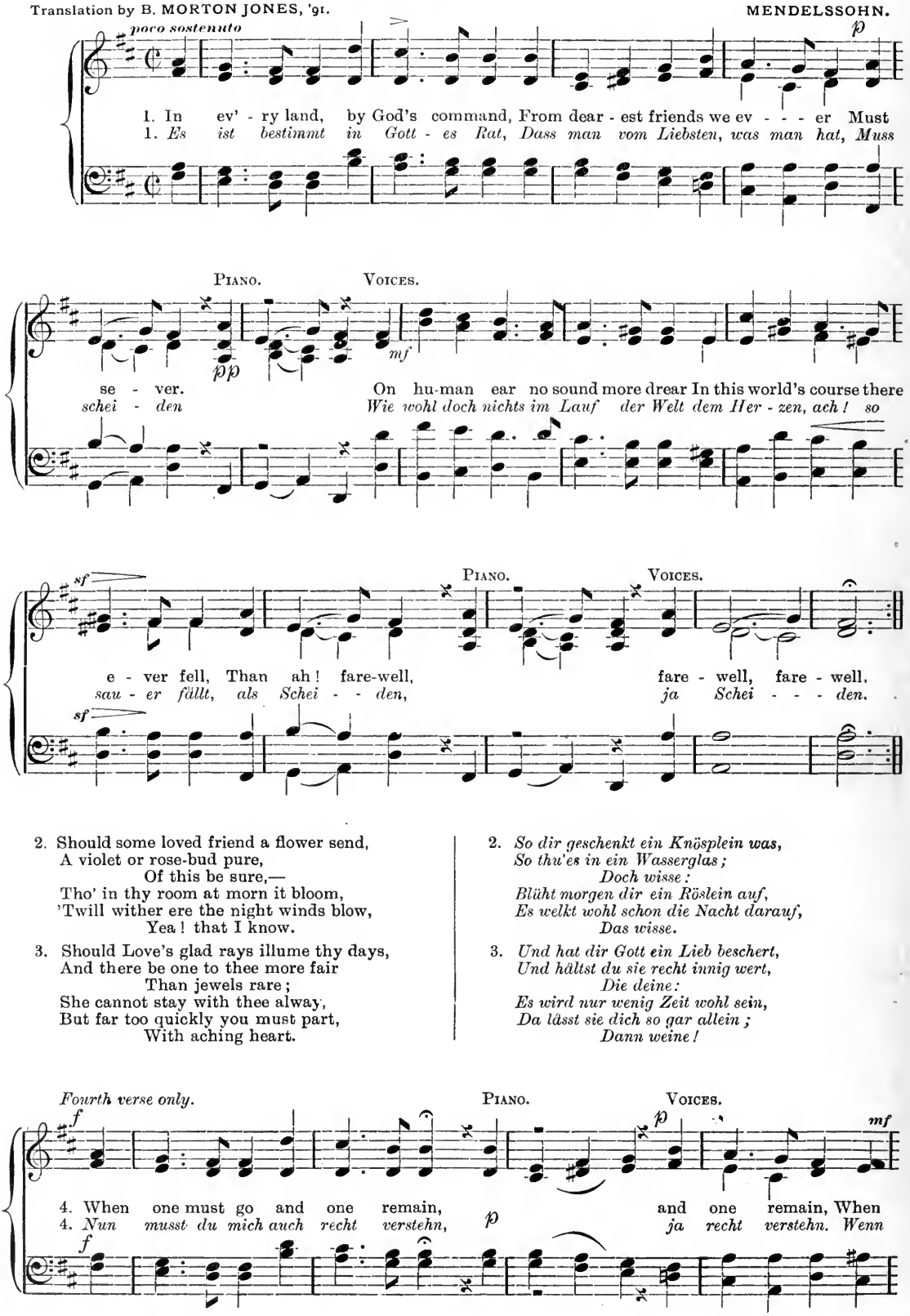
2. *Sie hat mir Treu' versprochen,*
Gab mir ein'n Ring dabei;
Sie hat die Treu' gebrochen,
Das Ringlein sprang entzwei.

3. *Ich möcht' als Spielmann reisen*
Weit in die Welt hinaus,
Und singen meine Weisen,
Und gehn von Haus zu Haus.

4. *Ich möcht' als Reiter fliegen*
Wohl in die blut'ge Schlacht,
Um stille Feuer liegen
Im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.

5. *Hör'ich das Mühlrad gehen:*
Ich weiss nicht, was ich will—
Ich möcht' am liebsten sterben,
Da wär's auf einmal still!

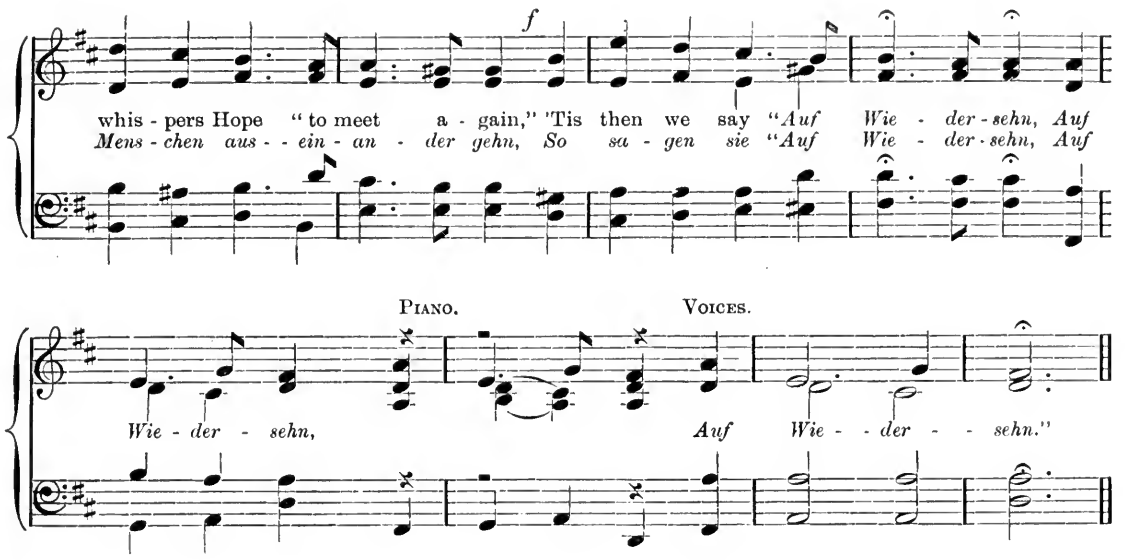
AUF WIEDERSEHN.

Translation by B. MORTON JONES, '91. MENDELSSOHN.

2. Should some loved friend a flower send,
A violet or rose-bud pure,
Of this be sure,—
Tho' in thy room at morn it bloom,
'Twill wither ere the night winds blow,
Yea! that I know.

3. Should Love's glad rays illume thy days,
And there be one to thee more fair
Than jewels rare;
She cannot stay with thee alway,
But far too quickly you must part,
With aching heart.

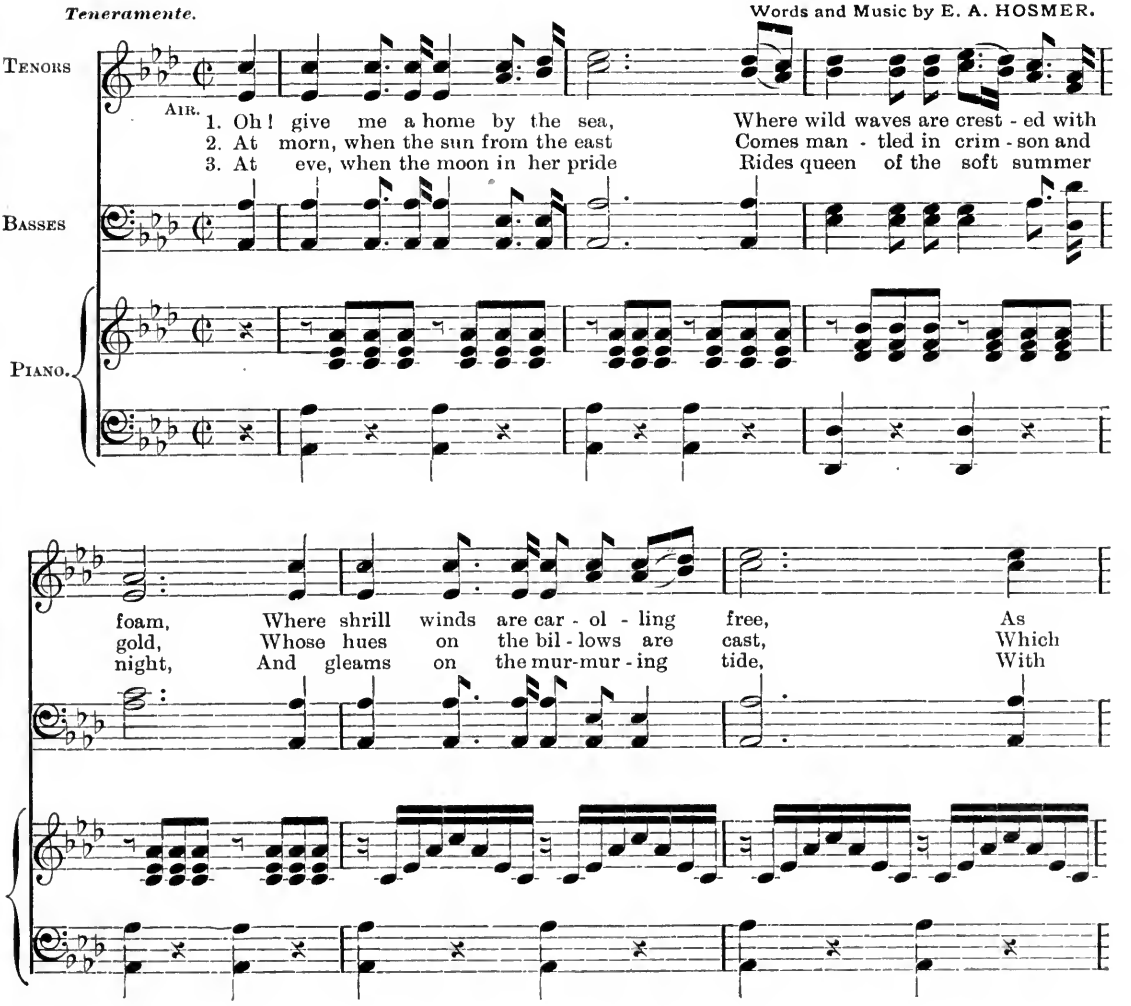
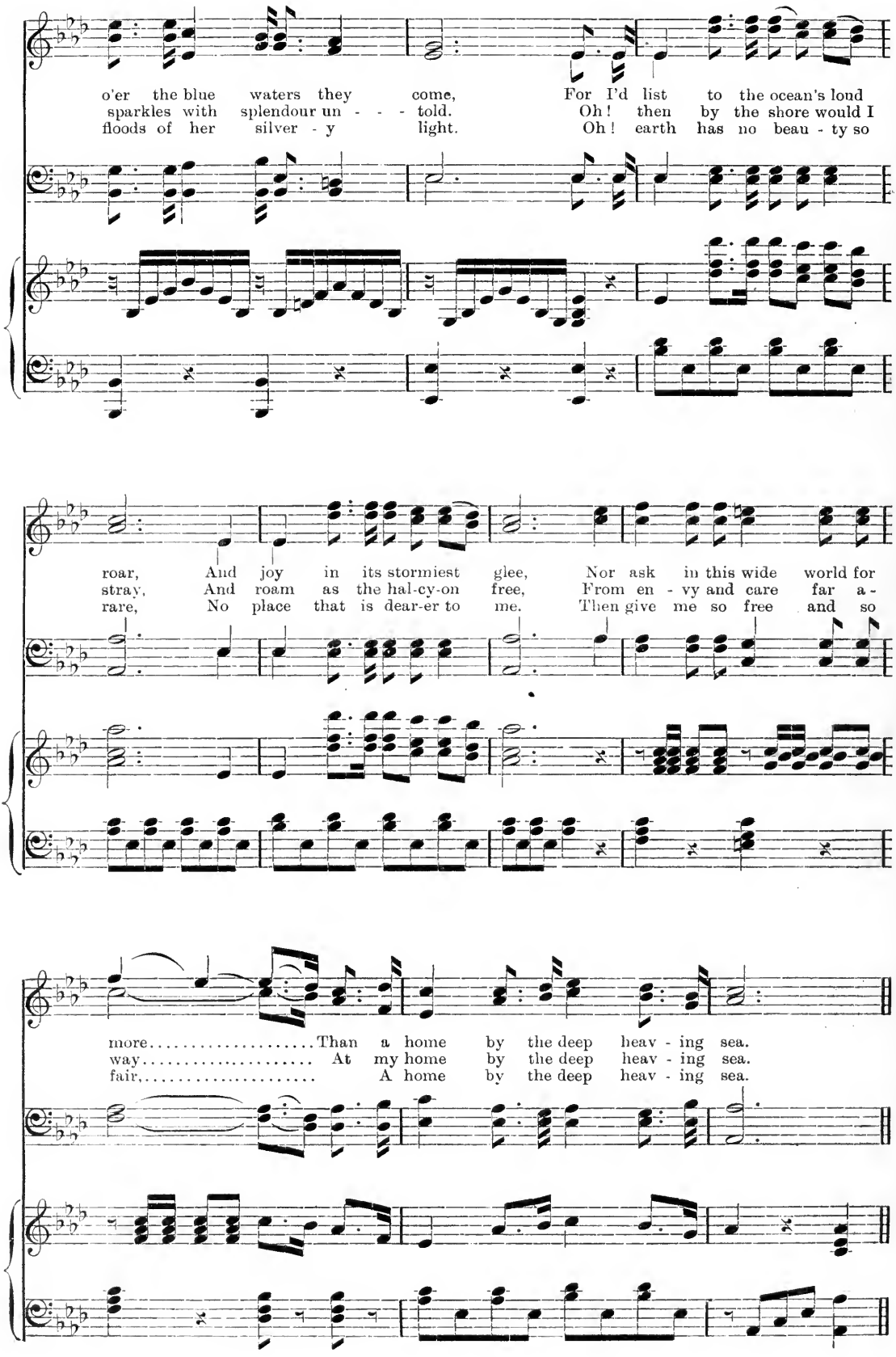
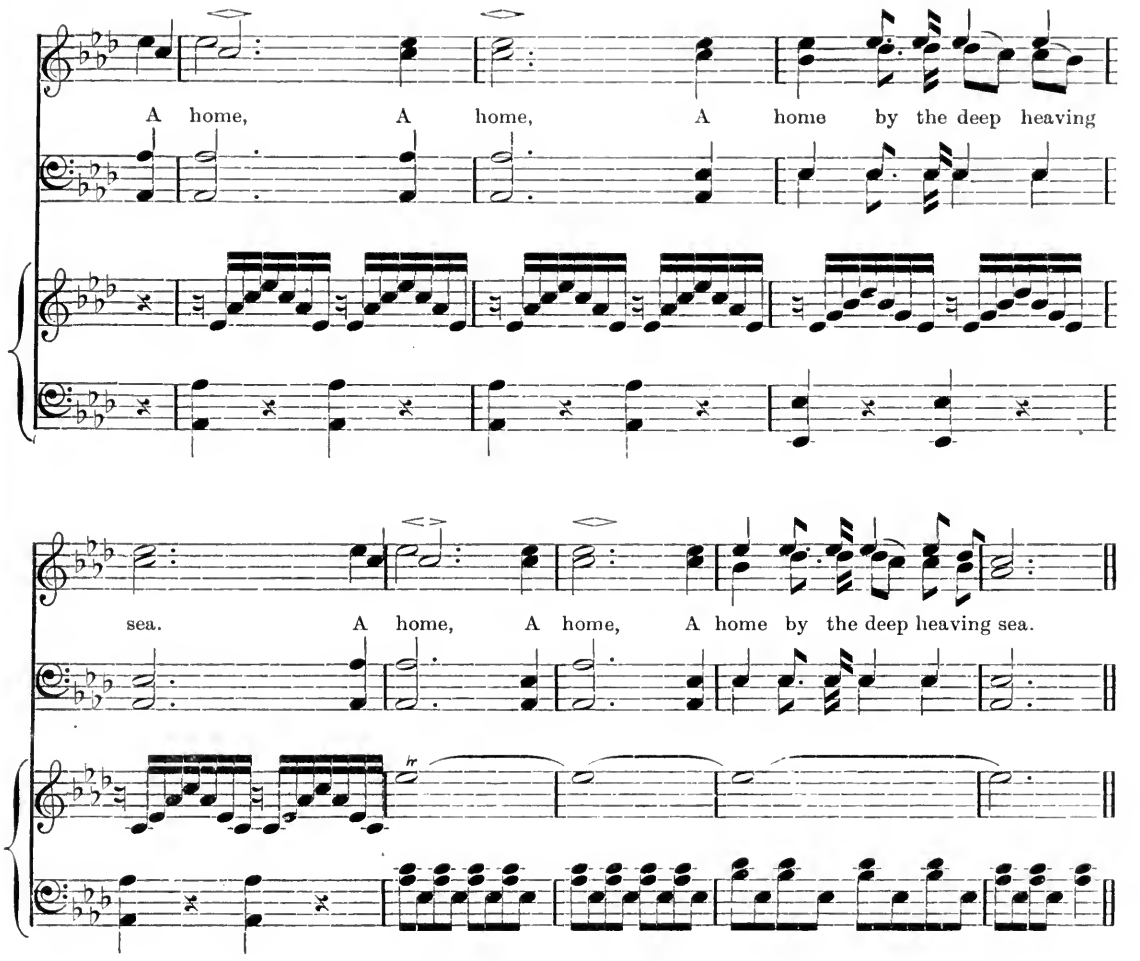
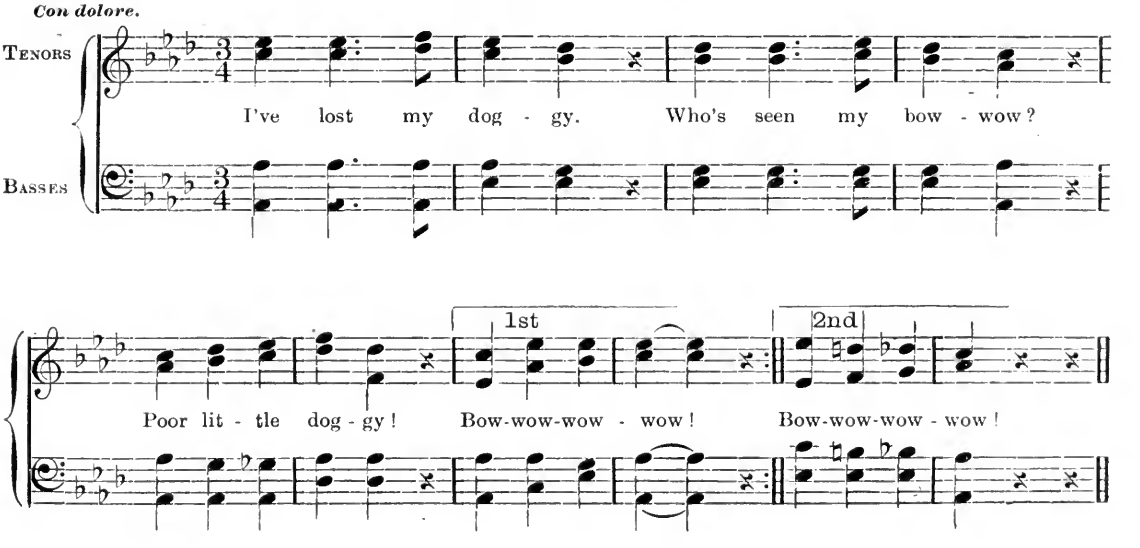
2. *So dir geschenkt ein Knösplein was,*
So thu'es in ein Wasserglas;
Doch wisse:
Blüht morgen dir ein Röslein auf,
Es welkt wohl schon die Nacht darauf,
Das wisse.

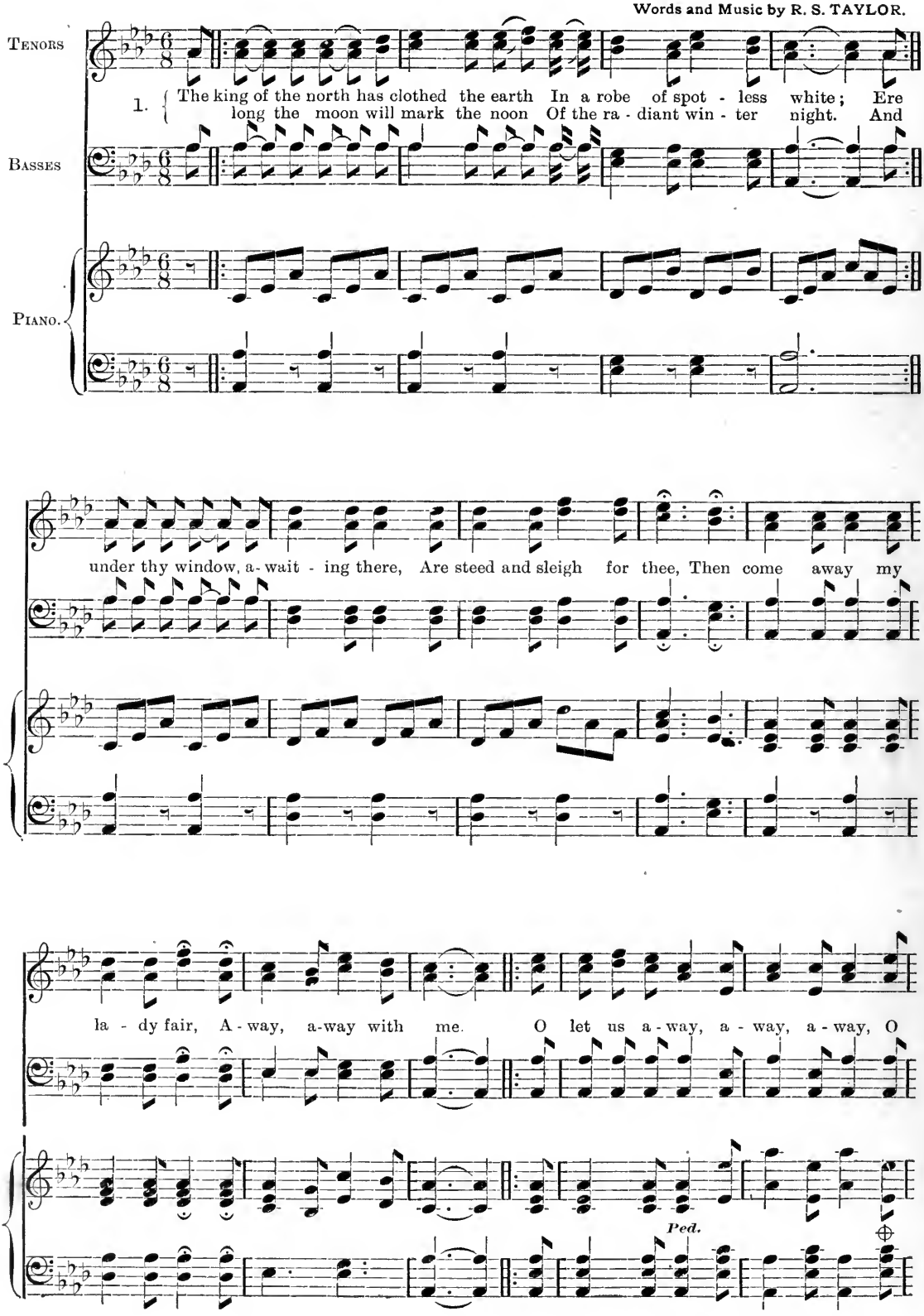
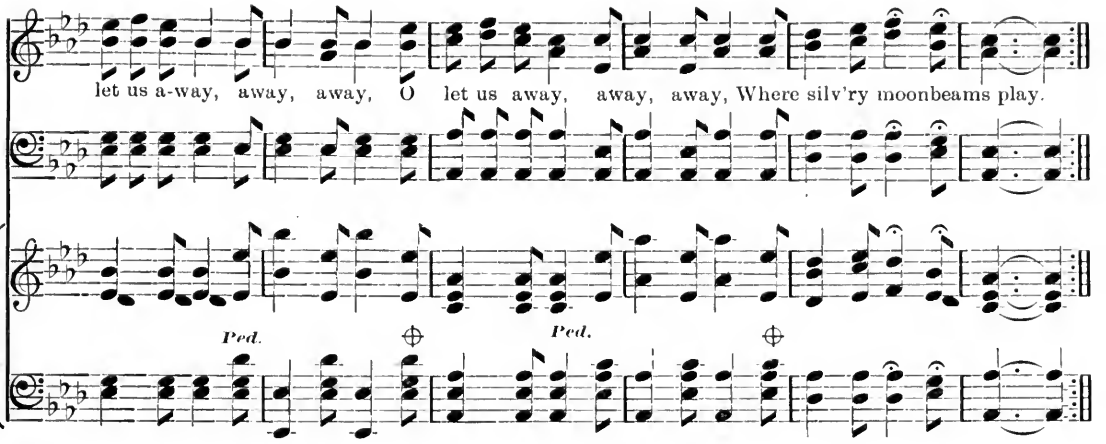
3. *Und hat dir Gott ein Lieb beschert,*
Und hältst du sie recht innig wert,
Die deine:
Es wird nur wenig Zeit wohl sein,
Da lässt sie dich so gar allein;
Dann weine!



A HOME BY THE SEA.

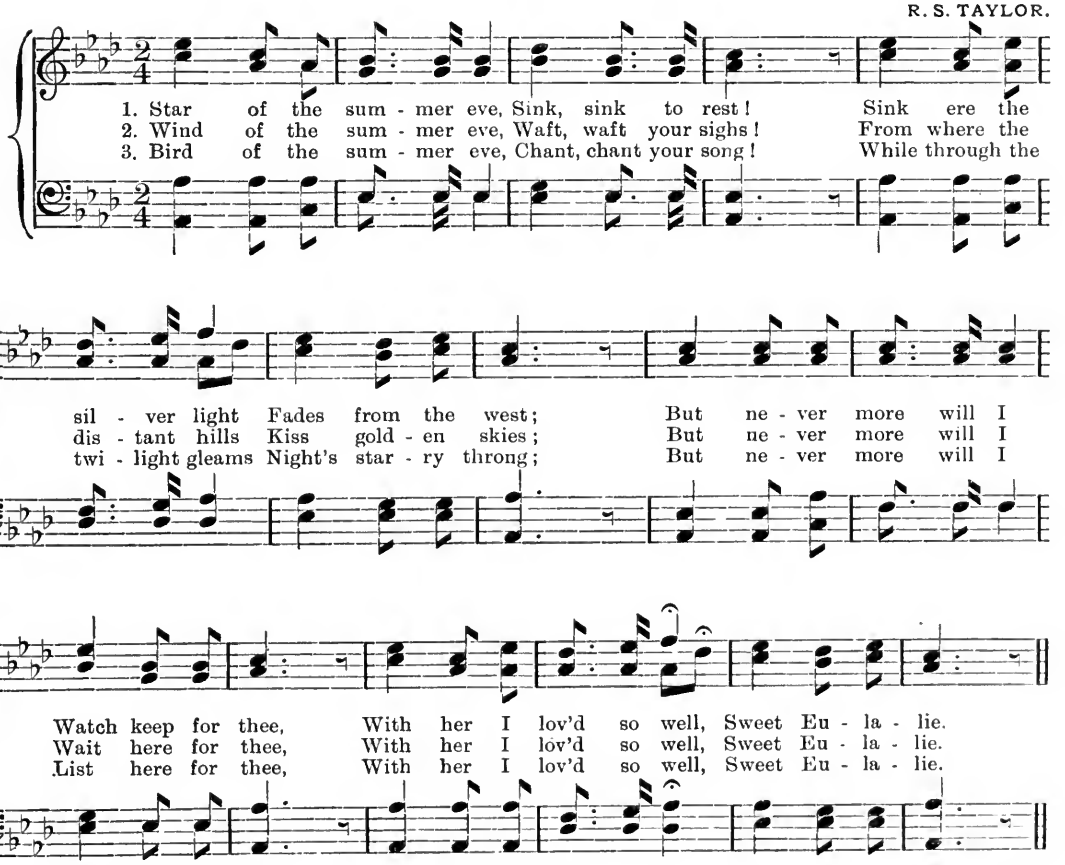
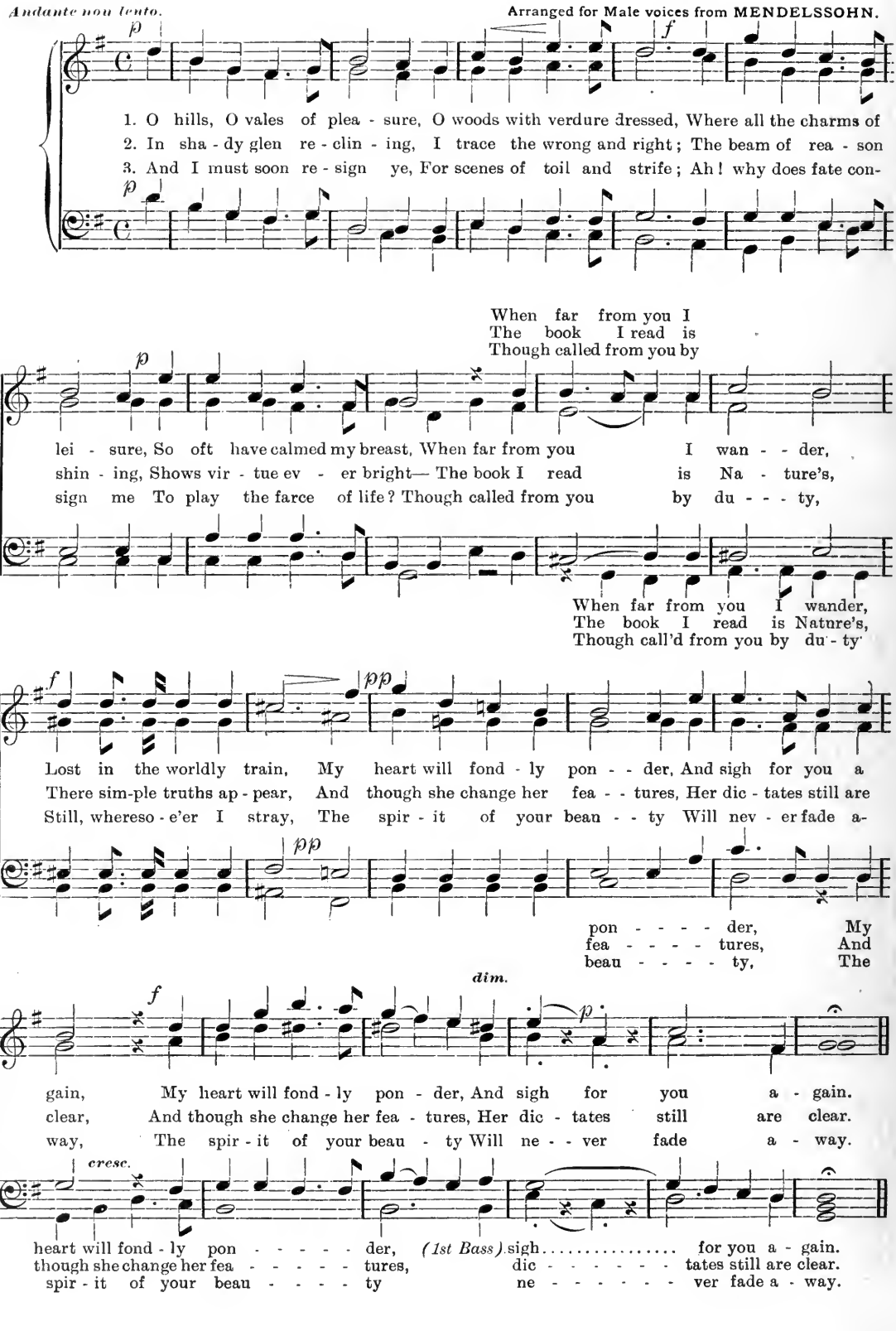
Teneramente.

Words and Music by E. A. HOSMER.

o'er the blue waters they come, For I'd list to the ocean's loud
sparkles with splendour un - - - told. Oh! then by the shore would I
floods of her silver - y light. Oh! earth has no beau - ty so
roar, And joy in its stormiest glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
stray, And roam as the hal-cy-on free, From en - vy and care far a -
rare, No place that is dear-er to me. Then give me so free and so
more.....Than a home by the deep heav - ing sea.
way..... At my home by the deep heav - ing sea.
fair,..... A home by the deep heav - ing sea.

I'VE LOST MY DOGGY.

SLEIGH-RIDER'S SERENADE.

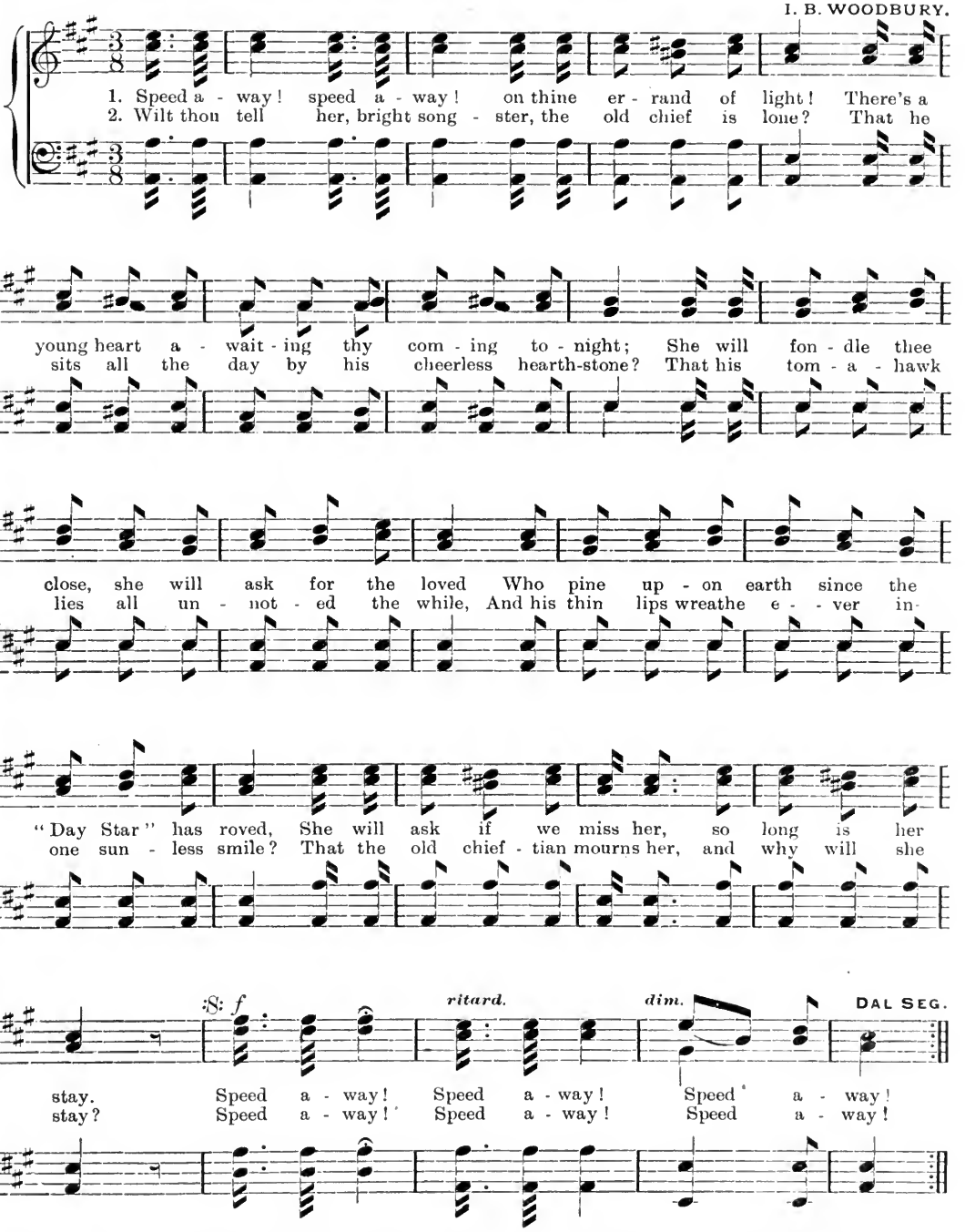
Words and Music by R. S. TAYLOR.

2. A thousand eyes from out the skies
Will give us greeting kind;
With diamonds bright to reflect their light,
Our pathway shall be lined.
As swift as the course of a bird in air,
Our flight, our flight shall be;
Then come away, my lady fair,
Away, away with me.
Chorus.—O let us away, etc.

3. Night's goddess now about her brow
A misty halo wears;
A token to show that soon the snow
Will melt in rainy tears.
Ere ever the clouds shall gather there,
Or shining hours shall flee,
O haste away, my lady fair,
Away, away with me.
Chorus.—O let us away, etc.

EULALIE.

R. S. TAYLOR.

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

SPEED AWAY!

Among the superstitions of the Senecas is one which for its singular beauty is somewhat well known. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not unfrequent," says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds set loose at once over one grave."

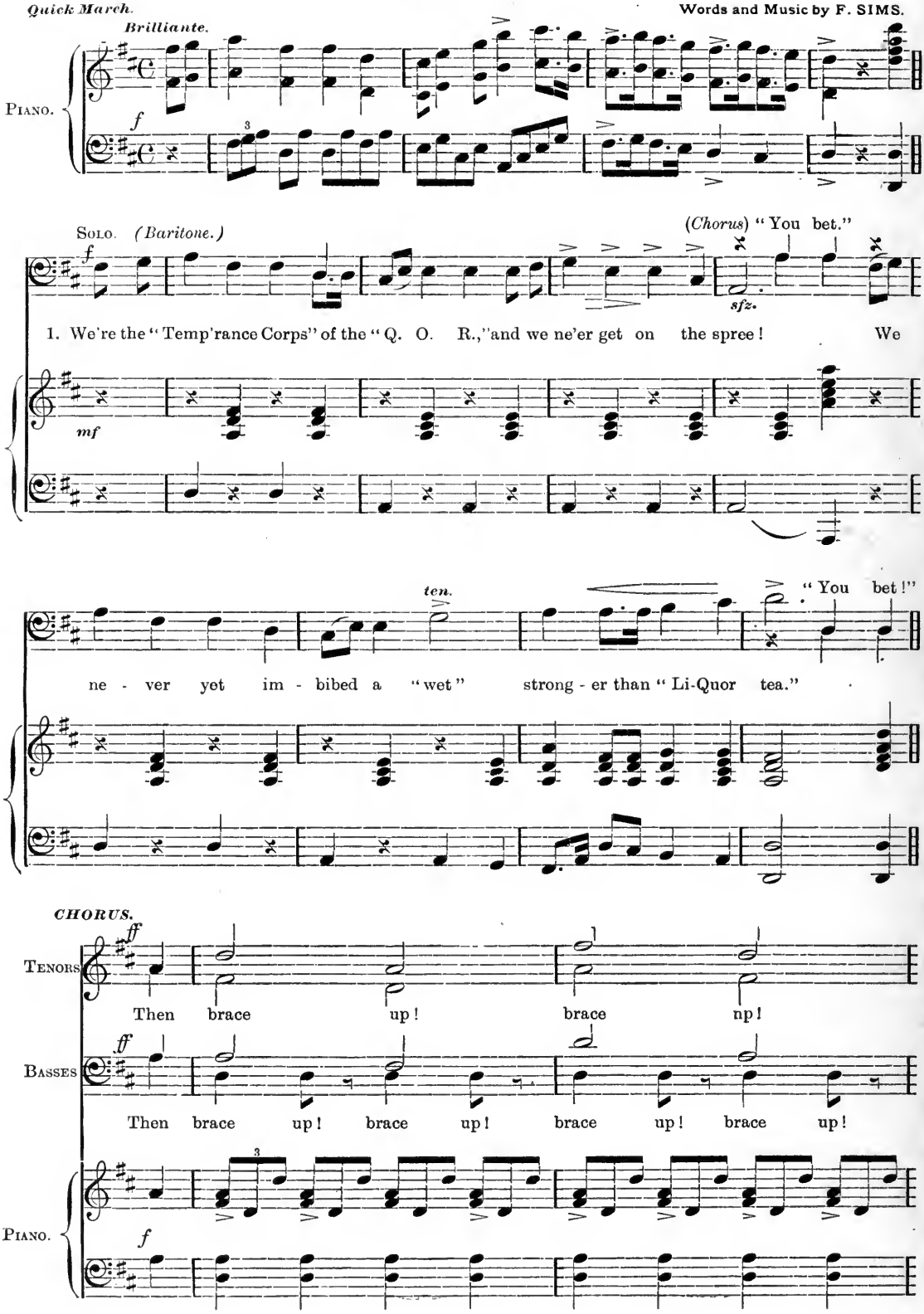
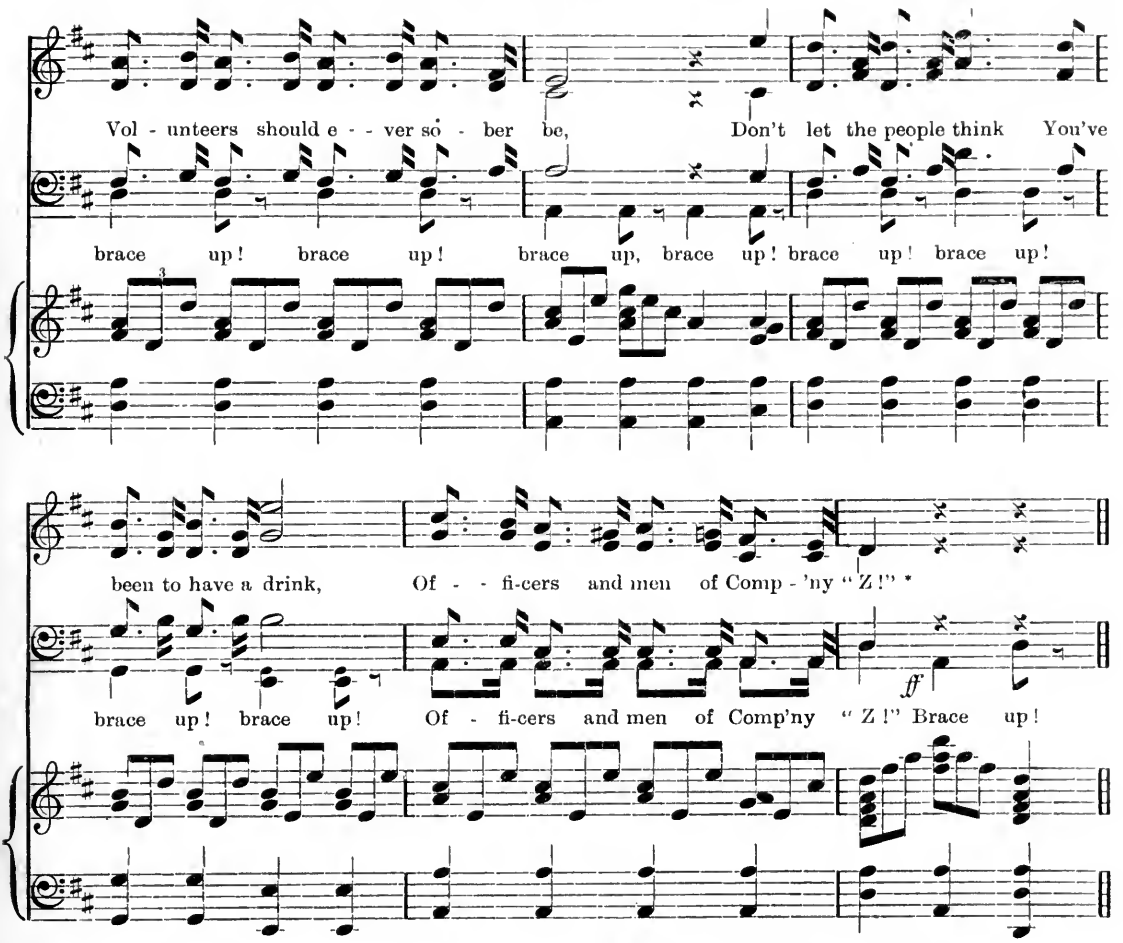
I. B. WOODBURY.

3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing?
That she standeth alone in the still quiet night,
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of night
Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay?
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

4.*Go, bird of the silver wing! fetterless now;
Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow,
But hie thee away o'er rock, river and glen,
And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again.
Up! onward! let nothing thy mission delay.
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

* *Accel.*

THE TEMPERANCE CORPS.

MARCHING SONG.

Quick March. *Brilliante.* Words and Music by F. SIMS.

2. Though we'd not run from any gun,
We "pocket pistols" fear, (*Chorus*, "You bet")
We ne'er regale on "Ginger ale,"
"Rye splits" or "Lager bier." ("You bet.")
Chorus.—Then brace up, &c.

3. On "Drink Parade," "cool lemonade,"
We always meekly say, ("That's so.")
And no excuse could us induce
To "down a T. and J." ("Oh! no.")
Chorus.—Then brace up, &c.

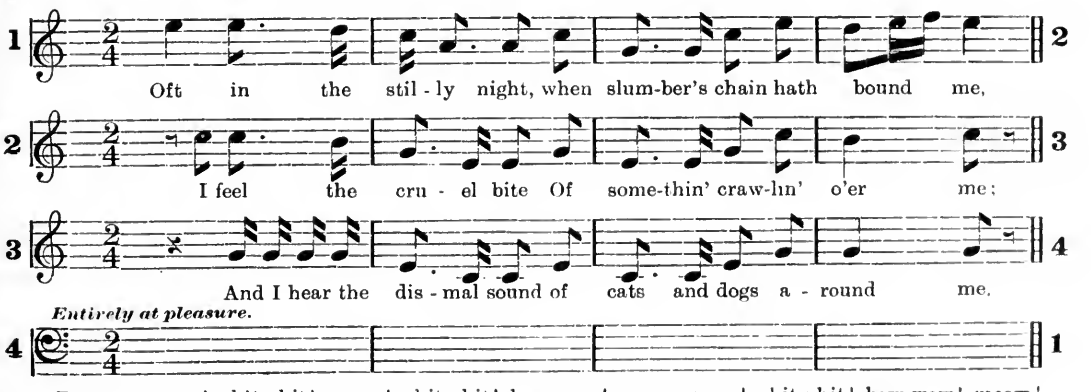
4. We always shoot each raw recruit
Who dares to dream of beer, ("You bet.")
And by this plan make every man
A "model" volunteer. ("You bet.")
Chorus.—Then brace up, &c.

5. When we march out, the people shout
"Here comes the 'Temp'rance Corps,'" ("You bet.")
With three times three for Company "Z,"
† And the gallant Q.O.R. ("You bet.")
Chorus.—Then brace up, &c.

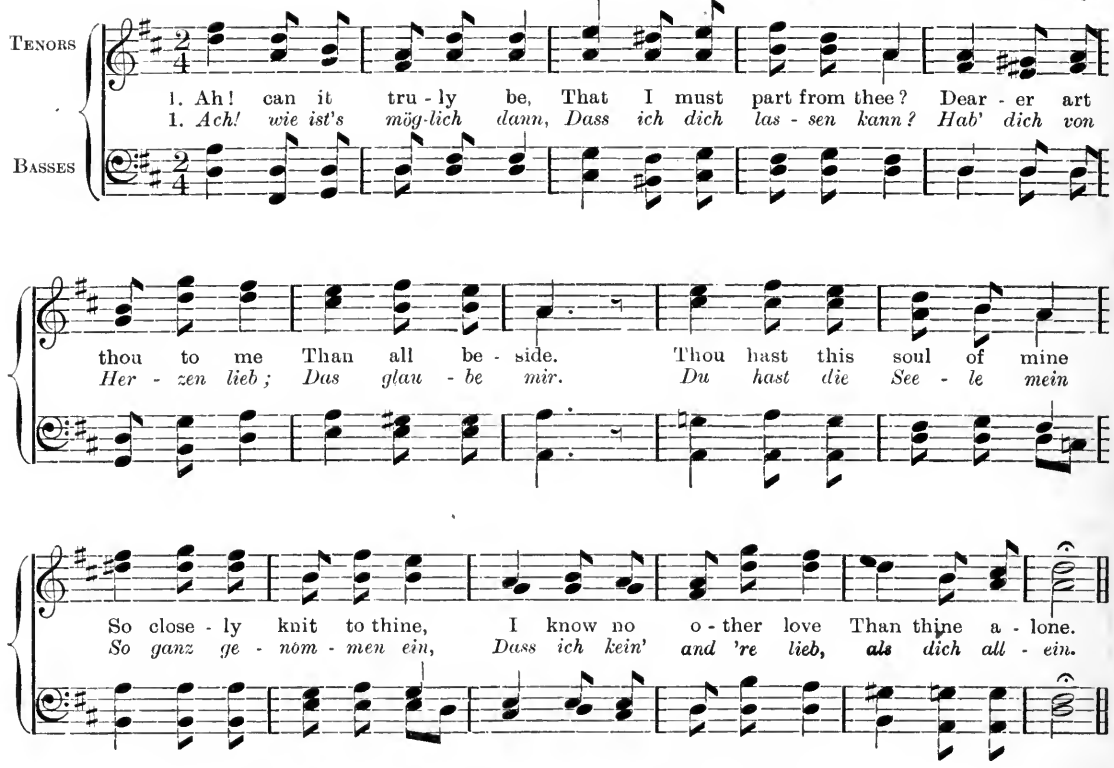
* Z pronounced *zee*. B, C, D, E, G, &c., may be used *ad lib*.

† *Or* Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah!

THE STILL NIGHT.—A Catch.



TREUE LIEBE.

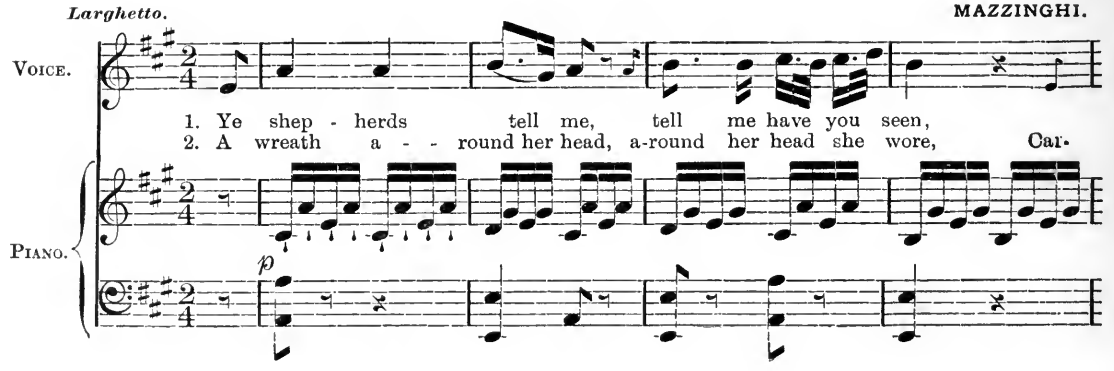
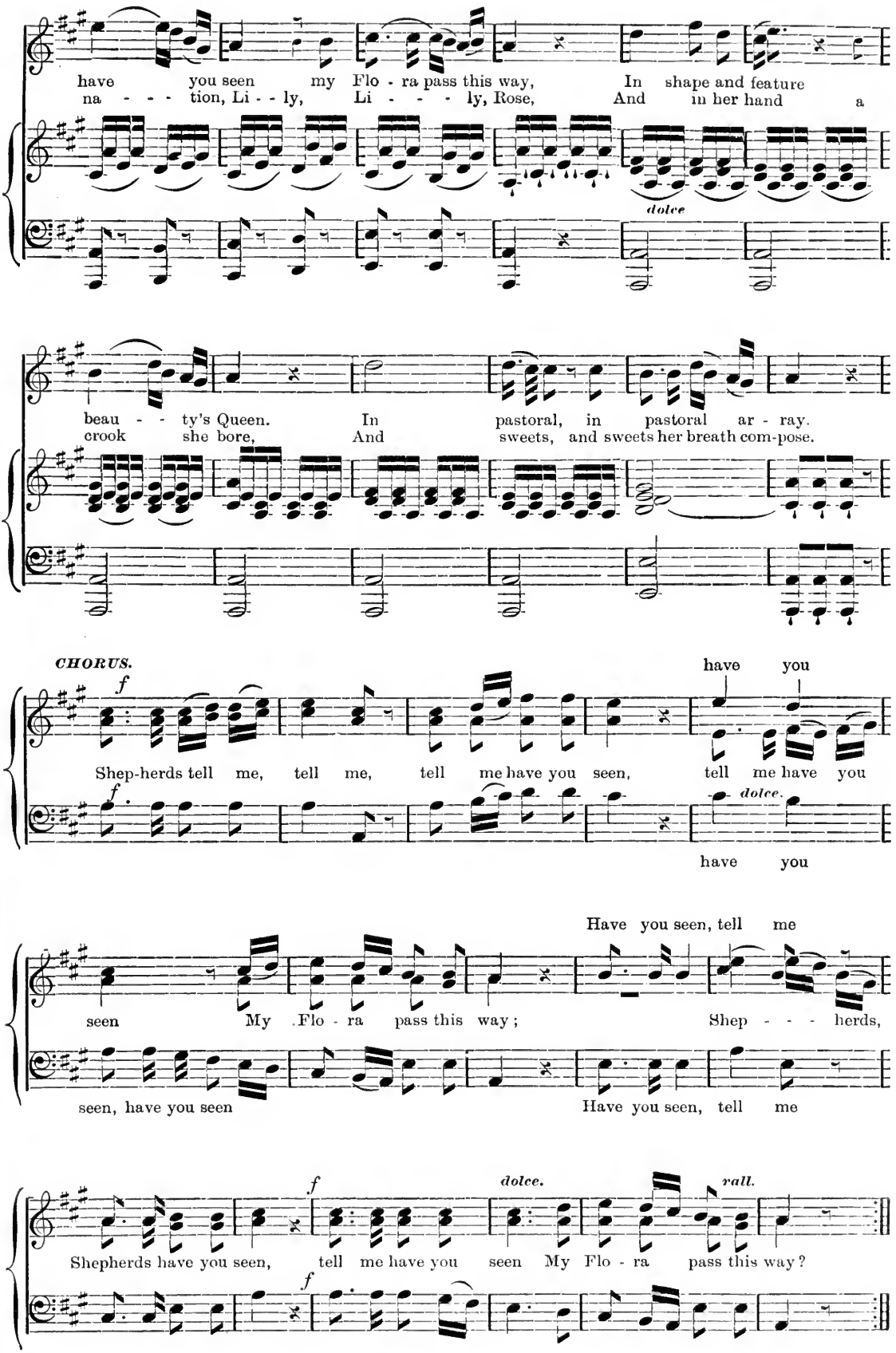
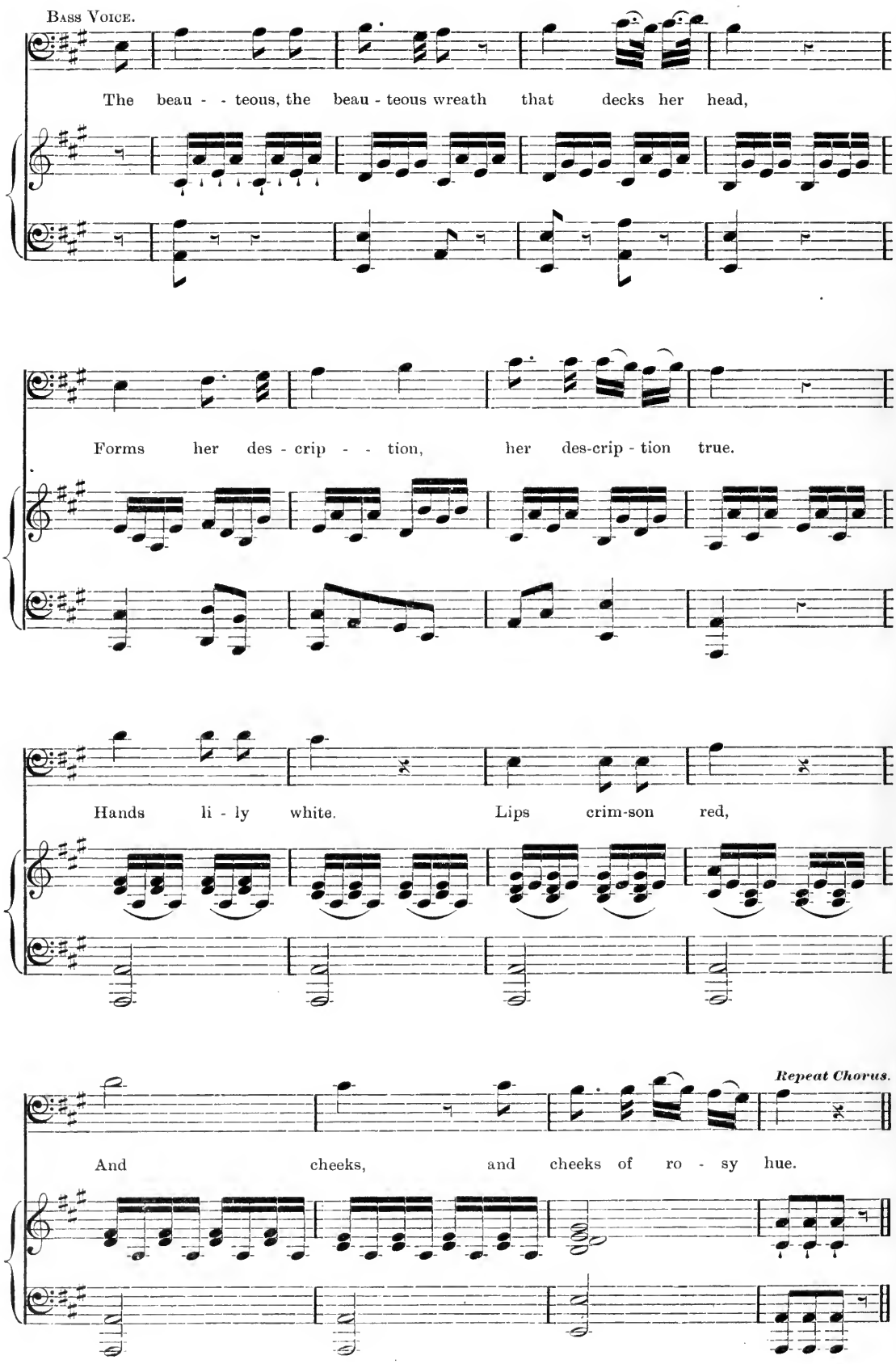
Translation by J. D. SPENCE, '89.

2. Blue the forget-me-not,
Emblem of constancy;
Close press it to thy breast,
And think of me.
Though flower and hope decay,
Rich we in love alway:
My heart's deep love for thee
Never can die.

3. Were I a bird, on high
Far through the air I'd fly;
No hawk should daunt me then,
Winging to thee.
Struck by the huntsman's dart,
Sinking upon thy heart,
There, should'st thou weep for me,
Fain would I die.

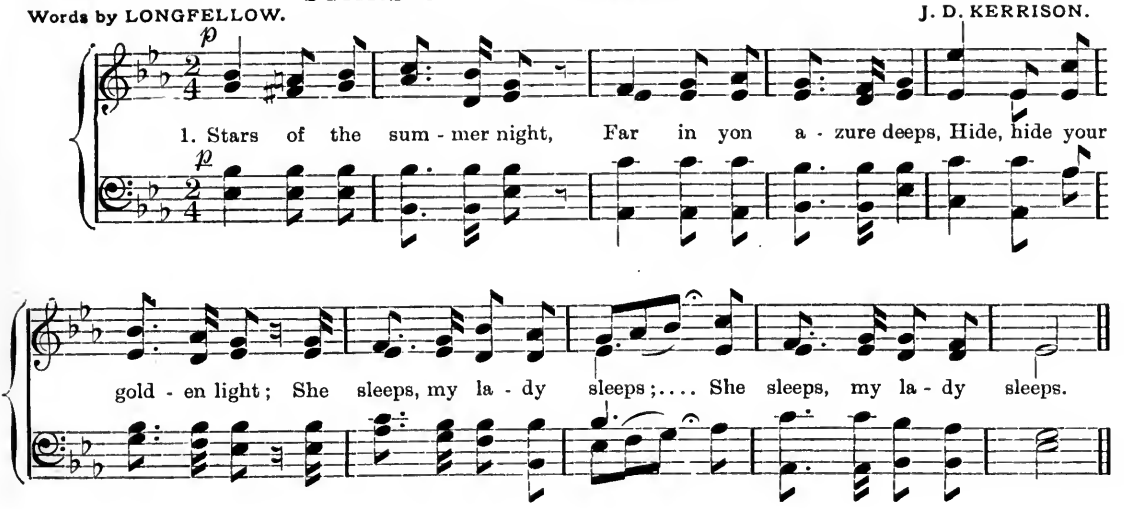
2. *Blau ist ein Blümelein*
Das heisst Vergissnichtmein:
Dies Blümlein leg' ans Herz,
Und denke mein.
Stirbt Blum' und Hoffnung gleich,
Wir sind an Liebe reich,
Denn die stirbt nie bei mir;
Das glaube mir.

3. *Wär' ich ein Vögelein,*
Bald wollt' ich bei dir sein,
Scheut' Falk' und Habicht nicht,
Flög' schnell zu dir.
Schöss' mich ein Jäger tot,
Fiel ich in deinen Schoss,
Säh'st du mich traurig an,
Gern stürb' ich dann.

YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

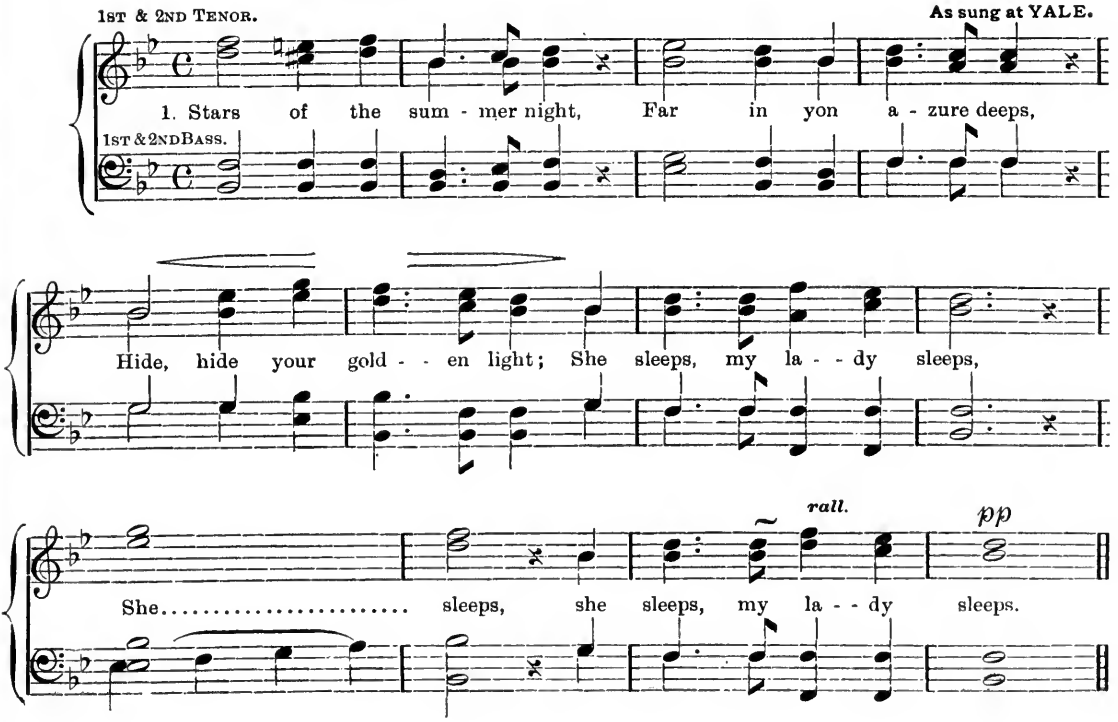
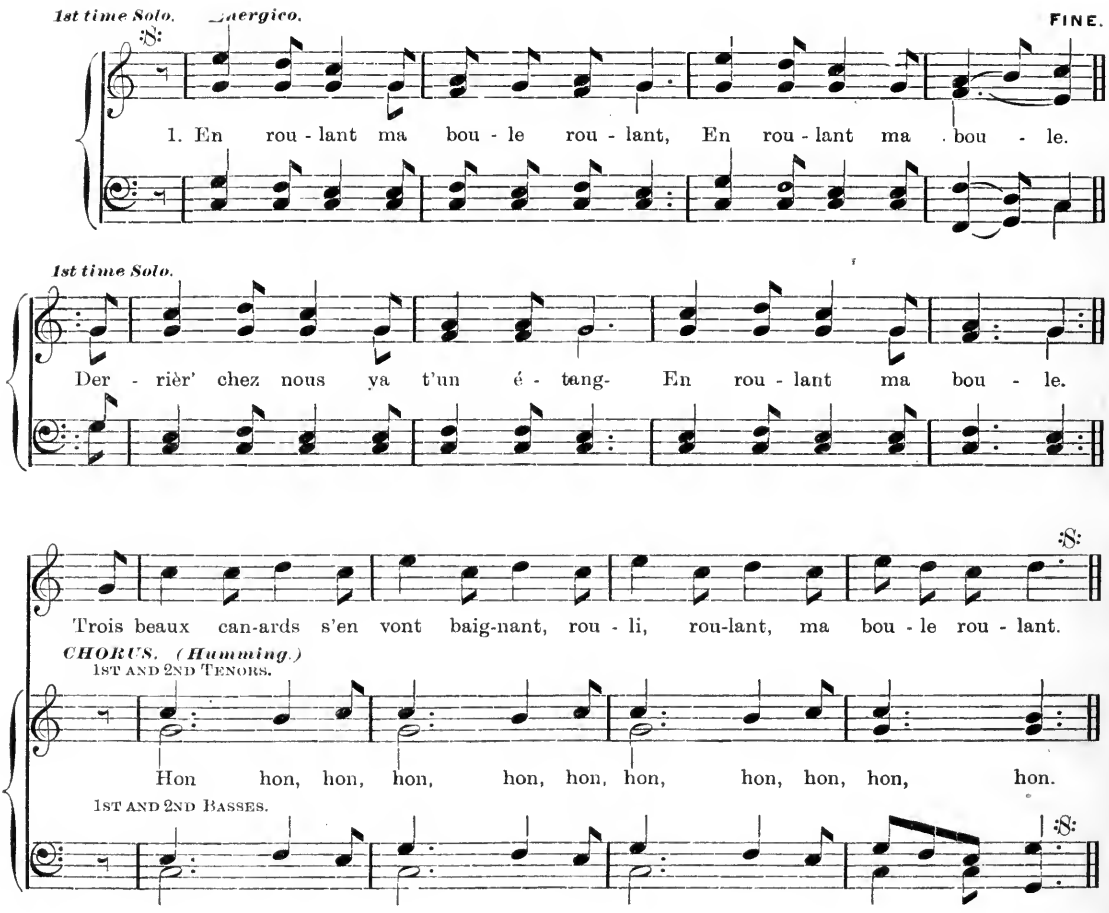
Larghetto. MAZZINGHI.

have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way, In shape and feature
na - - - tion, Li - - ly, Li - - - - ly, Rose, And in her hand a
dolce
beau - - ty's Queen. In pastoral, in pastoral ar - ray.
crook she bore, And sweets, and sweets her breath com-pose.
CHORUS.
f
Shep-herds tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, tell me have you
have you
dolce.
have you
Have you seen, tell me
seen My Flo - ra pass this way; Shep - - - herds,
seen, have you seen Have you seen, tell me
f
dolce.
rall.
Shepherds have you seen, tell me have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
f

Bass Voice.
The beau - - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks her head,
Forms her des - crip - - tion, her des-crip - tion true.
Hands li - ly white. Lips crim-son red,
Repeat Chorus.
And cheeks, and cheeks of ro - sy hue.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Words by LONGFELLOW. J. D. KERRISON.

2. Moon of the summer night,
   Far down your western steeps,
   Sink, sink in silver light;
   She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3. Wind of the summer night,
   Where yonder woodbine creeps
   Fold, fold your pinions light;
   She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4. Dreams of the summer night,
   Tell her her lover keeps
   Watch, while in slumber light
   She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

3. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

5. Visa le noir, tua le blanc.
En roulant ma boule,
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,—*Ref.*

6. O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

7. D'avoir tuè mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

8. Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

9. Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
En roulant ma boule,
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

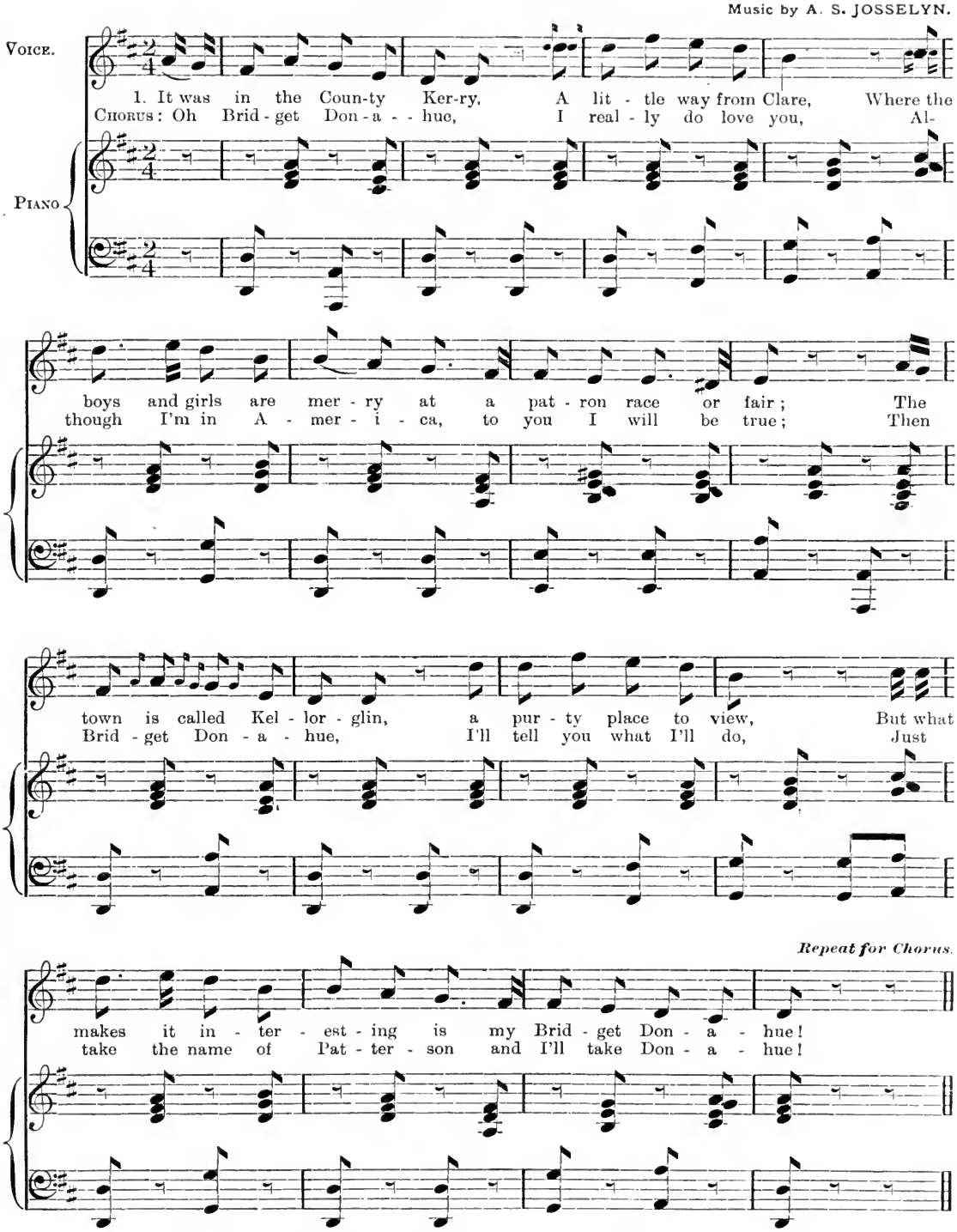
10. Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

11. Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

12. Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

13. C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

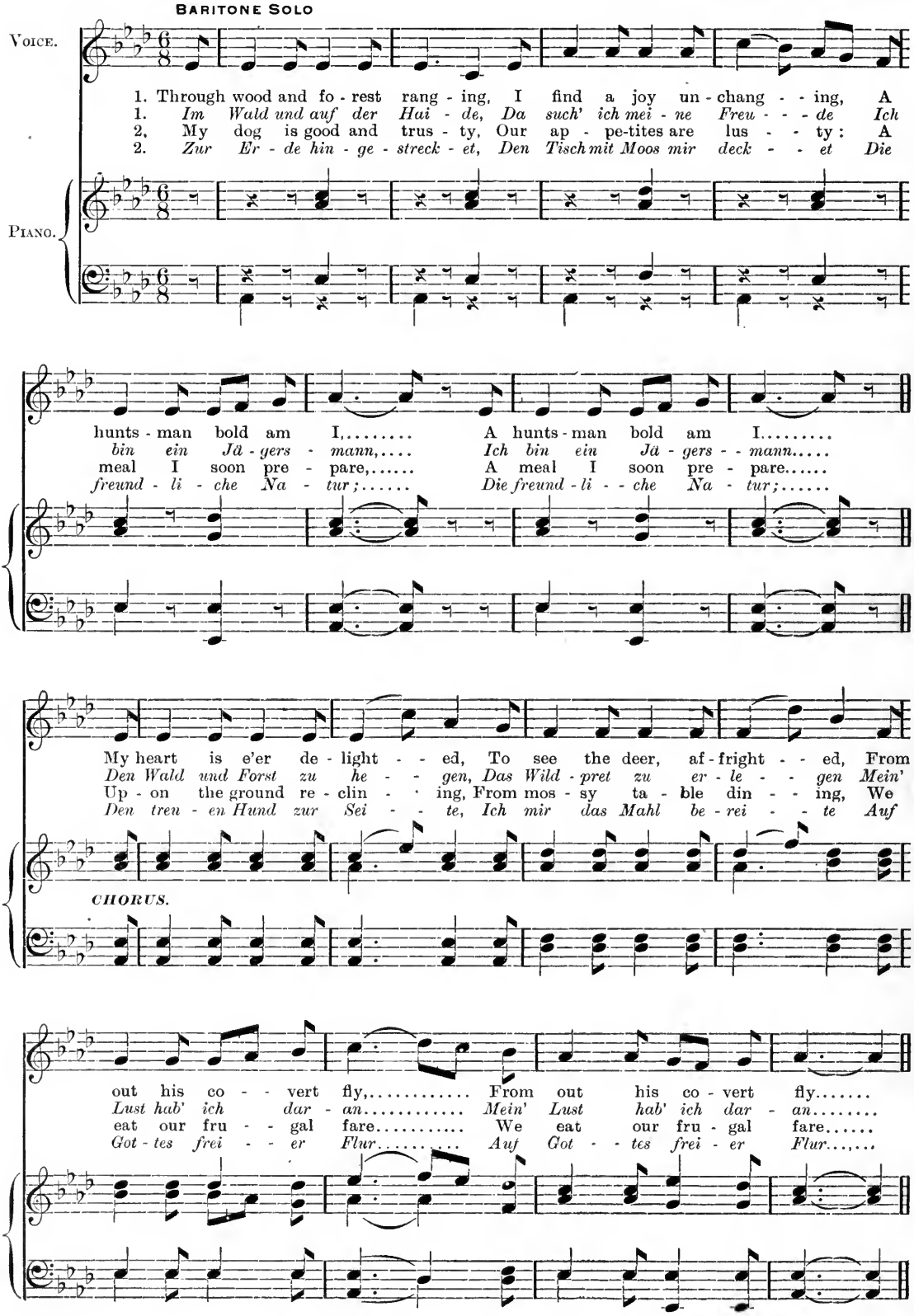
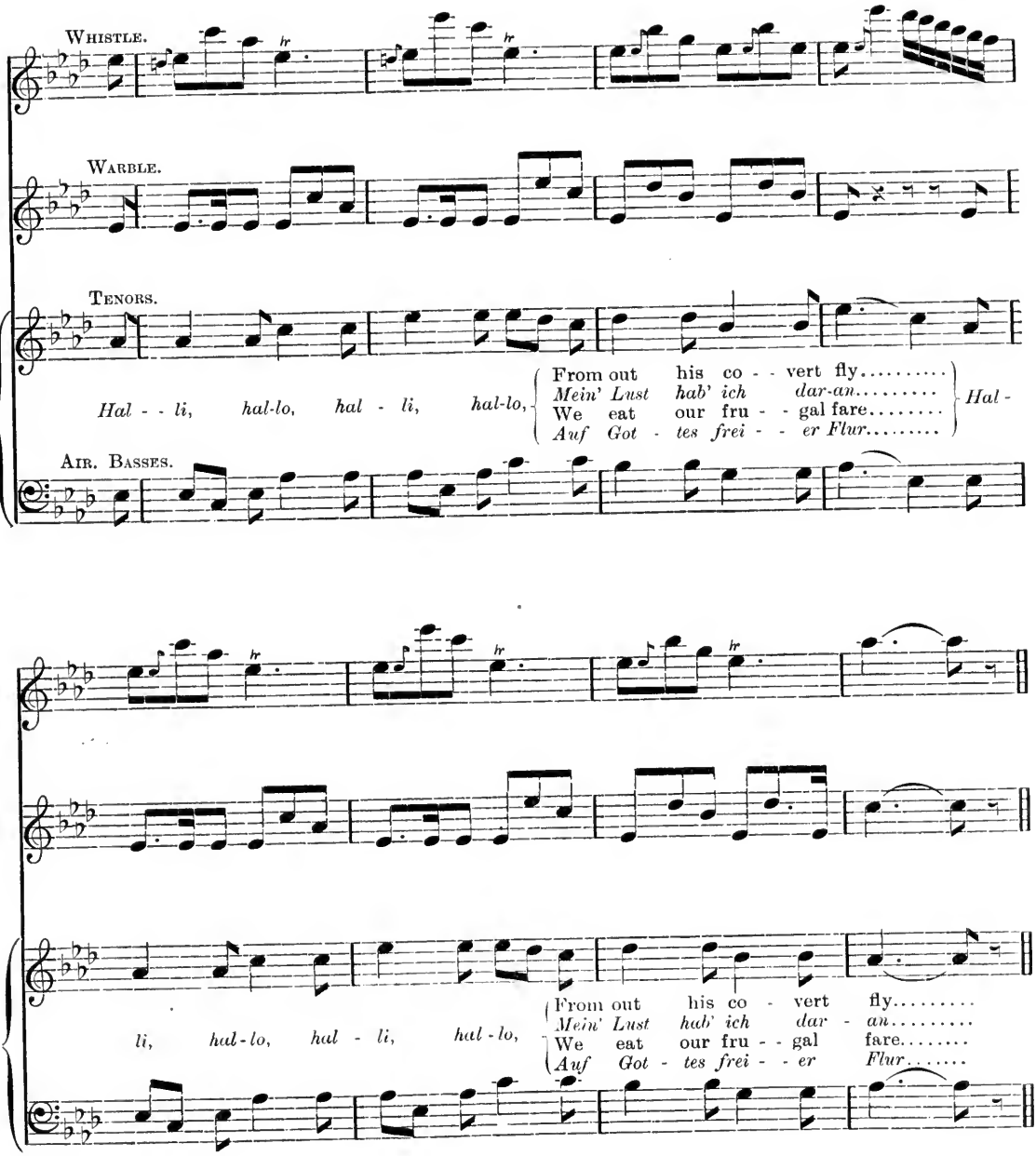
BRIDGET DONAHUE.

Music by A. S. JOSSELYN.

2. Her father is a farmer, and a dacent man is he,
He's liked by all the people from Kellorglin to Trallee;
And Bridget on a Sunday, when coming home from mass,
She's admired by all the people, sure they wait to see her pass.

3. I sent her home a picture, I did upon my word,
Not a picture of myself, but the picture of a bird;
It was the American Eagle, and says I, "Miss Donahue,
Our eagle's wings are large enough to shelter me and you!"

HALLI-HALLO.

Words by WILHELM BORNEMANN, 1816. Translation by J. EDMUND JONES, '88.

BARITONE SOLO

3. I, though without a nickel,
My dainty palate tickle
With wine and good black bread.
My fragrant pipe burns brightly,
As, stepping forward lightly,
The flow'ry heath I tread.

4. Thus, in the fields abiding,
Or through the forest striding,
I pass the livelong day,
And while my hours are fleeting
Like seconds swift retreating,
I through the green-wood stray.

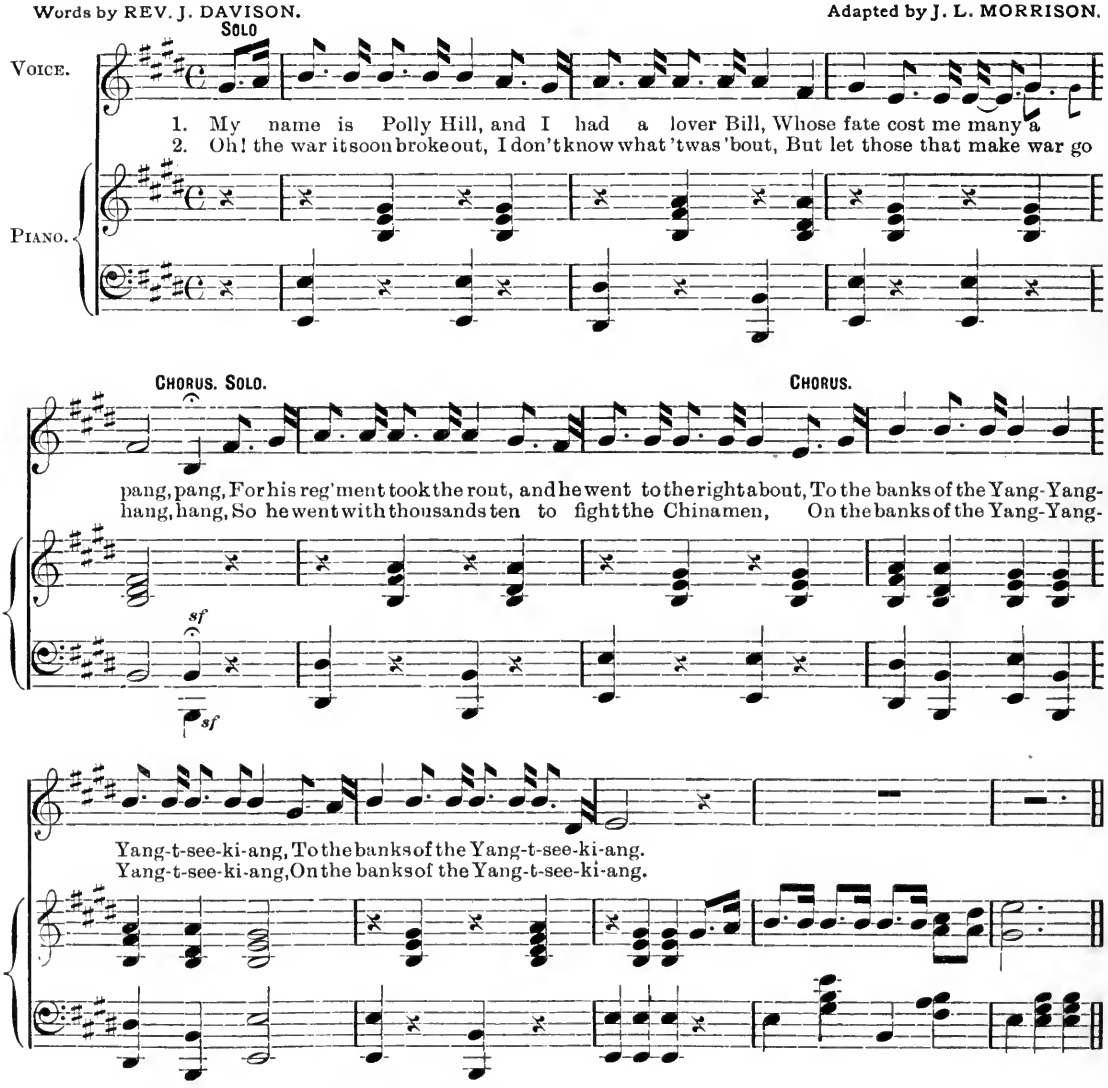
5. And now the sun is sinking,
Now stars through mists are blinking ;
Thus one more day slips by ;
So home again returning,
Where cheerful hearth is burning,
A jolly huntsman I.

3. *Kein Heller in der Tasche,*
Ein Schlücklein in der Flasche,
Ein Stückchen schwarzes Brod ;
Brennt lustig meine Pfeife,
Wenn ich den Forst durchstreife,
Da hat es keine Noth.

4. *So zieh' ich durch die Wälder,*
So eil' ich durch die Felder,
Wohl hin den ganzen Tag ;
Dann fliehen meine Stunden
Gleich flüchtigen Sekunden,
Tracht' ich dem Wilde nach.

5. *Wenn sich die Sonne neiget,*
Der feuchte Nebel steiget,
Mein Tagwerk ist gethan.
Dann zieh' ich von der Haide
Zur häuslichstillen Freude,
Ein froher Jägersmann.

ON THE BANKS OF THE YANG-TSEE-KIANG.

Words by REV. J. DAVISON. Adapted by J. L. MORRISON.

3. Three years had passed away, whilst it fell upon a day,
That I sat by my door and span, span,
That a soldier came and said, "Your lover Bill lies dead
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang.

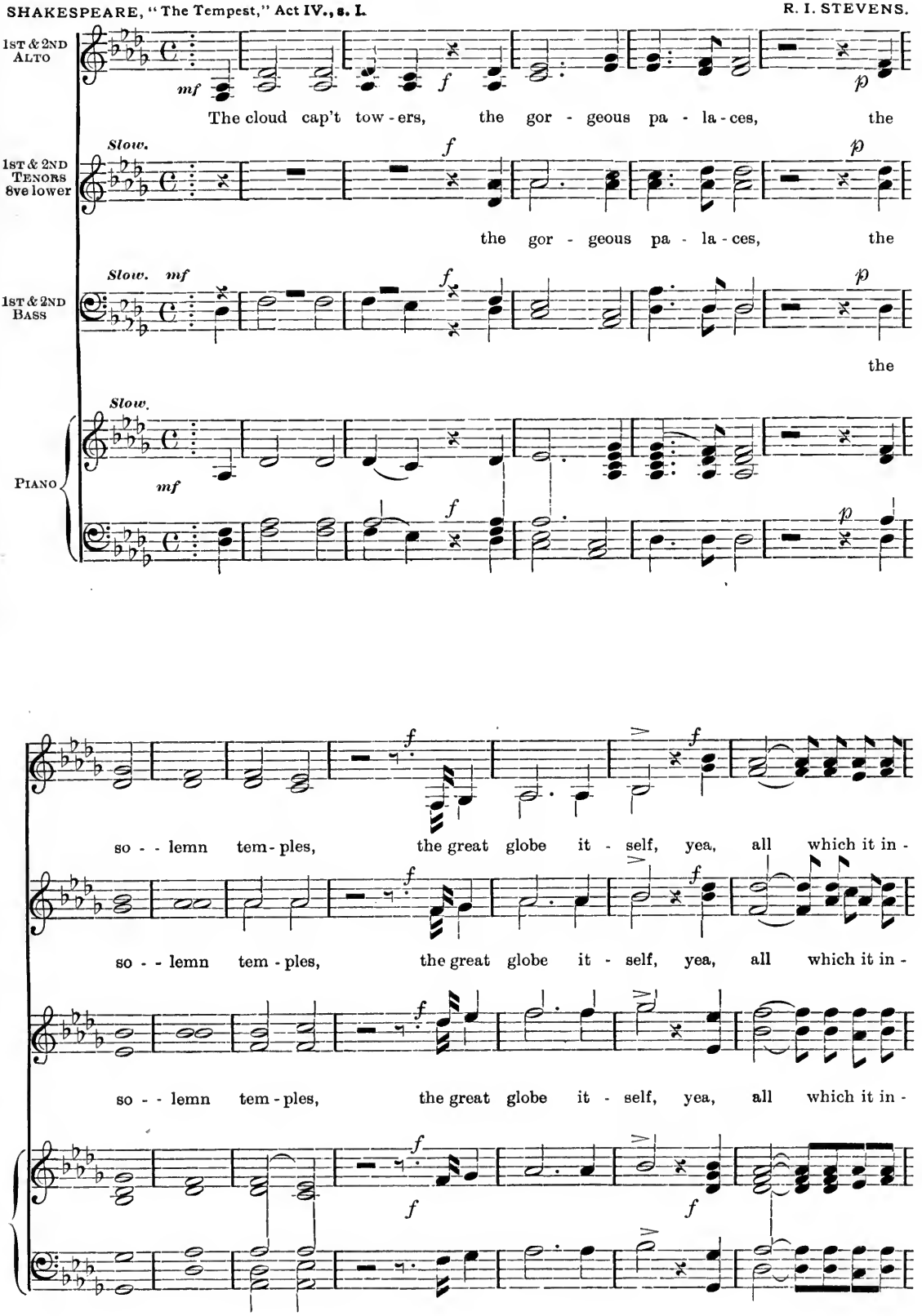
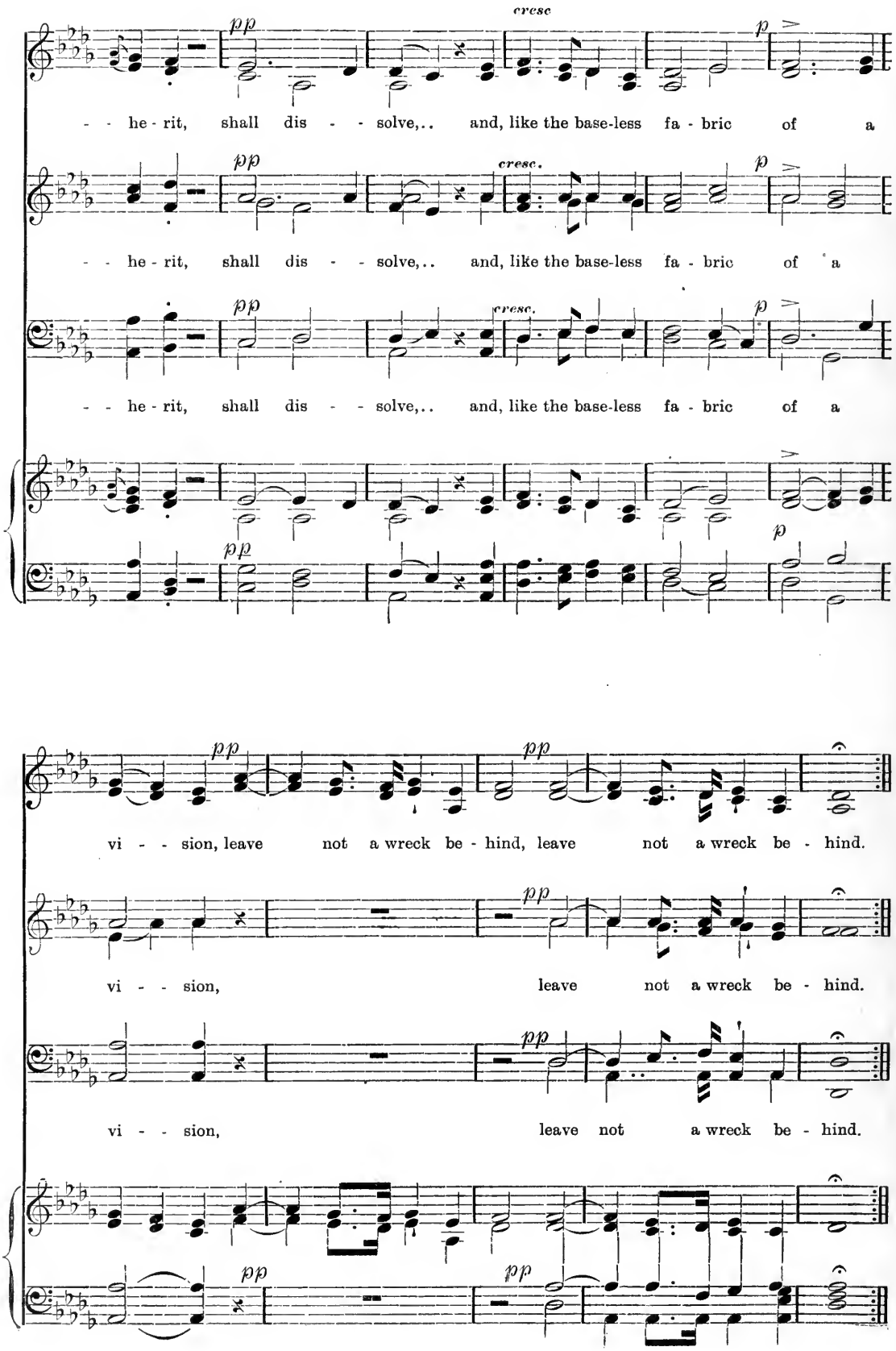
4. "'Twas in a tea-tree glen that we met the Chinamen,
And one of the rogues let bang, bang,
Which laid poor William low, with his toes towards the foe,
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang.

5. "He took a sprig of tea and said, 'Will you carry this for me,
And tell poor Polly where it sprang, sprang?'
And this was all he said, when his head it dropped like lead,
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang.

6. "Now will you take from me this little sprig of tea?
'Twas on Bill's grave that it sprang, sprang,
You may have it if you will, as a souvenir of Bill,
From the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
From the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."

7. "My soldier boy," said I, "do you see any green in my eye?
Pray excuse me the use of slang, slang.
For I'm your Polly Hill, and you're my lover Bill,
From the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
From the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."

THE CLOUD CAP'T TOWERS.

SHAKESPEARE, "The Tempest," Act IV., s. I. R. I. STEVENS.

cresc
pp
p
- - he - rit, shall dis - - solve,.. and, like the base-less fa - bric of a
cresc.
vi - - sion, leave not a wreck be - hind, leave not a wreck be - hind.
vi - - sion, leave not a wreck be - hind.
vi - - sion, leave not a wreck be - hind.

KERMESSE SCENE.*

FROM "FAUST."

GOUNOD.

Allegretto.

Voices.

Red or white li - quor, Coarse or fine! What can it matter, So we have

Piano.

mf

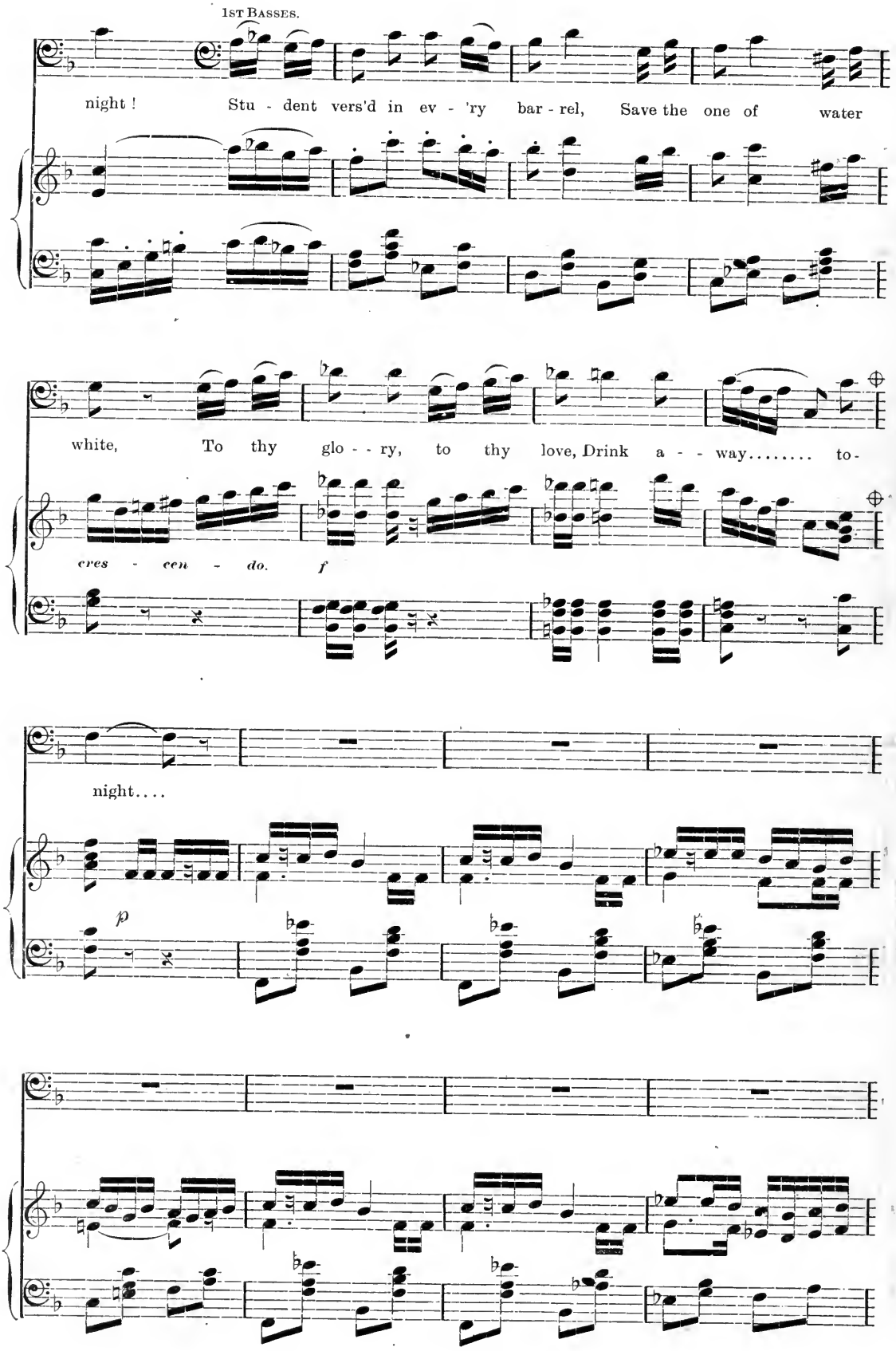
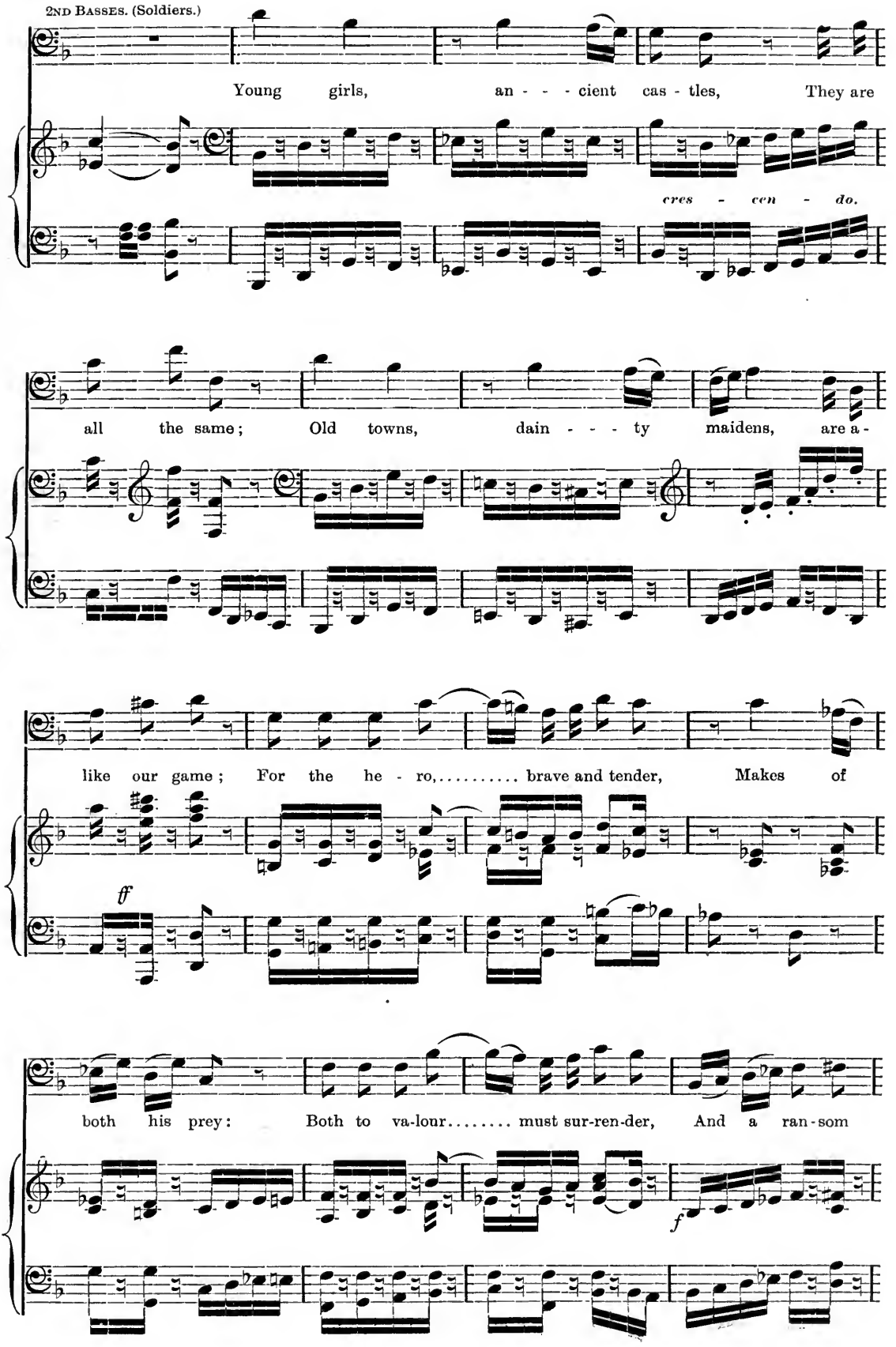
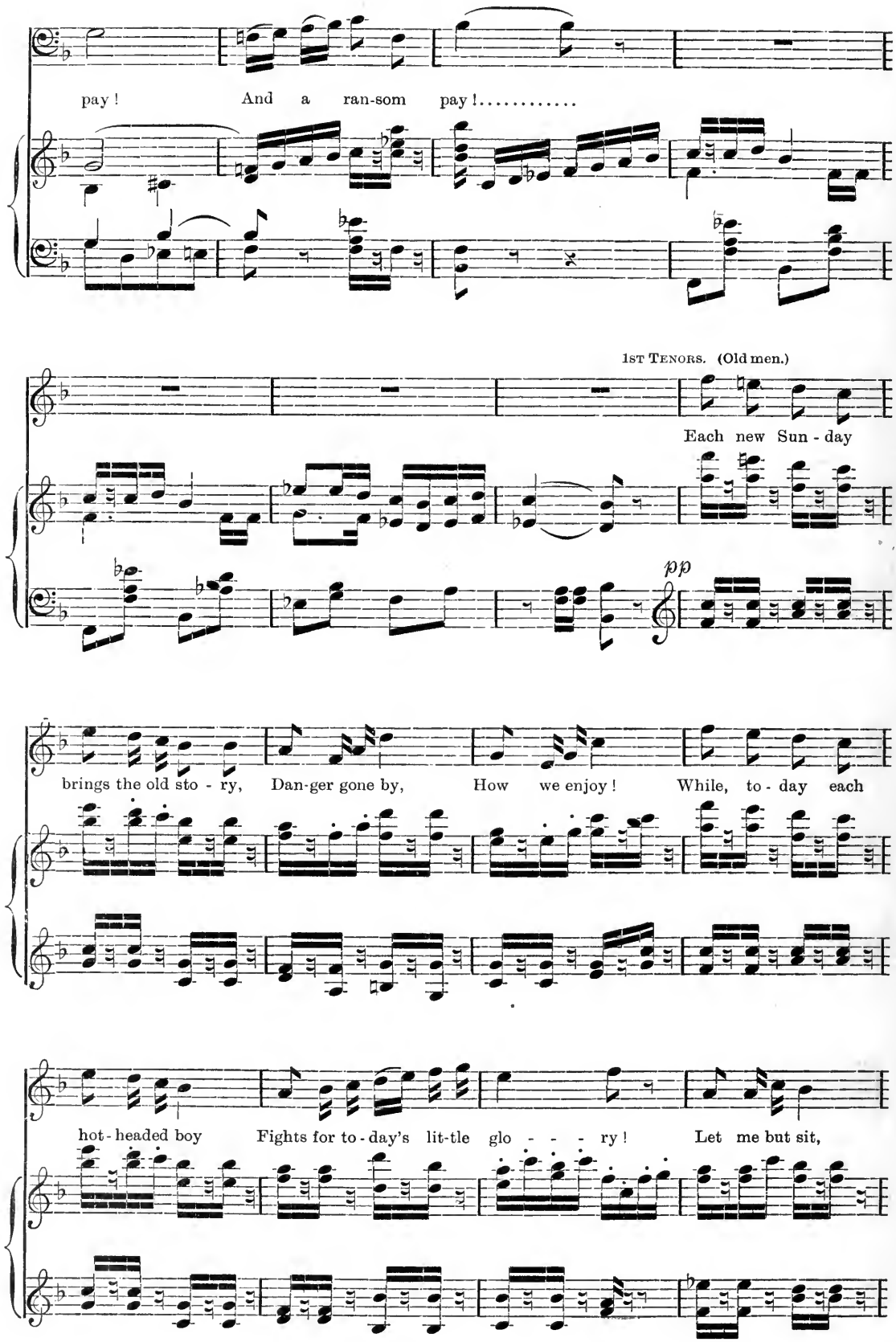
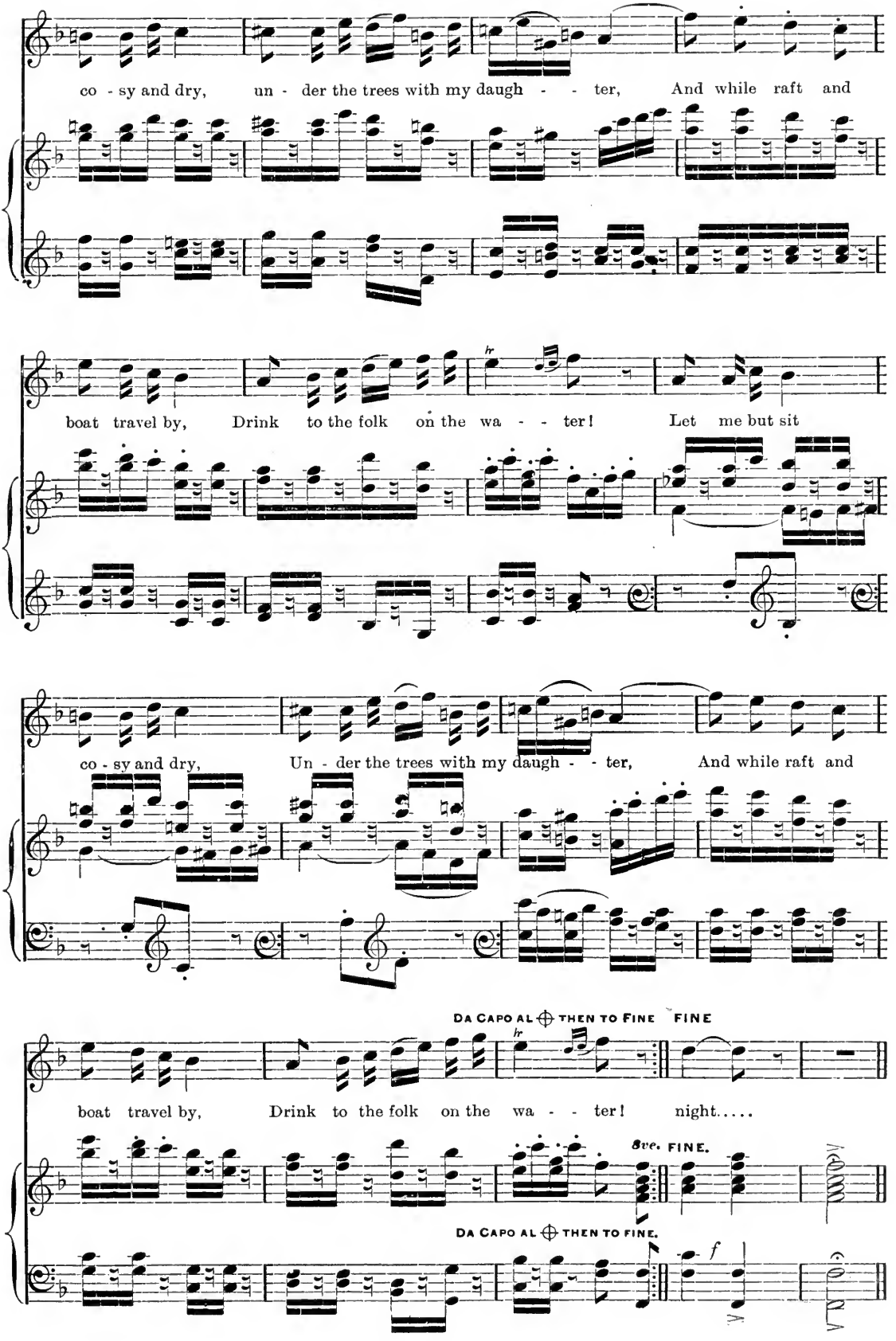
wine? What if the vin - tage Great be or small? Your jol-ly to - per drink-eth of

Solo. (Wagner).

all. Stu - dent vers'd in ev - 'ry bar - rel, Save the one of wa-ter

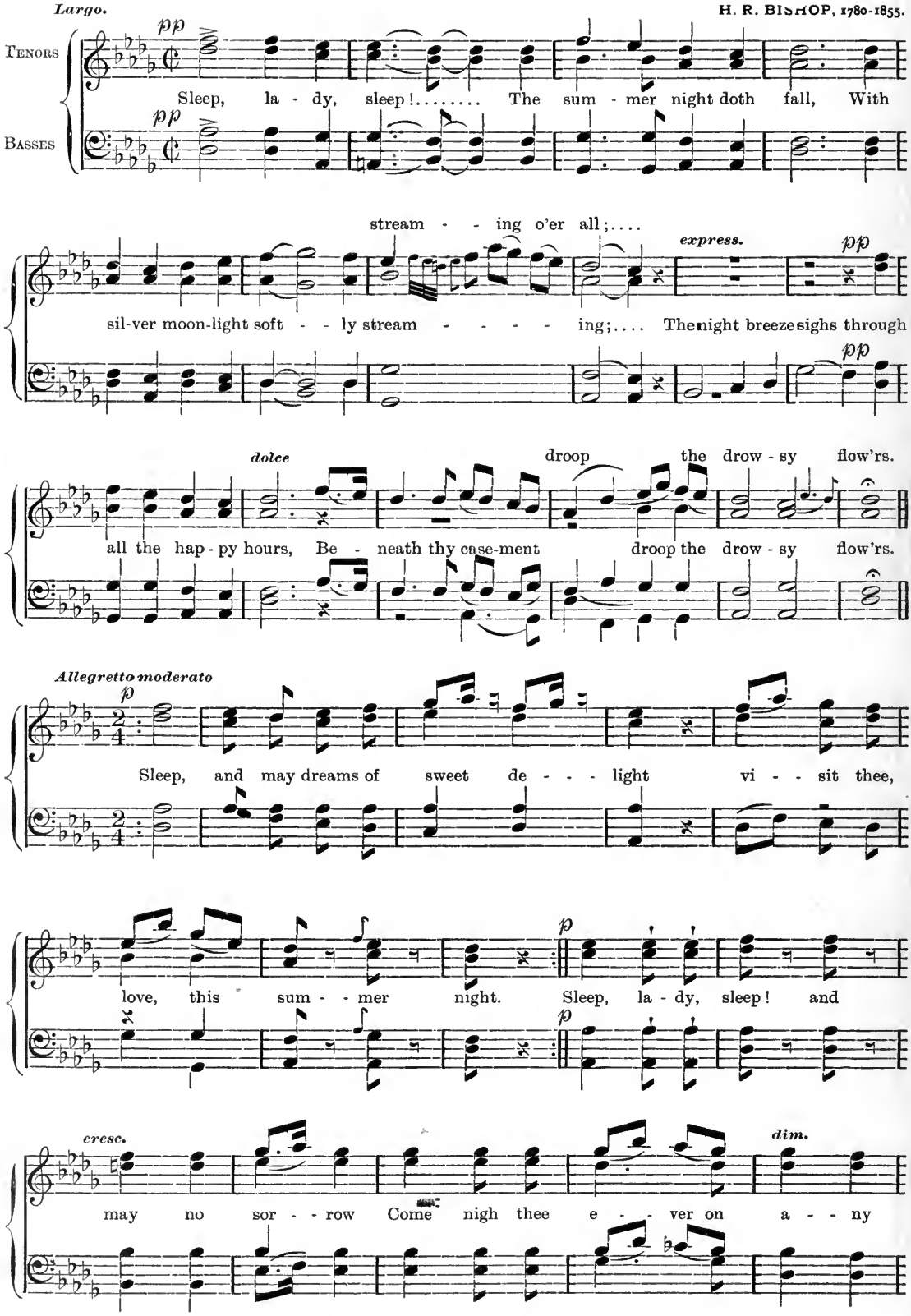
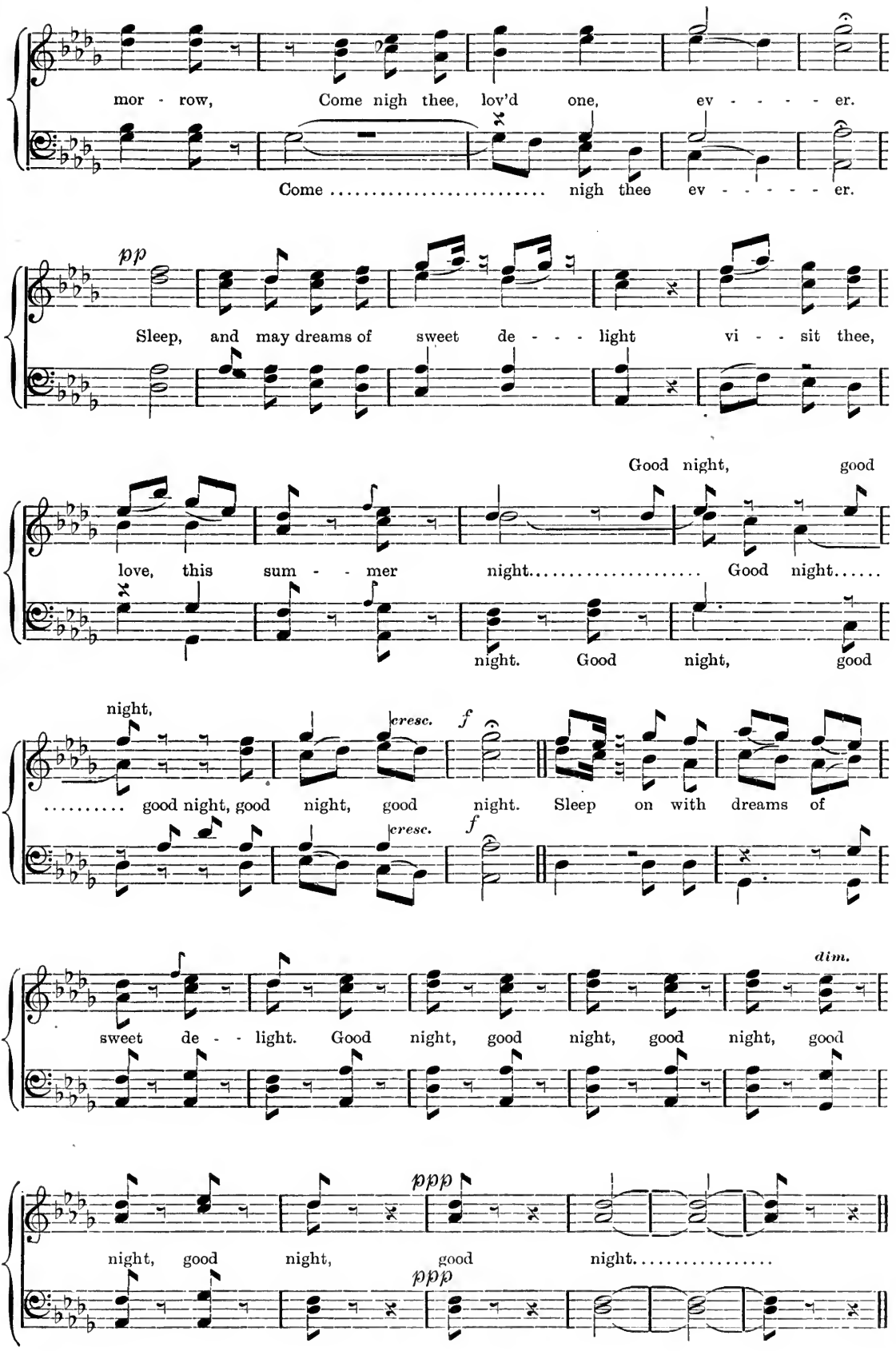
stacc.

white, To thy glo - ry, to thy love, Drink a - way..... to -

* By permission of Messrs. Chappell & Co., London, Eng.

1st Basses.
night ! Stu - dent vers'd in ev - 'ry bar - rel, Save the one of water
white, To thy glo - - ry, to thy love, Drink a - - way..... to-
cres - cen - do. f
night....
p

2ND BASSES. (Soldiers.)
Young girls, an - - - cient cas - tles, They are
cres - cen - do.
all the same; Old towns, dain - - - ty maidens, are a -
like our game; For the he - ro,..... brave and tender, Makes of
ff
both his prey: Both to va-lour..... must sur-ren-der, And a ran-som
f

pay ! And a ran-som pay !.....
1st Tenors. (Old men.)
Each new Sun - day
pp
brings the old sto - ry, Dan-ger gone by, How we enjoy ! While, to - day each
hot - headed boy Fights for to - day's lit-tle glo - - - ry ! Let me but sit,

co - sy and dry, un - der the trees with my daugh - - ter, And while raft and
boat travel by, Drink to the folk on the wa - - ter! Let me but sit
co - sy and dry, Un - der the trees with my daugh - - ter, And while raft and
DA CAPO AL ⊕ THEN TO FINE
FINE
boat travel by, Drink to the folk on the wa - - ter! night.....
8ve.
FINE.
DA CAPO AL ⊕ THEN TO FINE.
f

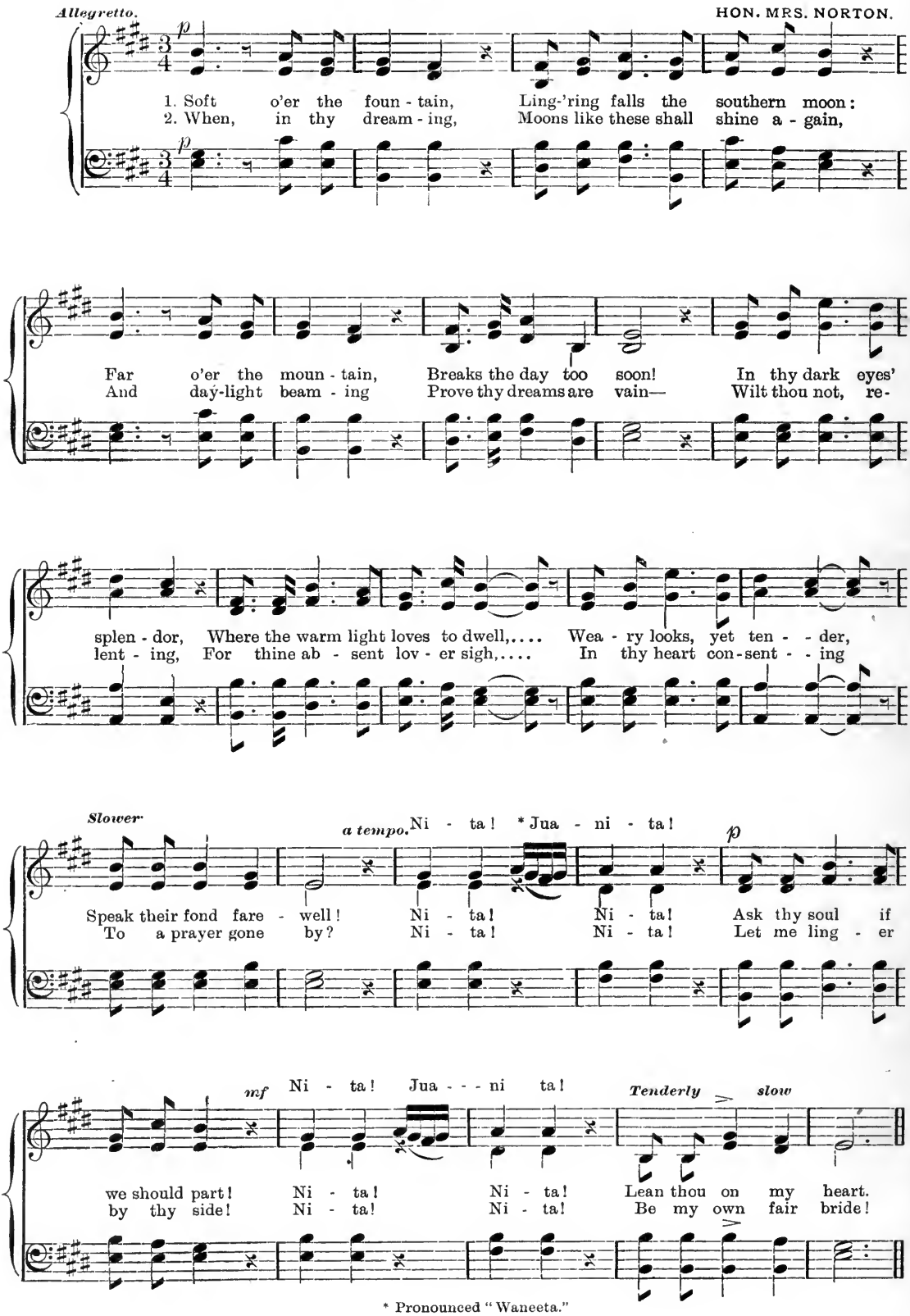
SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP!

SERENADE.

Largo. H. R. BISHOP, 1780-1855.

mor - row, Come nigh thee, lov'd one, ev - - - - - er.
Come ..... nigh thee ev - - - - - er.
pp
Sleep, and may dreams of sweet de - - - light vi - - sit thee,
Good night, good
love, this sum - - mer night..... Good night.....
night. Good night, good
night,
cresc. f
..... good night, good night, good night. Sleep on with dreams of
cresc. f
dim.
sweet de - - light. Good night, good night, good night, good
ppp
night, good night, good night.....
ppp

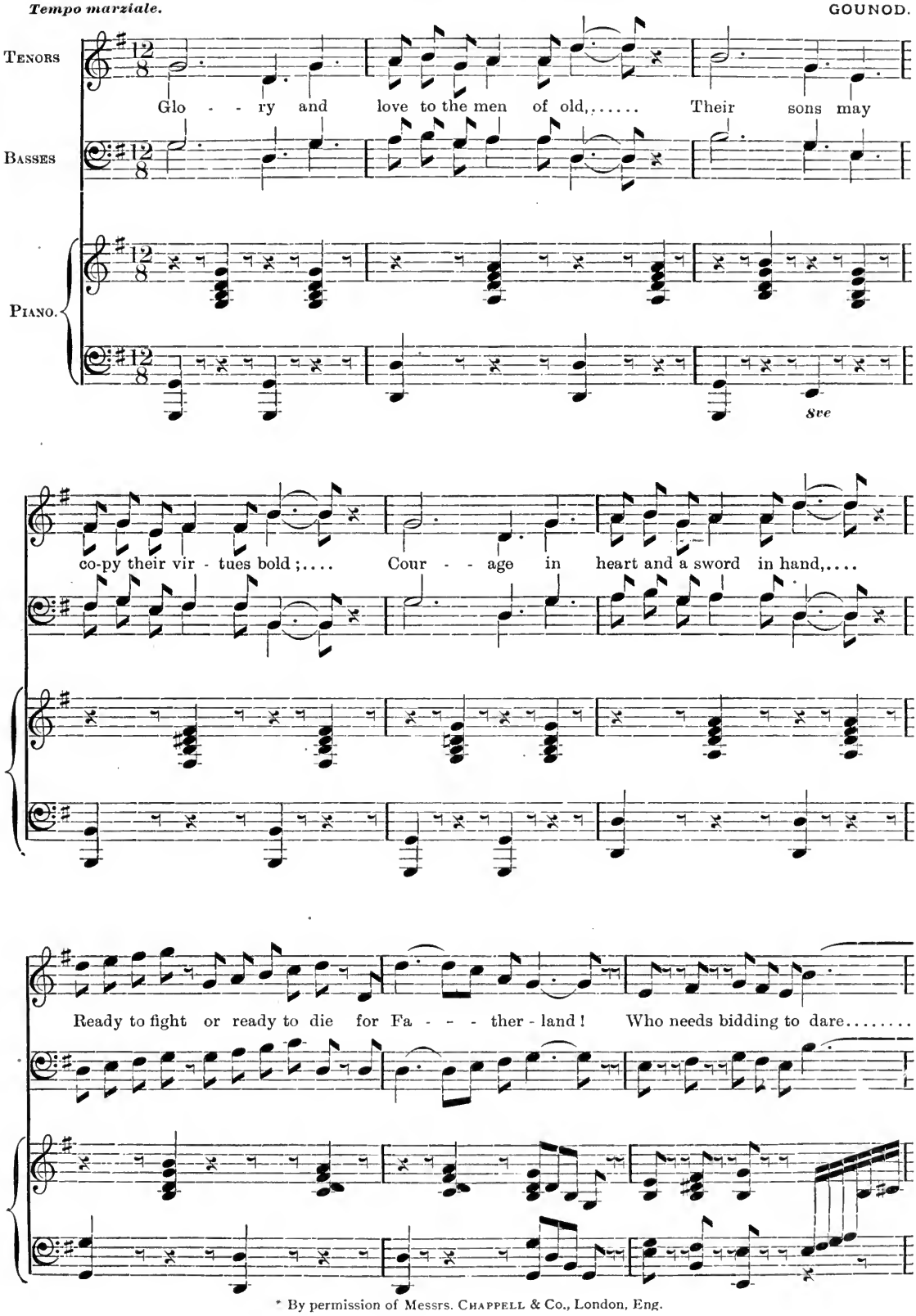
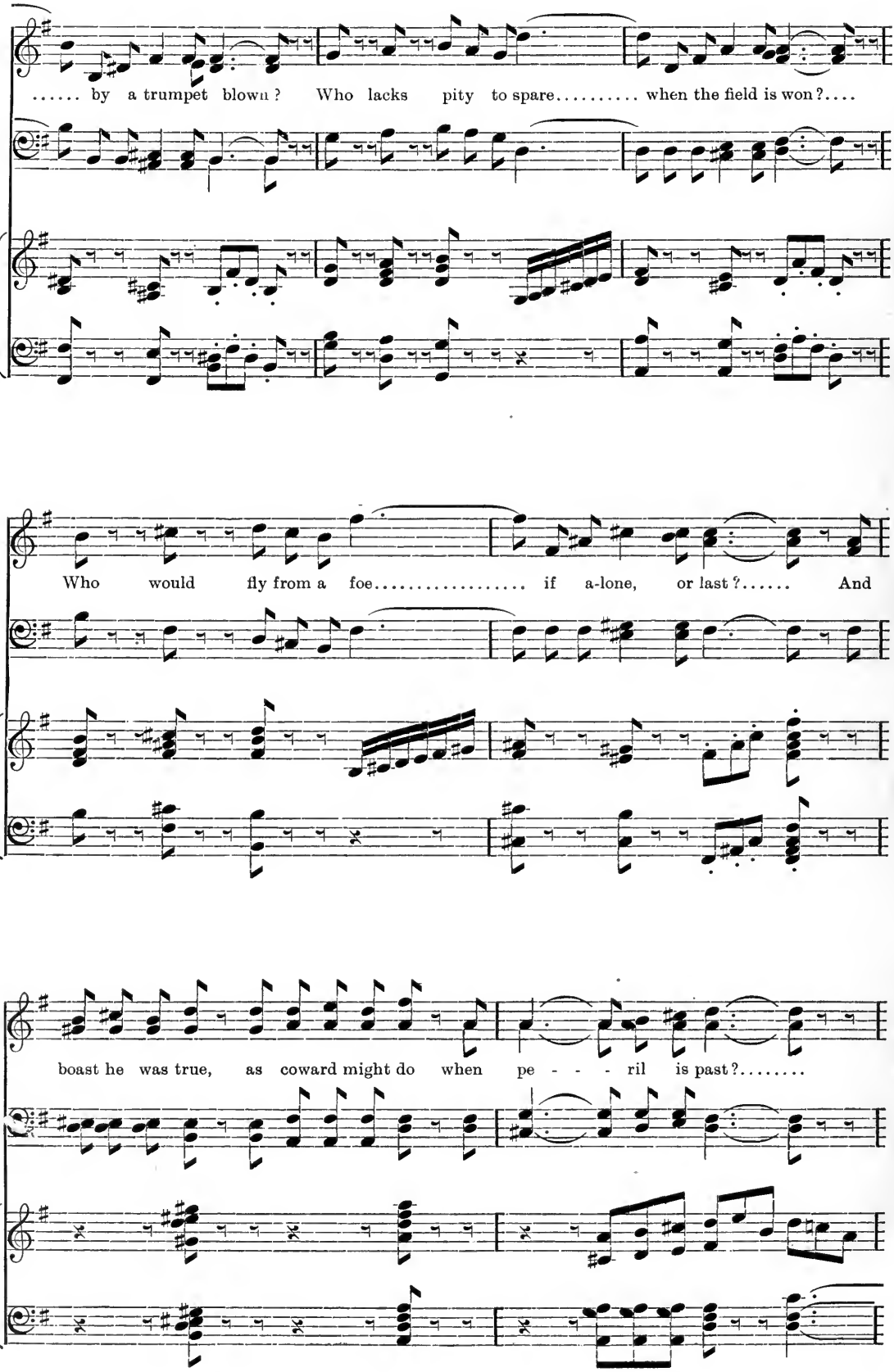
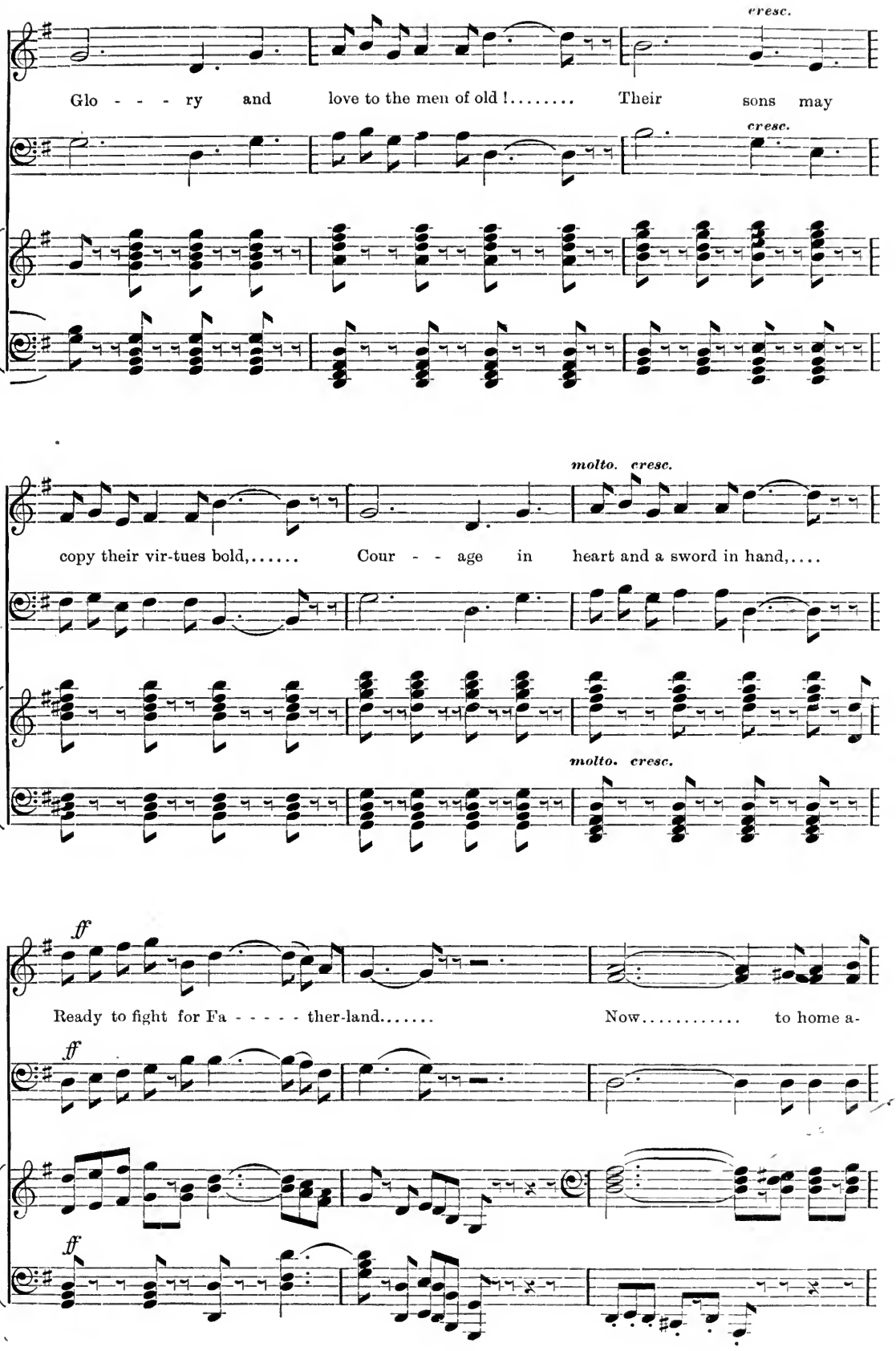
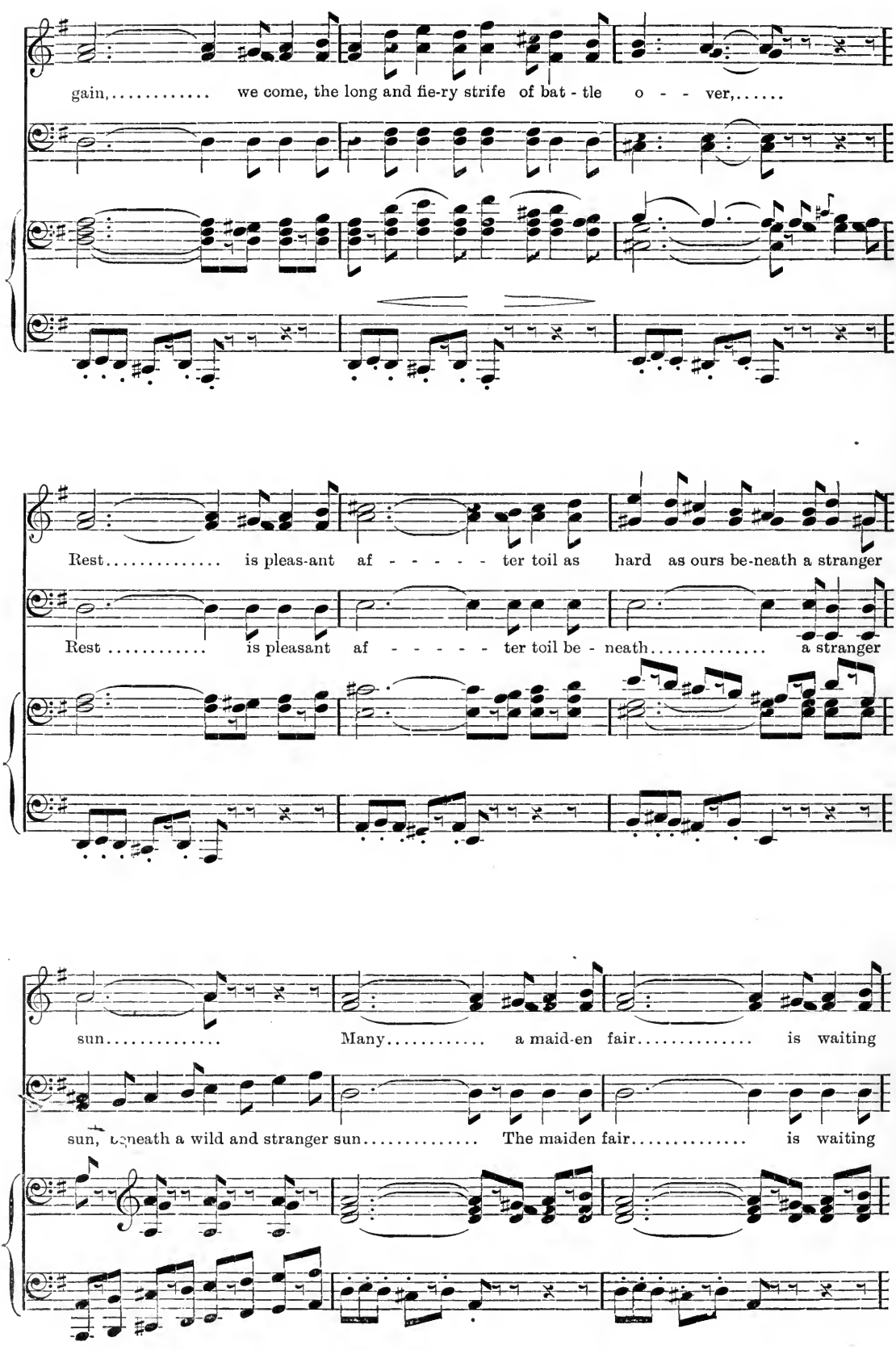
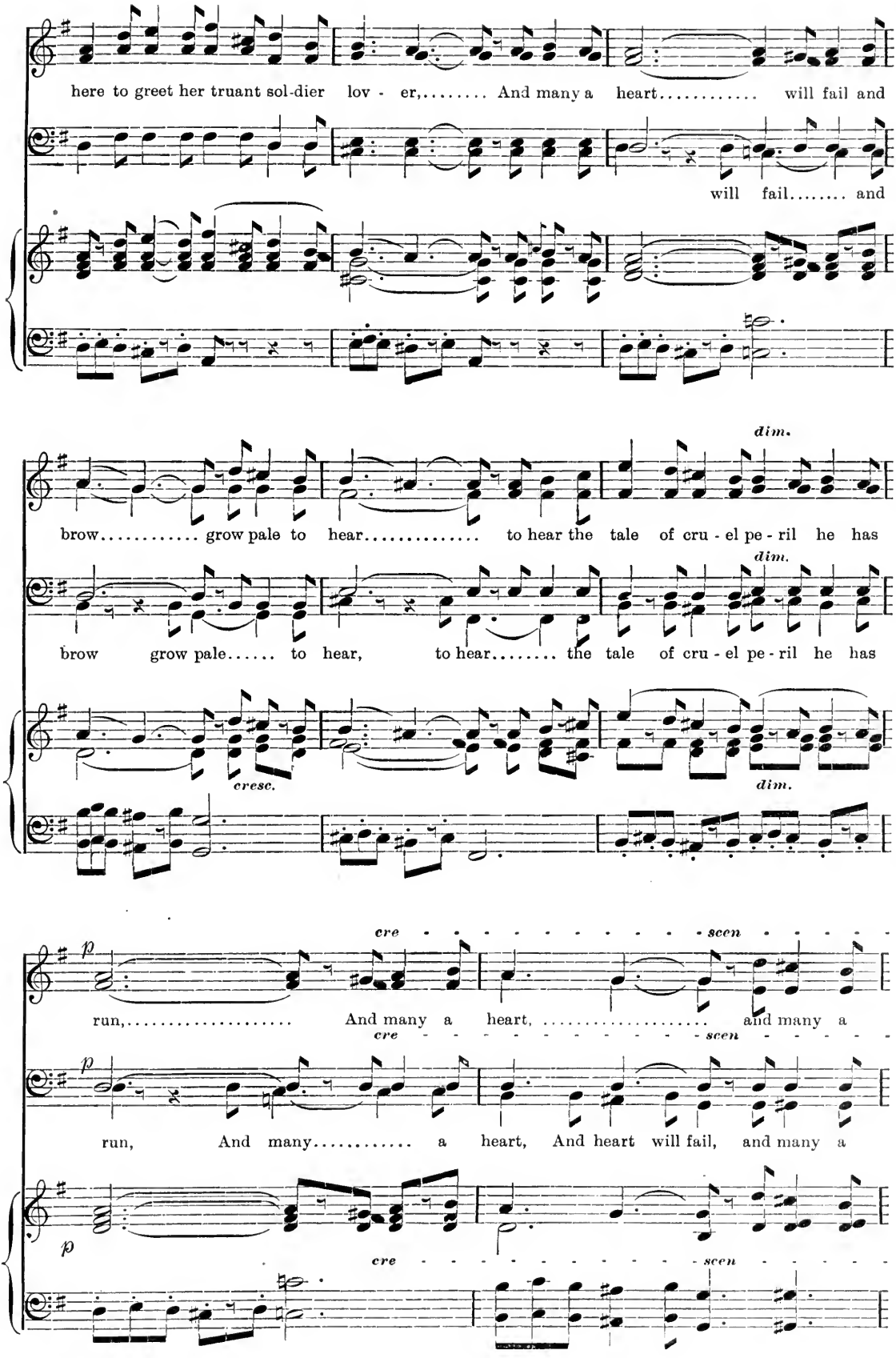
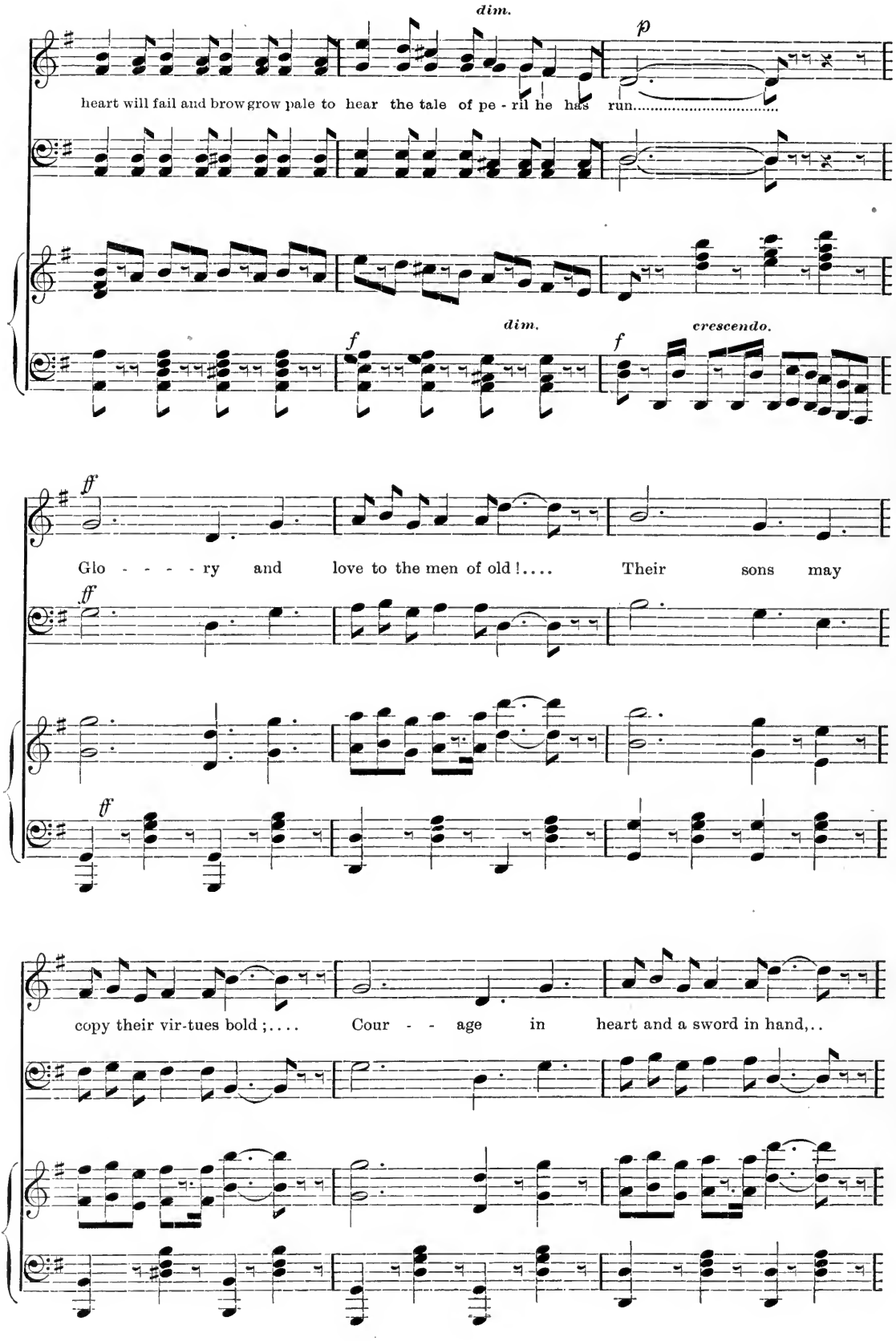
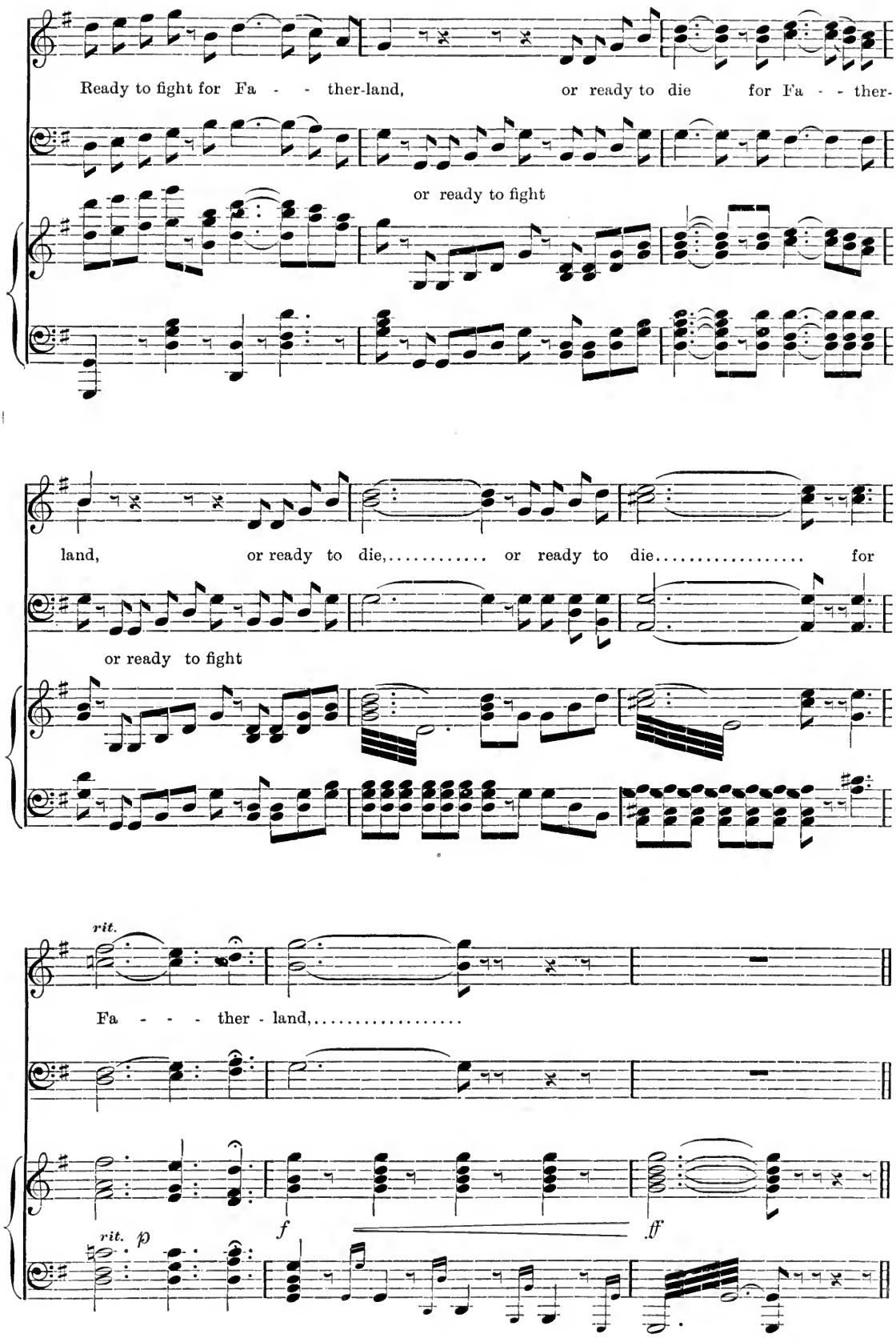
JUANITA.

SPANISH BALLAD.

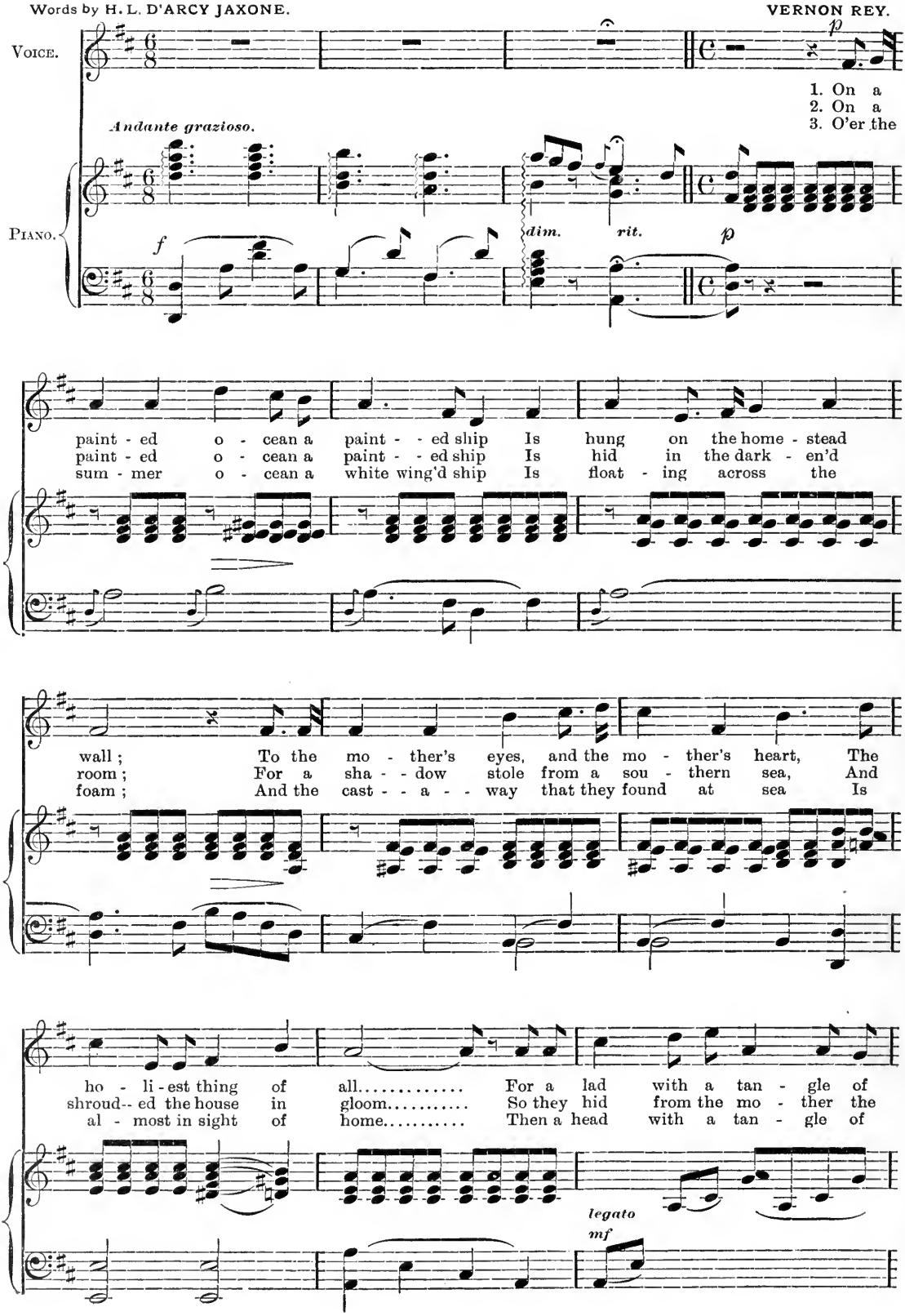
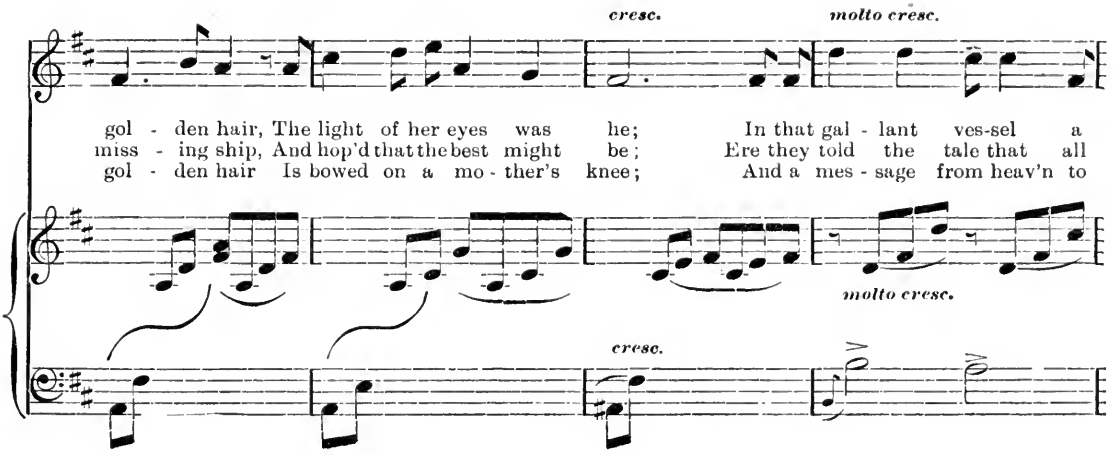
HON. MRS. NORTON.

* Pronounced "Waneeta."

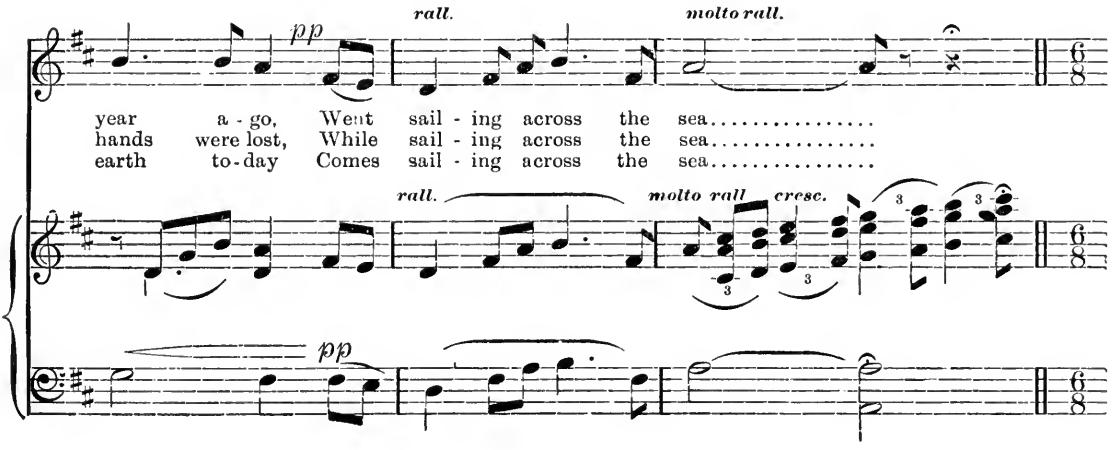
GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.*

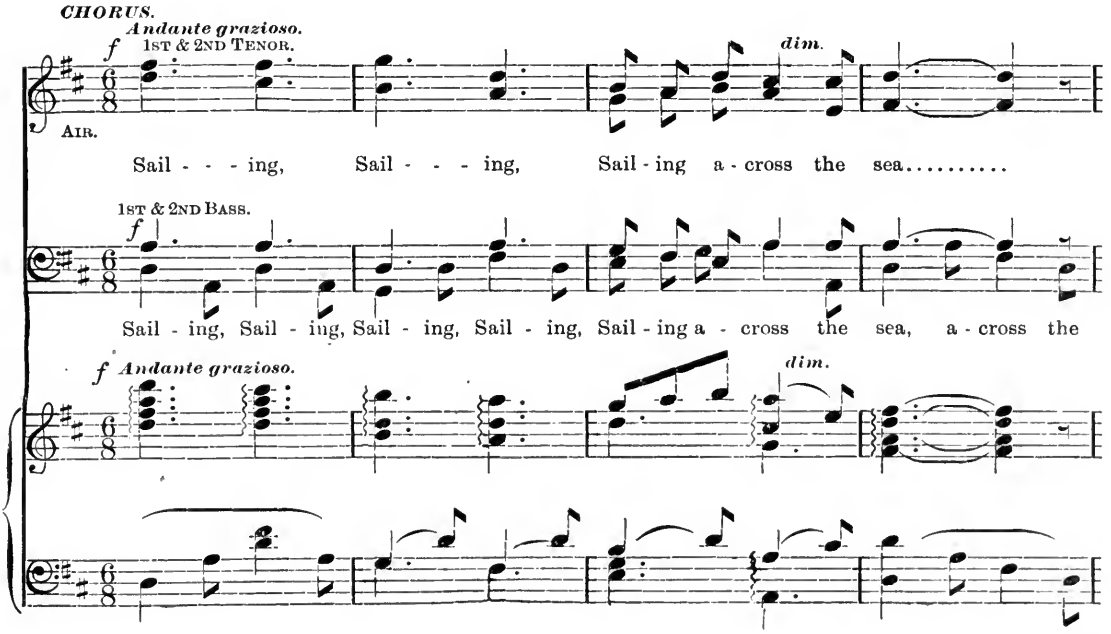
THE CELEBRATED CHORUS OF SOLDIERS IN "FAUST."

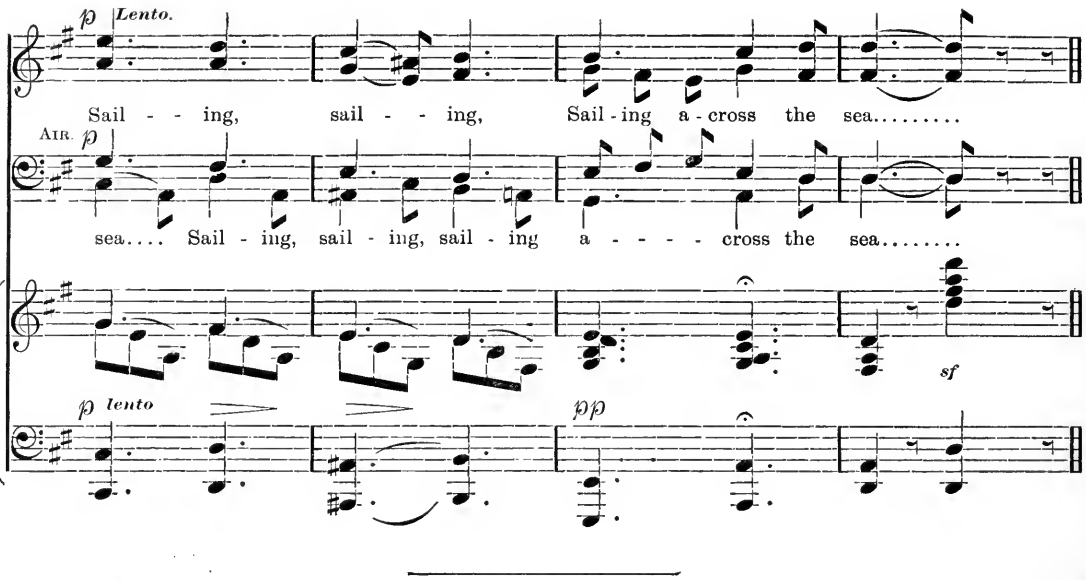
Tempo marziale. GOUNOD.

* By permission of Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., London, Eng.

..... by a trumpet blown? Who lacks pity to spare..... when the field is won?....
Who would fly from a foe..... if a-lone, or last?..... And
boast he was true, as coward might do when pe - - - ril is past?.....

cresc.
Glo - - - ry and love to the men of old !..... Their sons may
cresc.
molto. cresc.
copy their vir-tues bold,..... Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand,....
molto. cresc.
ff
Ready to fight for Fa - - - - - ther-land..... Now..... to home a-
ff
ff

gain,..... we come, the long and fie-ry strife of bat - tle o - - - ver,.....
Rest..... is pleas-ant af - - - - - - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stranger
Rest ..... is pleasant af - - - - - - ter toil be - neath..... a stranger
sun..... Many..... a maid-en fair..... is waiting
sun, beneath a wild and stranger sun..... The maiden fair..... is waiting

here to greet her truant sol-dier lov - er,..... And many a heart..... will fail and
will fail..... and
brow..... grow pale to hear..... to hear the tale of cru - el pe - ril he has
dim.
brow grow pale..... to hear, to hear..... the tale of cru - el pe - ril he has
dim.
cresc.
dim.
p
cre - - - - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - -
run,..... And many a heart, ... and many a
p
cre - - - - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - -
run, And many..... a heart, And heart will fail, and many a
p
cre - - - - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - -

dim.
p
heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear the tale of pe - ril he has run.....
dim.
f
f
crescendo.
ff
Glo - - - - ry and love to the men of old!.... Their sons may
ff
ff
copy their vir-tues bold;.... Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand,..

Ready to fight for Fa - - ther-land, or ready to die for Fa - - ther-
or ready to fight
land, or ready to die,..... or ready to die..... for
or ready to fight
rit.
Fa - - - ther - land,.....
rit. p
f
ff

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

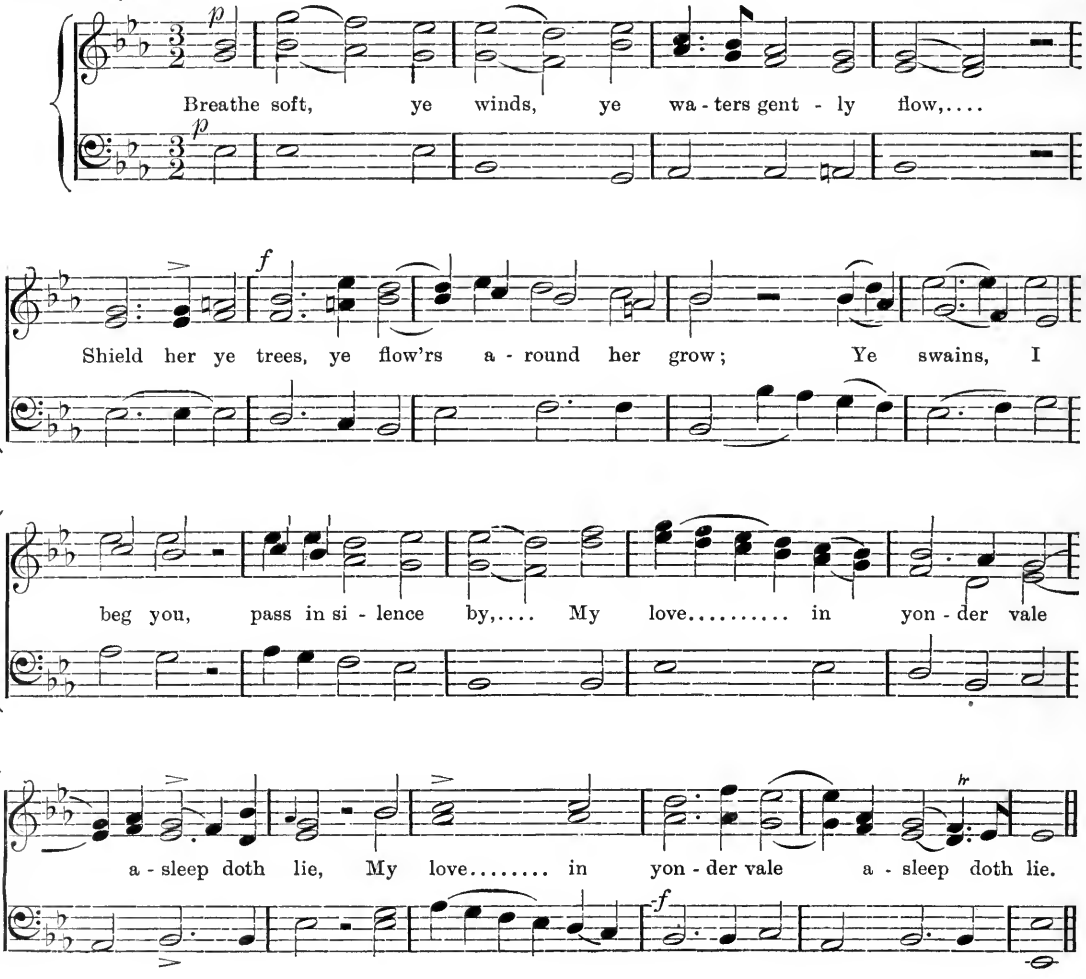
Words by H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE. VERNON REY.

cresc.
molto cresc.
gol - den hair, The light of her eyes was he;
miss - ing ship, And hop'd that the best might be;
gol - den hair Is bowed on a mo - ther's knee;
In that gal - lant ves-sel a
Ere they told the tale that all
And a mes - sage from heav'n to
molto cresc.
cresc.


pp
rall.
molto rall.
year a - go, Went sail - ing across the sea.....
hands were lost, While sail - ing across the sea.....
earth to-day Comes sail - ing across the sea.....
rall.
molto rall
cresc.
pp

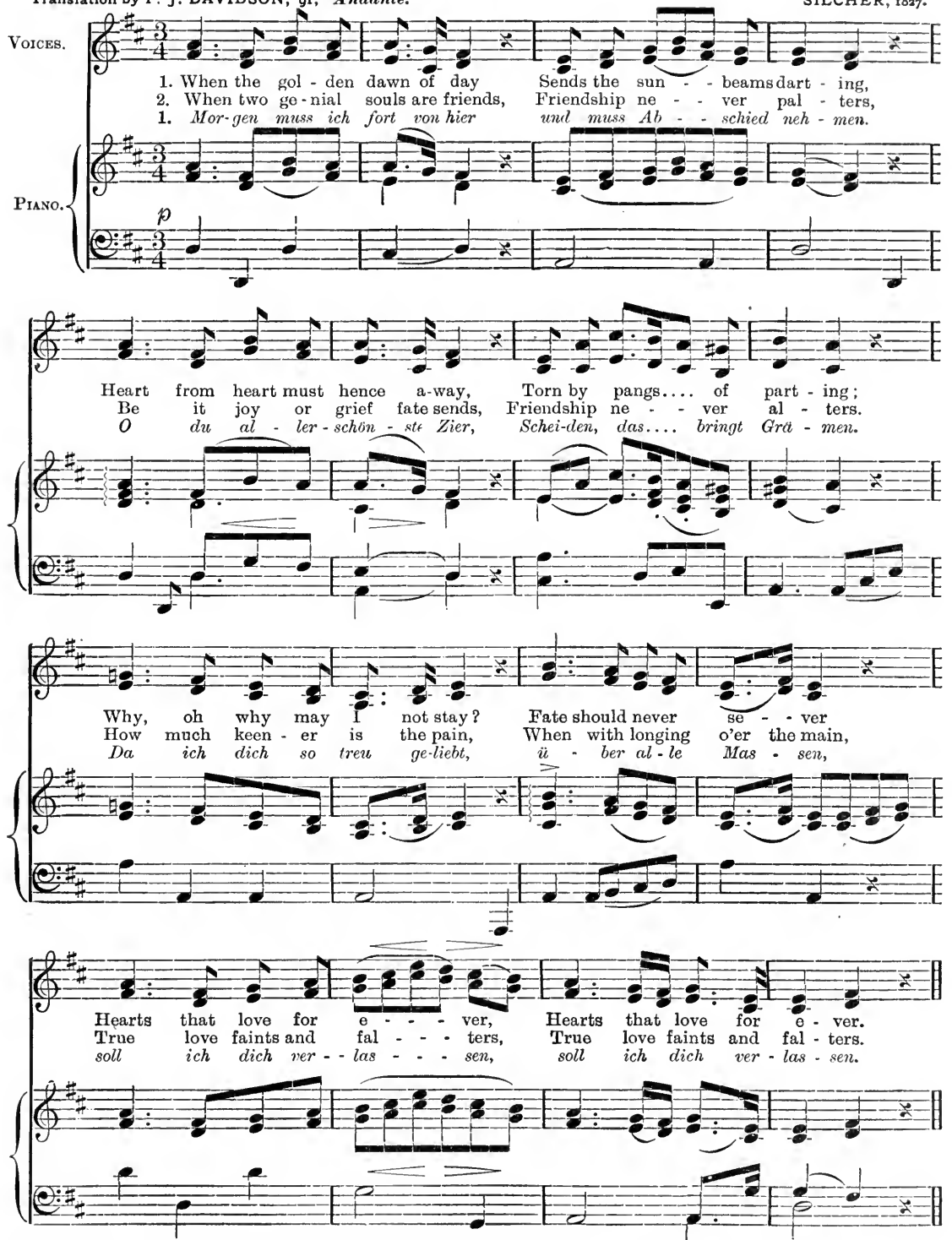

CHORUS.
Andante grazioso.
f
1ST & 2ND TENOR.
dim.
AIR.
Sail - - - ing, Sail - - - ing, Sail - ing a - cross the sea.....
1ST & 2ND BASS.
f
Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing a - cross the sea, a - cross the
f Andante grazioso.
dim.



BREATHE SOFT, YE WINDS.

Andante affettuoso. WILLIAM PAXTON, 1781.

FAREWELL.

Volkslied, known in 1690.
Translation by F. J. DAVIDSON, '91, *Andante.*

SILCHER, 1827.

3. Shall I then my whole life through
Leave my hopes behind me?
In strange lands so far from you
Joy can never find me.
If I've ever grieved you, sweet,
Pardon, I am at your feet,
Love and sorrow bind me.

2. Wenn zwei gute Freunde sind,
Die einander kennen—
Sonn' und Mond bewegen sich
Ehe sie sich trennen.
Wie viel grösser ist der Schmerz,
Wenn ein treu verliebtes Herz
In die Fremde ziehet!

3. Dort auf jener grünen Au'
Steht mein jung frisch Leben;
Soll ich denn mein Lebenlang
In der Fremde schweben?
Hab' ich dir was Leids gethan,
Bitt' dich woll's vergessen,
Denn es geht zu Ende.

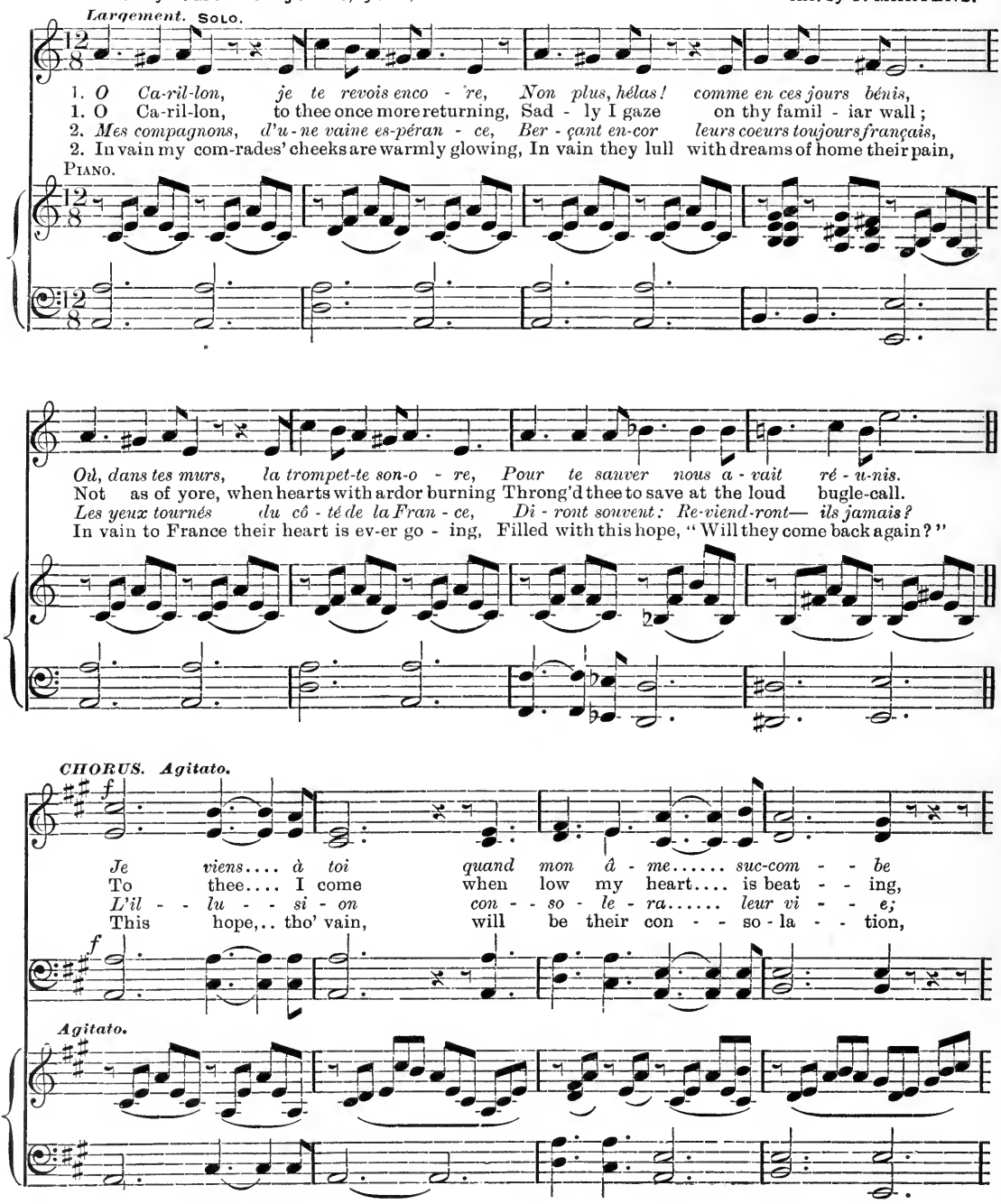
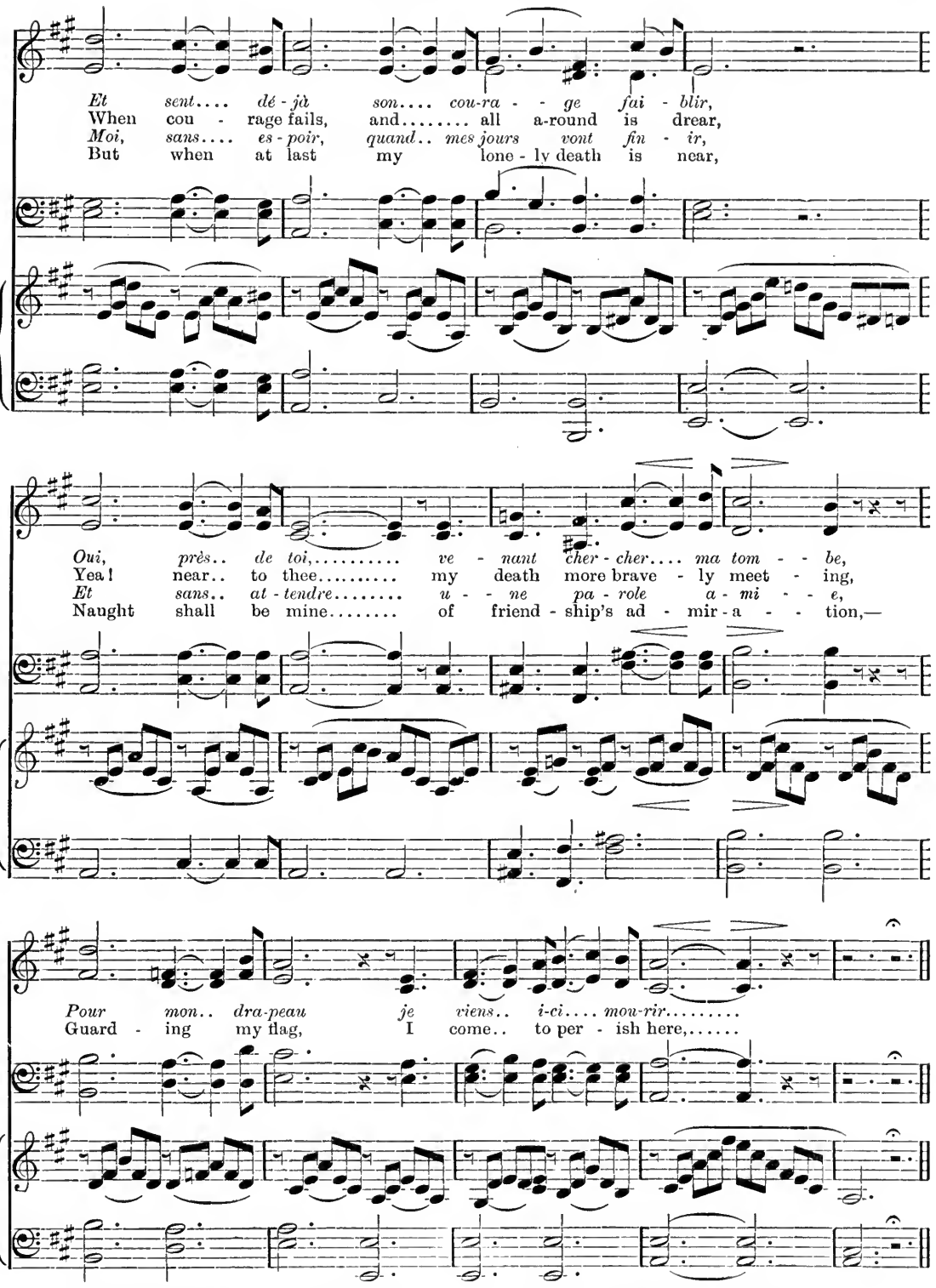
4. Fancy it a sigh from me,
If the breeze but kiss you,
From across the sundering sea
Come to tell I miss you;
Hopes are past that were to be.
Still my soul is yearning—
Is there no returning?

4. *Küsset dir ein Lüftelein*
Wangen oder Hände;
Denke, dass es Seufzer sei'n,
Die ich zu dir sende.
Tausend schick' ich täglich aus,
Die da wehen um dein Haus,
Weil ich dein gedenke.

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

At Carillon (now Ticonderoga), on Lake Champlain, Montcalm in 1758 drove back the English forces under General Abercrombie. A French soldier, after a vain attempt to rouse his nation to a sense of the danger in which their possessions on this continent were placed, returns to the scene of his former victory, and is supposed there to give utterance to the words of the song.

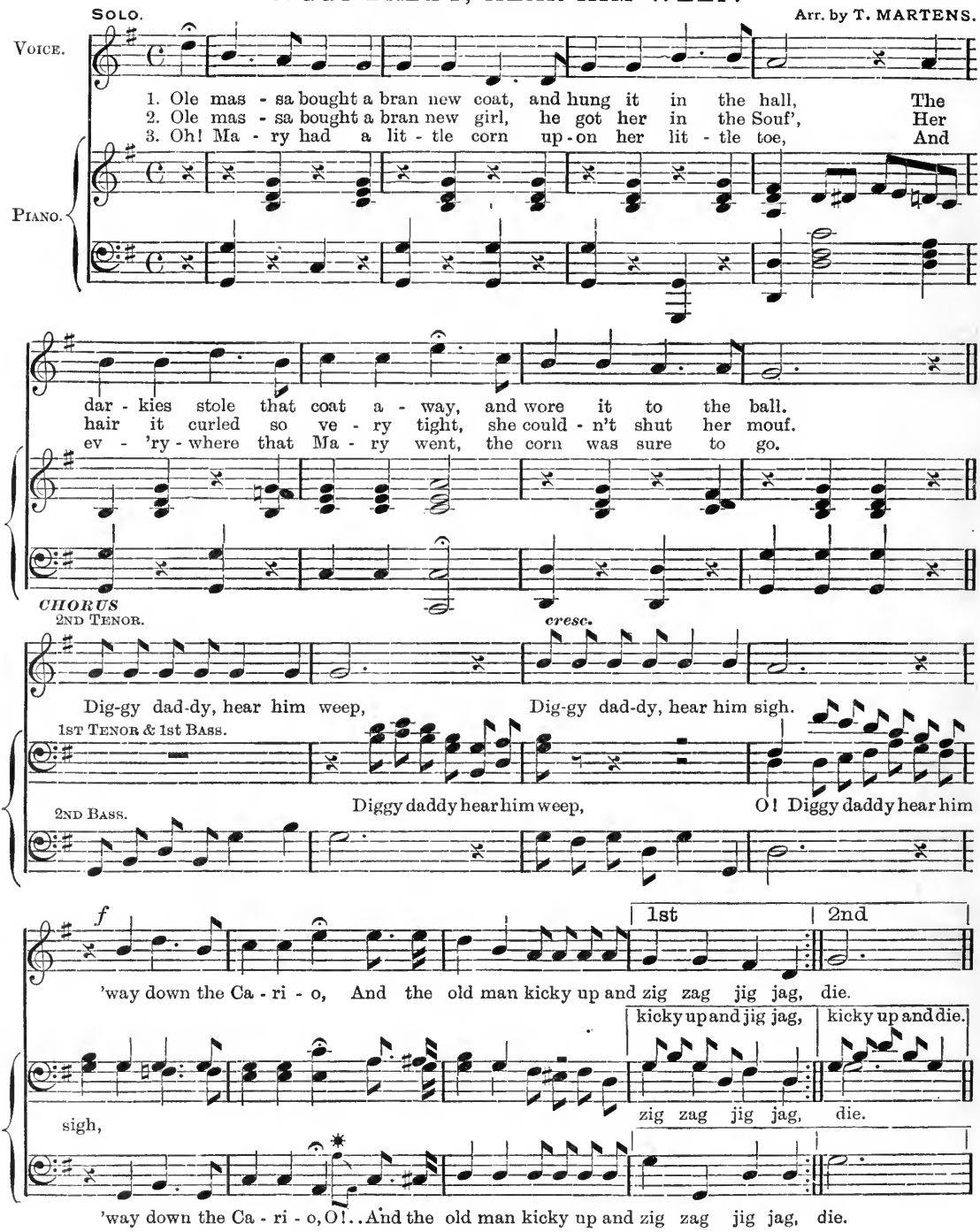
Words by OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE.
Translation by B. MORTON JONES, '91.

CHARLES W. SABATIER.
Arr. by T. MARTENS.

3. *Cet étendard, qu'au grand jour des batailles,*
Noble Montcalm, tu plaças dans ma main,
Cet étendard qu'aux portes de Versailles,
Naguère, hélas! je déployais en vain,
Je te remets aux champs où de ta gloire
Vivra toujours l'immortel souvenir,
Et dans ma tombe emportant ta mémoire,
Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

4. *Qu'ils sont heureux ceux qui dans la mêlée*
Près de Lévis moururent en soldats!
En expirant, leur âme consolée,
Voyait la gloire adoucir leur trépas.
Vous qui dormez dans votre froide bière,
Vous que j'implore à mon dernier soupir,
Réveillez-vous! Apportant ma bannière,
Sur vos tombeaux, je viens ici mourir.

3. Noble Montcalm, thou gavest me this standard,
'Midst shot and shell upon the battle plain,
Bearing it, lately to Versailles I wandered,
But there, alas! I unfurled it in vain.
Back now I place it where the recollection
Of thy great deeds shall ne'er fade or grow sere,
And unto death shall last my deep affection,—
Guarding my flag I come to perish here.

4. Thrice happy they to whom by fate 'twas given
'Mid the brave throng near Levi's height to die,
For them the cloud by one glad ray was riven,
Glory could sweeten their sad destiny.
Ye who now slumber till the great awaking,
On whom I call with dying accents clear,—
Awake! my banner in my hand I'm taking,
Upon your graves I come to perish here.

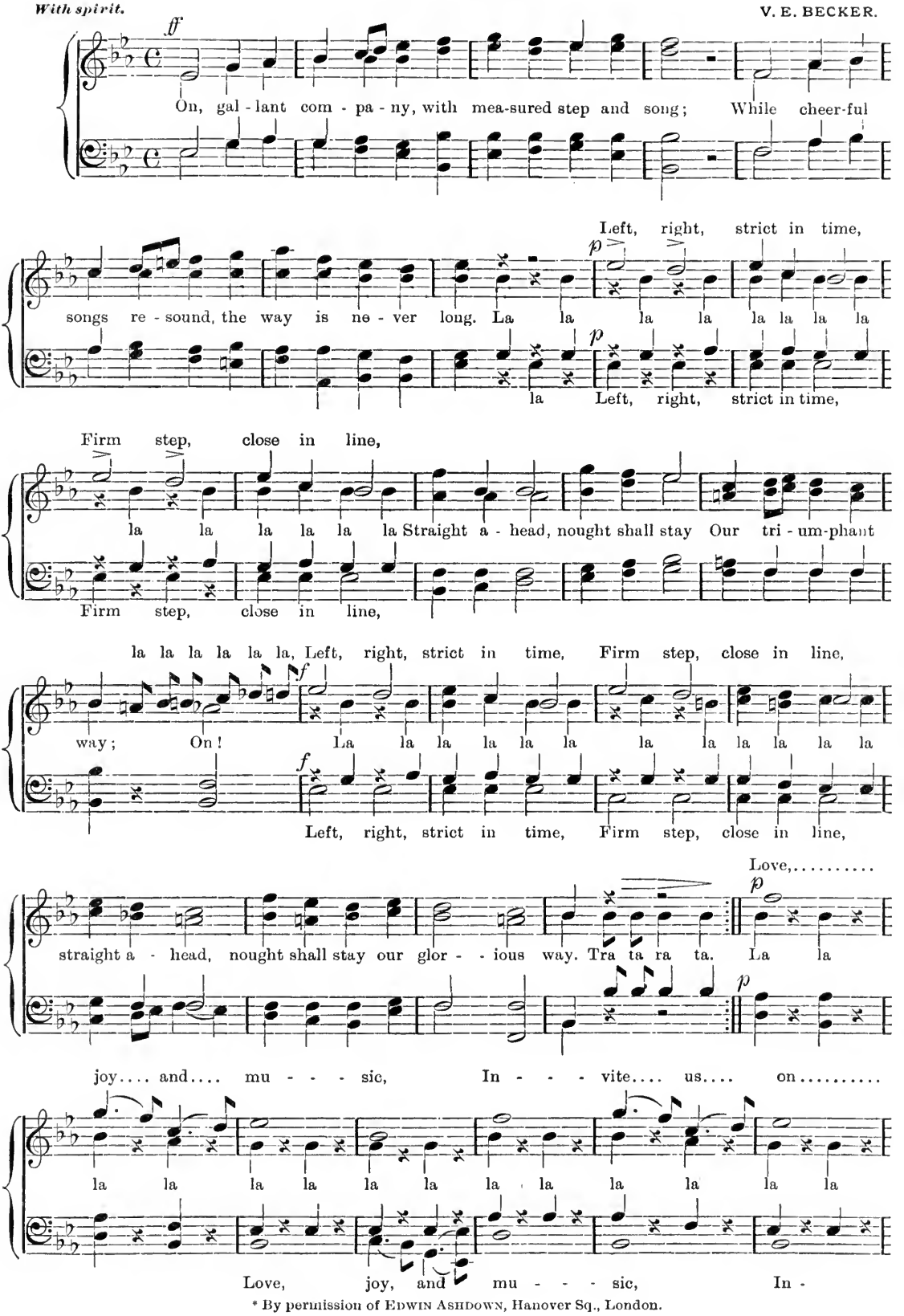
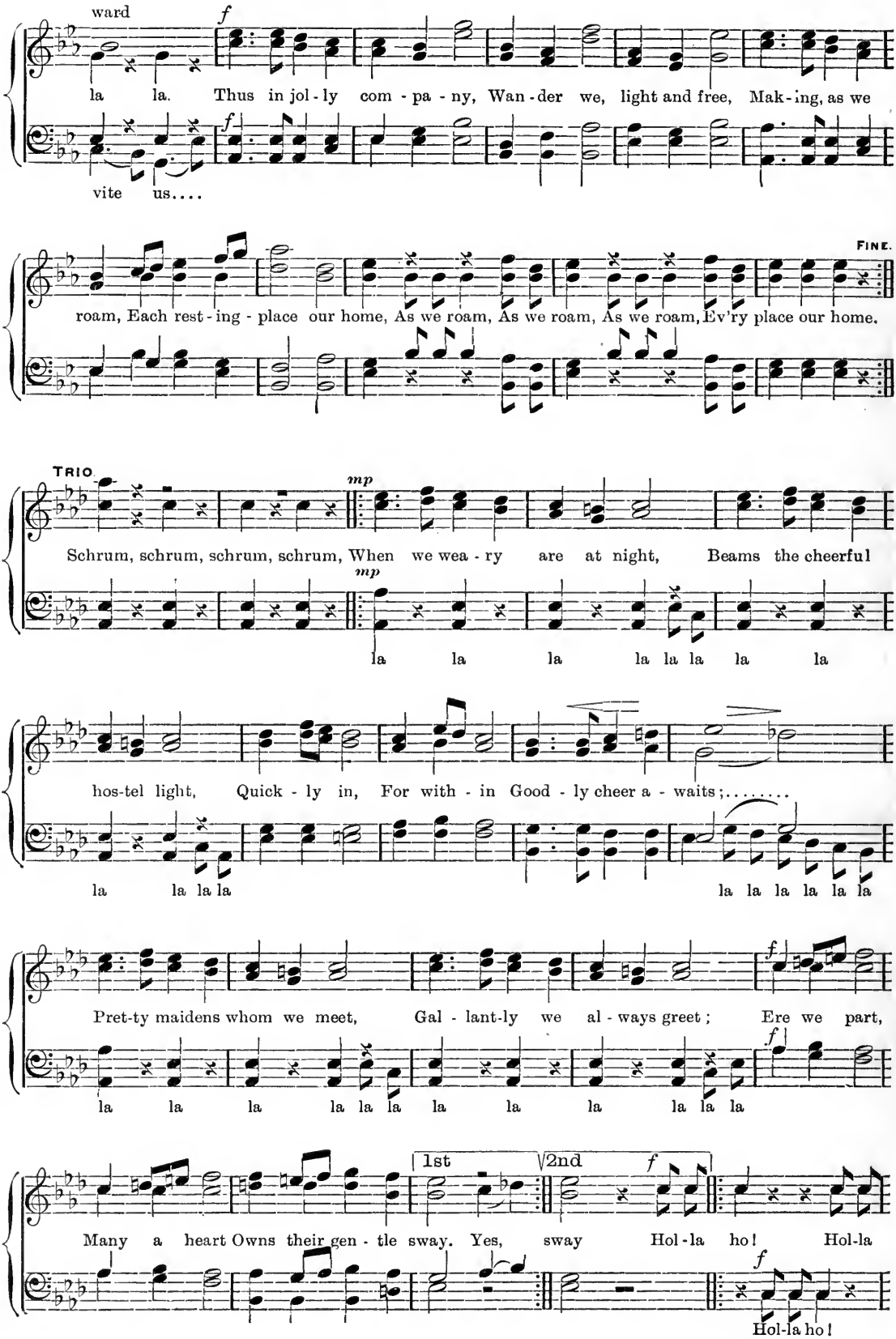
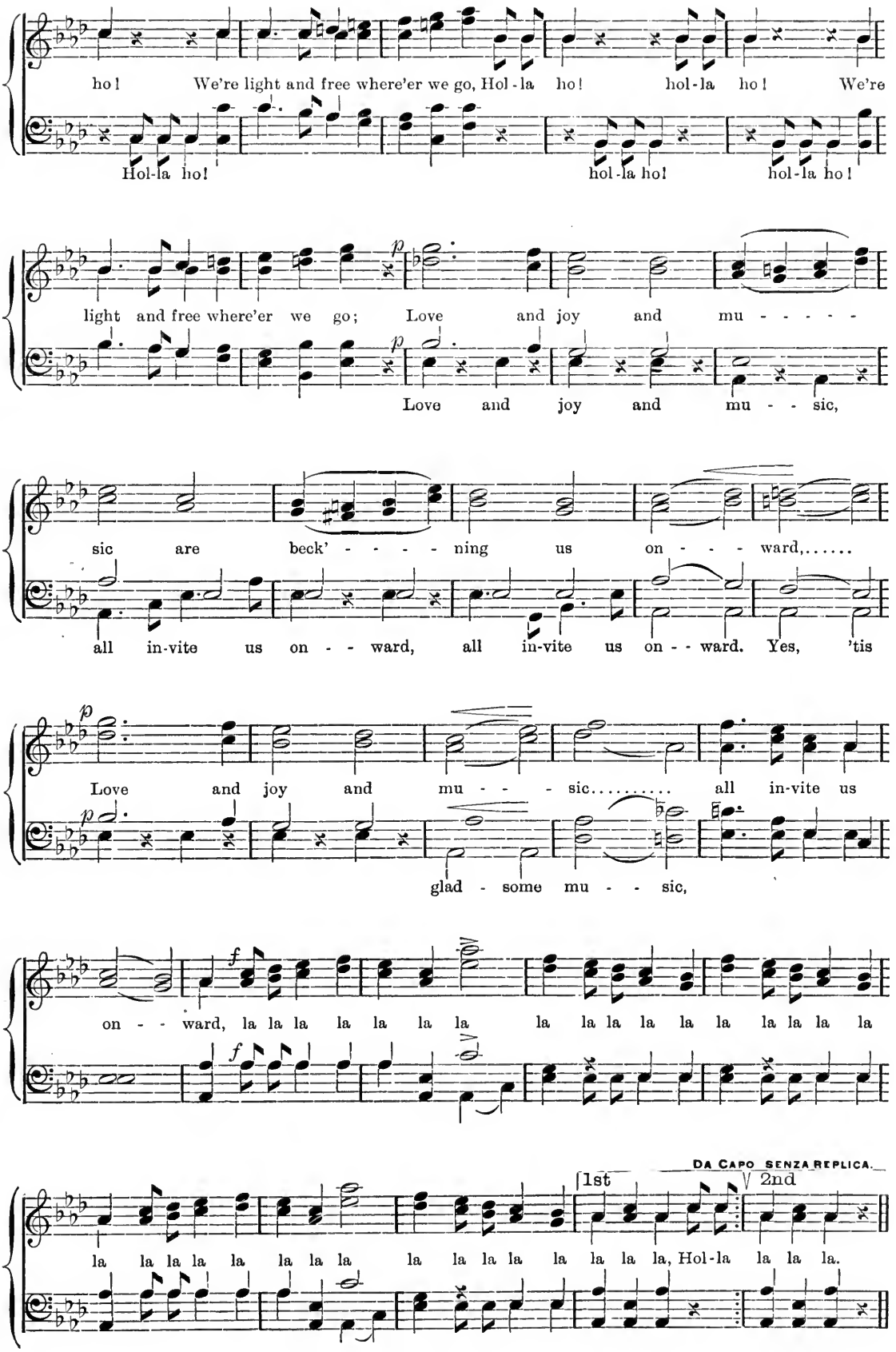
DIGGY-DADDY, HEAR HIM WEEP.

4. It followed her to jail one day, for Mary she drank rum,—
Now's her chance to pare that corn for thirty days to come.

5. Old Abram's charming daughter bold, sweet "Mamie of the Vale,"
Along with old Bob Ridley playing teeter on a rail.

6. The old man's got a bull-dog fierce, his daughter she is fine,
† His boots are on, his bull-dog loose at a quarter after nine.

* Groaning. † Some MSS. read "He turns the gas and the bulldog out at a quarter after nine."

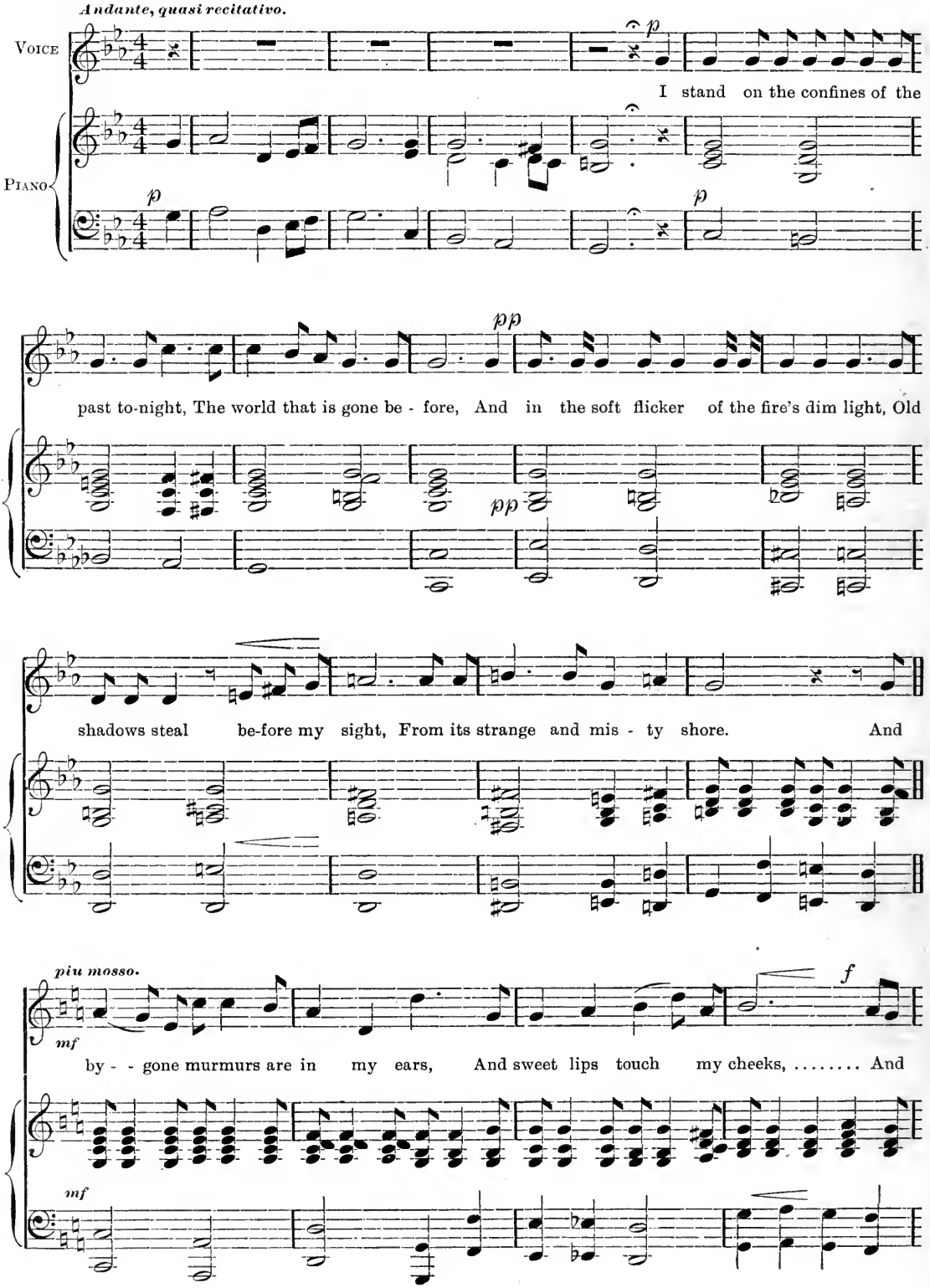
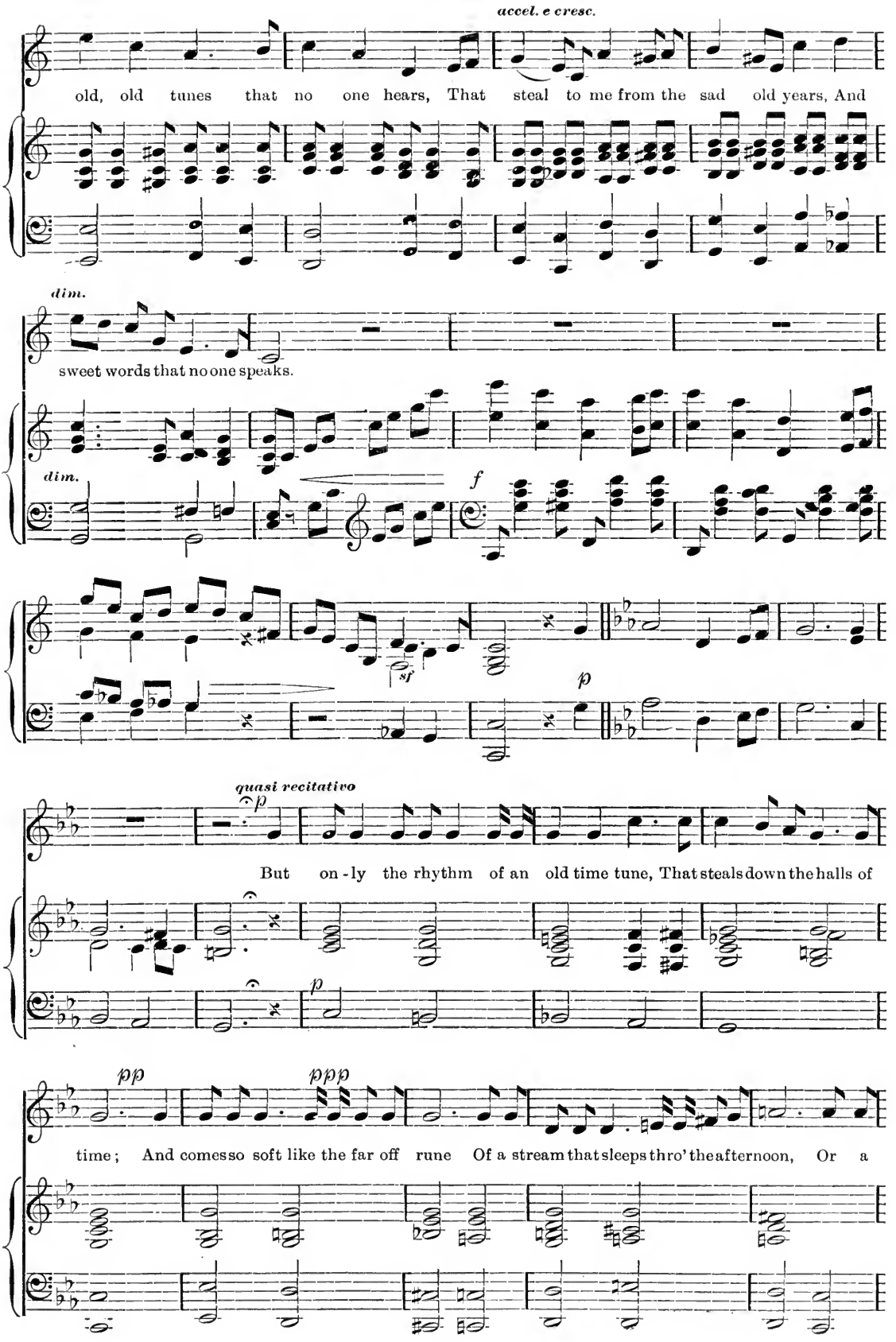
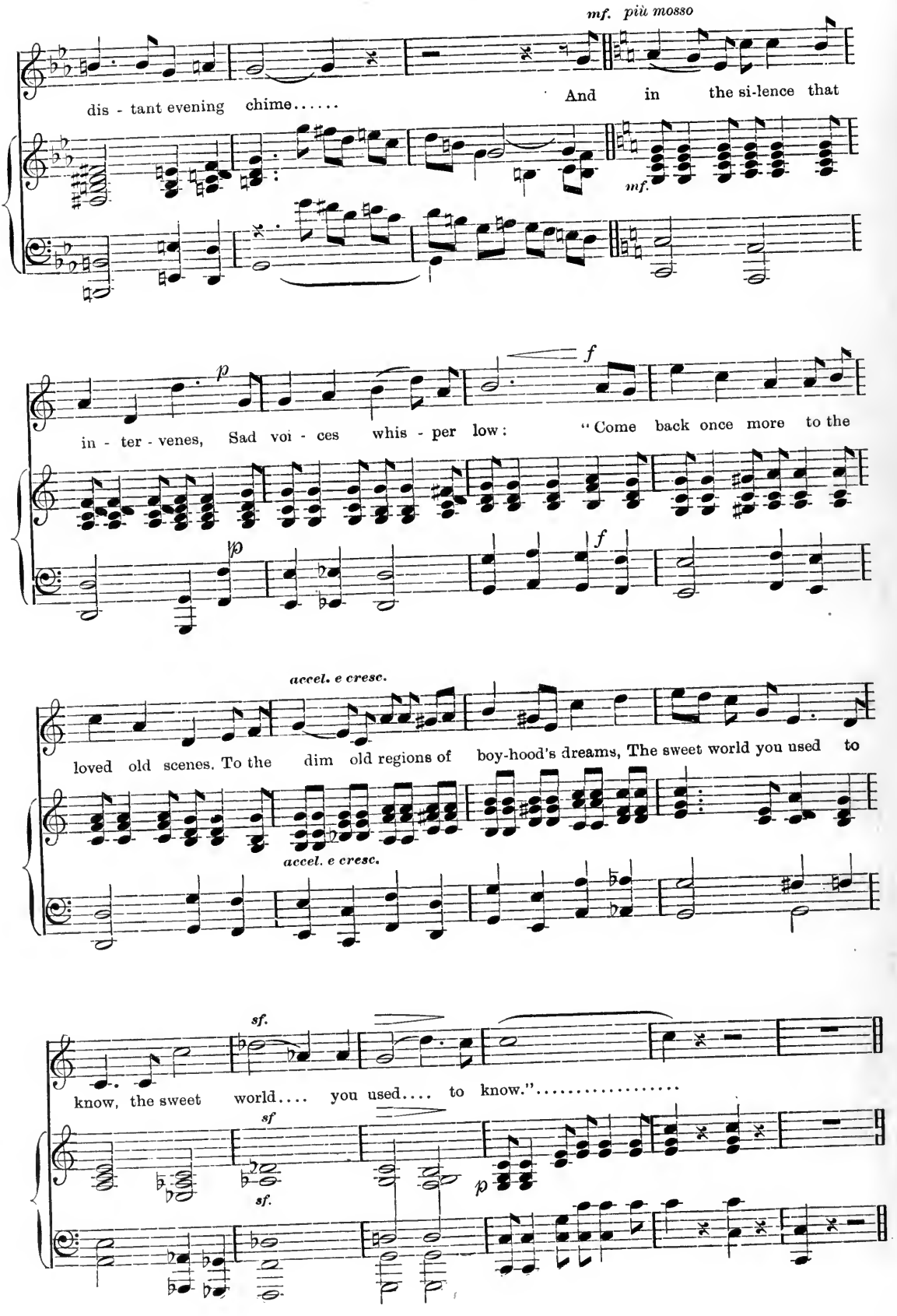
CHORAL MARCH. *

With spirit. V. E. BECKER.

* By permission of EDWIN ASHDOWN, Hanover Sq., London.

ward
f
la la. Thus in jol - ly com - pa - ny, Wan - der we, light and free, Mak - ing, as we
f
vite us....
FINE.
roam, Each rest - ing - place our home, As we roam, As we roam, As we roam, Ev'ry place our home.
TRIO.
mp
Schrum, schrum, schrum, schrum, When we wea - ry are at night, Beams the cheerful
mp
la la la la la la la la
hos-tel light, Quick - ly in, For with - in Good - ly cheer a - waits;.....
la la la la la la la la la la
Pret-ty maidens whom we meet, Gal - lant-ly we al - ways greet; Ere we part,
f
la la la la la la la la la la la la
1st
2nd
f
Many a heart Owns their gen - tle sway. Yes, sway Hol - la ho! Hol-la
f
Hol-la ho!

ho! We're light and free where'er we go, Hol-la ho! hol-la ho! We're
Hol-la ho! hol-la ho! hol-la ho!
light and free where'er we go; Love and joy and mu - - - - -
Love and joy and mu - - sic,
sic are beck' - - - - ning us on - - - ward,.....
all in-vite us on - - ward, all in-vite us on - - ward. Yes, 'tis
Love and joy and mu - - - sic..... all in-vite us
glad - some mu - - sic,
on - - ward, la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Hol-la la la la.
DA CAPO SENZA REPLICA.
1st
2nd

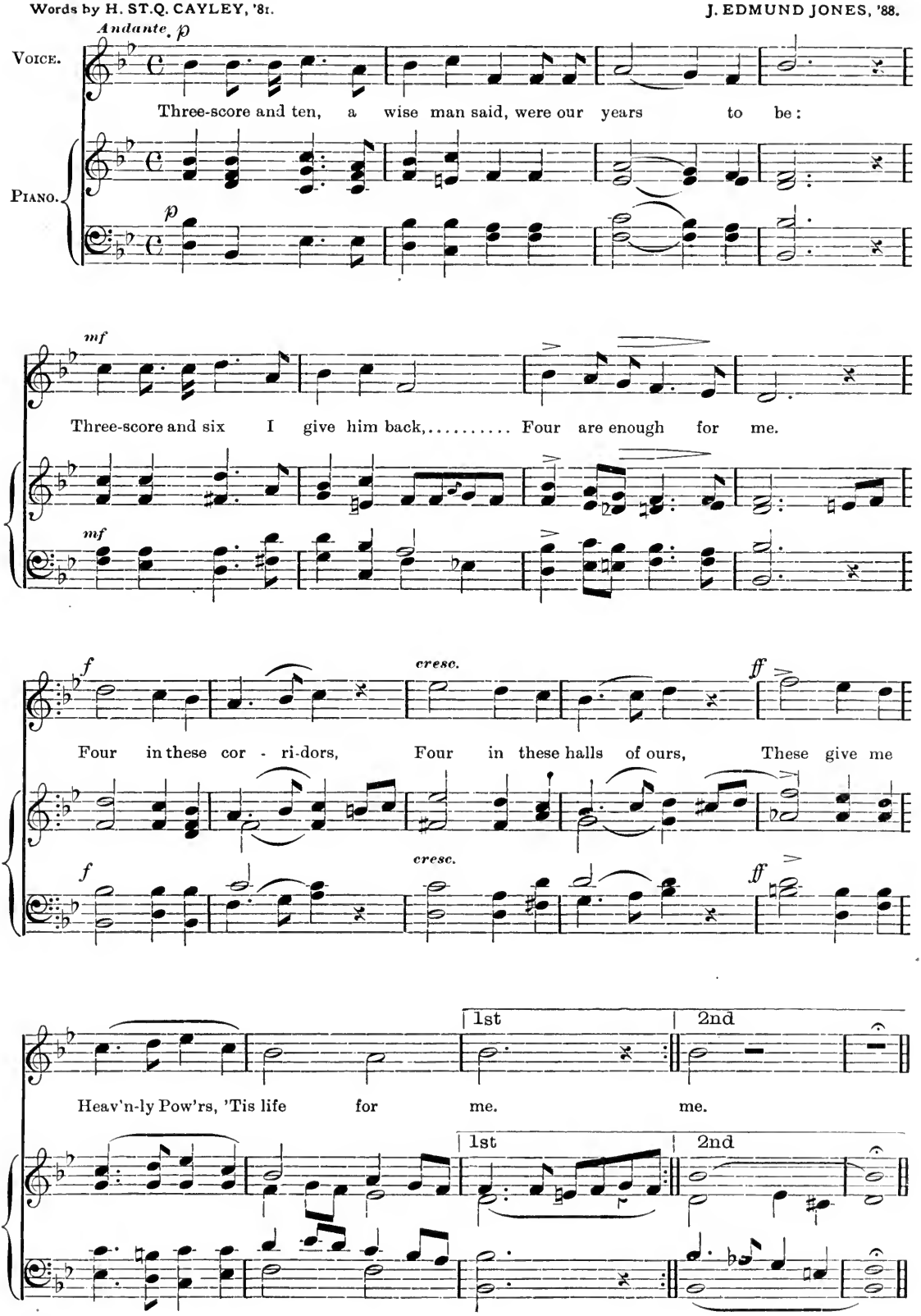
OLD VOICES.

"The past never comes back; our fancies are but the ideal ghosts of things that were."
—PROF. G. P. YOUNG.

Words by W. W. CAMPBELL, '85. ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Andante, quasi recitativo.

accel. e cresc.
old, old tunes that no one hears, That steal to me from the sad old years, And
dim.
sweet words that no one speaks.
dim.
f
sf
p
quasi recitativo
p
But on-ly the rhythm of an old time tune, That steals down the halls of
p
pp
ppp
time; And comes so soft like the far off rune Of a stream that sleeps thro' the afternoon, Or a

mf. più mosso
dis - tant evening chime.....
And in the si-lence that
mf.
p
f
in - ter - venes, Sad voi - ces whis - per low:
"Come back once more to the
p
f
accel. e cresc.
loved old scenes. To the dim old regions of boy-hood's dreams, The sweet world you used to
accel. e cresc.
sf.
know, the sweet world.... you used.... to know."....
sf
sf.
p

ENVOY.

Words by H. ST.Q. CAYLEY, '81. J. EDMUND JONES, '88.

INDEX TO TITLES.

	PAGE
A la Claire Fontaine	10
Alma Mater	47
Alma Mater	90
Alouette	55
Amo, Amas, I Love a Lass	54
A-Roving	56
Auf Wiedersehn	124
Auld Lang Syne	94
Aura Lee	120
Austrian National Hymn	19
Away, Away, Away	120
Bagpipes, The	83
Bonnie Doon	94
Boots, The	59
Breathe Soft, Ye Winds	162
Bridget Donaghue	139
Brigadier, Le	24
Broken Ring, The	123
Bull Dog, The	74
Camping Song	104
Canada, the Gem in the Crown	3
Canadian Boat Song, A	114
Capital Ship, A	112
Carmen Liberorum Romanorum	68
Chinese Song	84
Choral March	167
Cloud Cap't Towers, The	143
College Gown, The	73
Commencement	90
Cruise of the Bugaboo, The	28
Dear Evelina	51
Der Wirthin Töchterlein	66
Diggy, Daddy, Hear Him Weep	166
Drapeau de Carillon, Le	164
Drink to Me Only	114
Dulce Domum	67
En Roulant ma Boule	138
Envoy	173
Eulalie	129
Farewell,	163
Farewell to the Forest	130
Forsaken am I	121
Forty Years On	31
Freshman's Fate, The	38
Gaudeamus Igitur	80
Glory and Love to the Men of Old. (Faust)	153
God Preserve our Native Land	2
God Save the Queen	2
Good Night, Ladies	75
Good Night. (Round)	66
Hail, Columbia	15
Halli-Hallo	140
Heigho, Heigho	72
Here's to the Maiden	118
Home by the Sea, A	125
Honour Old 'Varsity	89
$H_2 S O_4$	43
Integer Vitae	62
I'se Gwine Back to Dixie	122
I've Lost my Doggy	127
Jingle, Bells	36
Johnny Schmoker	116
Juanita	152
Kemo Kimo	33
Kermesse Scene. (Faust)	145
Kingdom Coming	100
Landlady's Daughter, The	66
Litoria	22
Litoria. (Freshman's Version)	23
Lorelei, Die	96
Maid from Algoma, The	23
Maid from Algoma, The. (Second Version)	24
Malbrouck	88
Maple Leaf For Ever, The	7
Marching Song	73
March of the Men of Harlech	14
Marseillaise, La	16
Massa's in the Cold Ground	110
May God Preserve Thee, Canada	1
Meerschaum Pipe	62
Mermaid, The	85
Merrily, Merrily. (Round)	75
Michael Roy	52
Minstrel Boy, The	13
Mush, Mush	30
My Bonnie	45
Oh, my Darling Clementine	44
O'Hoolihan	35
Old Black Joe	97
Old Folks at Home	103
Old Grimes	21
Old Voices	170
On the Banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang	142
O Tempora, O Mores	27
Our Irish Bedel	26
Our New Degree	82
Peggy Murphy	78
Peter Gray	50
Pipe, The	58
Poachers of Lincolnshire, The	102
Polly Wolly Doodle	41
Pork, Beans and Hard Tack	78

	PAGE
Regimental Song of the Queen's Own Rifles	68
Revelry of the Dying	119
Rosalie	98
Row Your Boat. (Round)	43
Rule, Britannia	11
Russian National Anthem	20
Sailing Across the Sea	160
Sailing, Sailing, Sailing	42
Sail, Sail, My Bark Canoe	91
Saw My Leg Off	83
Scots Wha Hae	13
Seeing Nellie Home	40
Sleep, Lady, Sleep	150
Sleighrider's Serenade	128
Soldier's Farewell	117
Solomon Levi	76
Son of a Gambolier	64
Spanish Guitar, The	48
Speed Away	131
Stars of the Summer Night	137
Stars of the Summer Night (as sung at Yale)	137
Stars Trembling o'er Us	115
Still Night, The. (A Catch)	133
Tale of Two Idles, A	49
Tarpaulin Jacket, The	92
Temperance Corps, The	132
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground	95
There is a Tavern in the Town	38
There's Only Room for One	61
Those Evening Bells	70
Three Crows, The	71
Three Little Kittens,	70
Tramp's Song, The	34
Treue Liebe	134
Two Roses, The	101
Ubi Bene, Ibi Patria	46
Un Canadien Errant	9
Undergraduate's Lament, The	57
Upidee. (Yale Version)	86
Vicar of Bray, The	106
Vive la Canadienne	9
Vive la Compagnie	81
Wacht am Rhein, Die	18
'Way up on the Mountain-Top-tip-top	87
Ye Shepherds Tell Me	134
Young Recruit, The	107

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE.
A capital ship for an ocean trip	112
Ach! wie ist's möglich dann	134
Ah! can it truly be	134
Airily float we with gentle swing	120
A la claire fontaine	10
Allons, enfants de la patrie	16
All the world around I'm straying	46
Alouette, gentille Alouette	55
Amo, Amas, I love a lass	54
And are they done, those halcyon days	90
An exile lone and sad	9
As I was walking down the street	72
As the blackbird, in the spring	120
A tall, stalwart lancer lay dying	92
At number three, Old England Square	56
A voice resounds like thunder peal	18
Away down south in Centre street	33
Breathe soft, ye winds	162
Bring hither a beaker and fill it with wine	81
Canada, the Star and Dominion	3
Come all ye tender-hearted men	28
Come listen to our hearty song	73
Come youths and maidens all	38
Comrades, brothers in the battle	90
Concinamus, O sodales	67
Dashing through the snow	36
Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche	24
Drink to me only with thine eyes	114
Ene mene mine mo	68
En roulant ma boule roulant	138
Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall	18
Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath	124
Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein	66
Faintly as tolls the evening chime	114
Far in a shaded valley	123
Forsaken am I	121
Forty years on, when afar and asunder	31
Gaudeamus igitur	80
Glory and love to the men of old	153
God preserve our native land	2
God preserve our noble sov'reign	19
God save our gracious Queen	2
Gone are the days when my heart was young	97
Good night	66
Good night, ladies	75
Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser	19
Hail Columbia, happy land	15
Hark! I hear a voice	87
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen	118
How can I bear to leave thee	117
Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten	96
I'm a rambling rake of poverty	64
Im Wald und auf der Haide	140
In a cabin, in a canon	44
In Brooklyn city there lived a maid	52
In days of yore from Britain's shore	7
In einem kühlen Grunde	123
In every land, by God's command	124
In good King Charles' golden days	106
Integer vitae scelerisque purus	62
In the sky the bright stars glittered	40
I'se gwine back to Dixie	122
I stand on the confines of the past to-night	170
It was in the County Kerry	139
I've lost my doggie	127
Je suis Pierre le bon-ton de Paris	98
Johnny Schmoker	116
Long live our noble Czar	20
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre	88
May God preserve thee, Canada	1
Me gettee married	84
Me name it is O'Hoolihan	35
Men of Harlech! in the hollow	14
Merrily, merrily, greet the morn	75
Minstrel awaken the harp from its slumbers	89
Morgen muss ich fort von hier	163
My Bonnie is over the ocean	45
My name is Polly Hill	142
My name is Solomon Levi	76
Now we'll sing you a tale of two idles	49
O Carillon! je te revois encore	164
O Carillon! to thee once more returning	164
Of all things on earth that to joy give birth	58
Oft in the classic page I've read	73
Oft in the stilly night	133
Oh! Alma Mater, thus I think, and then I sigh	47
Oh! give me a home by the sea	125
O hills, O vales of pleasure	130
Oh! I went down south for to see my Sal	41
Oh! swate Peggy Murphy had beautiful eyes	78
Oh! tell me what it meaneth	96
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank	74
Oh! 'twas there I larned radin' and writin'	30
Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe	62
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man	21
Ole massa bought a bran new coat	166
On a bank two roses fair	101
On a painted ocean a painted ship	160
Once on a time there lived a man	50
Once on a time there were three little kittens	70
On, gallant company, with measured step and song	167
Our volunteers are soldiers bold	78
Over the river, over the Dee	42

	PAGE.
Red or white liquor, coarse or fine	145
Round de meadows am a-ringing	110
Row, row, row. your boat	43
Saw my leg off	83
Say, arkeys, hab you seen de massa	100
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled	13
See these ribbons gaily streaming	107
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	94
Sleep, lady, sleep	150
Soft o'er the fountain	152
Some spake of O'Connell, the great Liberator	26
Speed away on thine errand of light	131
Star of the summer eve	129
Stars of the summer night	137
Stars of the summer night. (As sung at Yale)	137
Stars trembling o'er us	115
The cloud-cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces	143
The festal day has come	59
The king of the north has clothed the earth	128
The minstrel boy to the war is gone	13
There is a tavern in the town	38
There's only room for one	61
There was a jolly fiddler	27
There were three crows sat on a tree	71
The shades of night were comin' down swift	86
Those evening bells, those evening bells	70
Three score and ten, a wise man	173
Three students that came from far over the Rhine	66
Through wood and forest ranging	140
To Chancellor and Senate, too	57
'Twas at our last college dinner	82
'Twas Friday morn when we set sail	85
Un Canadien errant	9
Up, comrades, up! 'tis our bugle	68
Vive la Canadienne	9
'Way down in the meadow	51
'Way down in yonder valley	34
'Way down upon the Swanee ribber	103
We have left far behind us the dwellings of men	104
We meet 'neath the sounding rafter	119
We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground	95
We're the temp'rance corps of the Q. O. R	132
When Britain first at Heaven's command	11
When I was a student at Cadiz	48
When I was bound apprentice	102
When the golden dawn of day	163
Where are you going, my pretty maid?	23
Where are you going, my pretty maid? (2nd vers'n)	24
Where the pine tree waveth	91
Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon	94
Ye blooming freshman dons his gown	22
Ye shepherds, tell me have you seen	134
Ye sons of France, awake to glory	16
Ye 'Varsity man has doffed his gown	23
Yi, yi, yi, yi	83
You take a few pieces of zinc	43

*** As a great deal of the music of this book is printed with vocal parts only, it will be specially noted that in many cases the upper stave is to be played an octave lower than it is written.

COMMITTEE OF COMPILATION AND MANAGEMENT.

J. E. JONES, '88, - - - *Chairman.*

J. D. SPENCE, '89, - - - *Secretary.*

N. KENT, '88, - - - *Treasurer.*

M. S. MERCER, '85.
R. M. HAMILTON, '87.
R. L. JOHNSTON, '87.
A. H. YOUNG, '87.

J. W. GARVIN, '87.
W. J. HEALY, '88.
F. B. HODGINS, '88.
J. J. FERGUSON, '90.

STUDIES FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

EDITED AND FINGERED BY THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHORITY,

CHARLES HALLÉ.

H. BERTINI.

Twenty-five Preparatory Studies. Op. 29. Two Books.....each $0 75
Twenty-five Preparatory Studies. Op. 32 (sequel to Op. 29). Two Books.....each 75
Twenty-five Easy and Progressive Studies. Op. 100. Two Books.....each 75
Twenty-five Elementary Studies. Op. 137. Two Books.....each 75

J. B. CRAMER.

Celebrated Studies. Four Books.....each $1 20

C. CZERNY.

101 Preparatory Exercises. Op. 261. Two Books.....each $0 75
Etude de la Velocite. Op. 299. Two Books, each 1 20
Forty Daily Studies. Op. 337. Two Books, each 75
Forty Daily Studies. Op. 453. Two Books, each 75
Introduction to the Etude de la Velocite. Op. 636. Two Books.....each 1 20

DUVERNOY.

Ecole du Mechanisme. Op. 120. Two Books, each $0 75

STEPHEN HELLER.

Three New Studies. Op. 139.....$ 75
Twenty Preludes. Op. 150. Two Books, each 75
Two Studies in C major and A minor. Op. 151, 75

LOUIS KÖHLER.

Twenty Studies. Op. 50. In two Books, each $0 75
Twenty Studies (sequel to Op. 50). Op. 60. In two Books.....each 75
Twelve Studies. Op. 112. Two Books..each 1 50
School of Velocite. Op. 128. Two Books, each 1 50

A. LOESCHHORN.

Forty-eight Progressive Studies. Op. 65. Three Books.....each $1 00
Thirty-three Studies. Op. 66. Three Books, each 1 20
Eighteen Studies. Op. 67. Three Books, each 1 20

CARL REINECKE.

Twenty-four Studies. Op. 121. Three Books, each $1 20

TORONTO: I. SUCKLING & SONS, PUBLISHERS.

MUSIC FOR CHORAL SOCIETIES.

FOR MIXED VOICES.

Gray's Elegy.....A. Cellier $0 85
Childhood of Christ.....H. Berlioz 1 75
Faust.....H. Berloiz 1 25
Fridolin.....A. Randegger 1 75
God is Love.....Mrs. J. Robinson 1 00
Jackdaw of Rheims.....G. Fox 85
Lalla Rookh.....F. Clay 1 75
Martyr of Antioch.....A. Sullivan 1 75
Messe Solonelle.....G. Rossini 1 40
O Praise the Lord of Heaven, Villiers Stanford 35

FOR FEMALE VOICES.

Elfin Chimes.....F. F. Rogers....$0 60
Fairy Music.....F. N. Lohr 60
Flowers.....J. L. Hatton 60
Watchfulness.....H Hiles, Mus. Doc. 70
Widow of Nain.....F. J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc. 60
Woodland Wanderings, six two-part songs for Soprano and Contralto....Allen Macbeth 75
Six Vocal Duets, Soprano and Contralto, Franz Abt..... 35
School Songs. 150 numbers. F. N. Lohr. Each 10

VOICE TRAINING EXERCISES,

IN SEPARATE BOOKS FOR

SOPRANO, MEZZO-SOPRANO, TENOR, CONTRALTO, BARITONE AND BASS VOICES.

BY EMIL BEHNKE AND CHAS. W. PEARCE.

Progressive Lessons for acquiring Resonance, Attack and Flexibility for the whole Compass of the Voice. Price, each 50 Cents; in cloth boards, $1.

The Canadian Copyright has been Secured in this Work.

A Special Discount to Societies for quantities.

TORONTO, CANADA: I. SUCKLING & SONS, PUBLISHERS.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co's

MUSIC PRIMERS.

EDITED BY DR. STAINER.

In issuing this series of Music Primers the editor sees with pleasure the realization of a desire that has long been felt, to place in the hands of teachers and students of music a set of educational works of a high standard at a price so low as to render them attainable by all.

The growing interest in music generally, and rapid spread of its study, so very evident in this country, render it of the utmost importance that the student's first steps in every branch should be directed with skill and based on sound principles. The Editor has kept this object steadily in view, and he believes that each one of these Primers will prove to be as carefully constructed in detail as it is comprehensive in design.

Such a result would have been impossible but for the hearty support and sympathy of those authors, men of known ability in their special branches of art, who have embodied the results of their long and valuable experience in their respective contributions.

While gratefully acknowledging the kindness of these gentlemen, the Editor cannot but express a hope that the Primers may prove as useful to the public, and as beneficial to art, as both authors and publishers have endeavoured to make them.

1	The Pianoforte	E. Pauer	$0 70	15	Instrumentation	E. Prout	$0 70
*2	The Rudiments of Music	W. H. Cummings	35	16	The Elements of the beautiful in Song	E. Pauer	35
*3	The Organ	Dr. Stainer	75	*17	The Violin	Berthold Tours	70
4	The Harmonium	King Hall	70	18	Tonic Sol-Fa	J. Curwen	35
*5	Singing, (Boards, $1.50)	A. Randegger	1 25	19	Lancashire Sol-Fa	James Greenwood	35
6	Speech in Song, (*Singer's Pronouncing Primer*)	A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.	70	20	Composition	Dr. Stainer	70
7	Musical Forms	E. Pauer	70	21	Musical Terms	Stainer and Barret	35
*8	Harmony	Dr. Stainer	60	22	The Violoncello	Jules de Swert	70
9	Counterpoint	Dr. Bridge	70	23	Two-part Exercises (396),	James Greenwood	35
10	Fugue	James Higgs	70	24	Double Scales	Franklin Taylor	35
11	Scientific Basis of Music	Dr. Stone	35	25	Musical Expression	Mathis Lussy	1 05
12	Double Counterpoint	Dr. Bridge	70	26	Solfeggi (Boards $1.50),	Florence A. Marshall	1 40
13	Church Choir Training	Rev. J. Troutbeck	35	27	Organ Accompaniment	Dr. Bridge	70
14	Plain Song	Rev. T. Elmore	70	28	The Cornet	H. Brett	70

The Canadian Copyright has been secured in the numbers marked *.

TORONTO, CANADA: I. SUCKLING & SONS, MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

MISCELLANEOUS PART SONGS.

FOR MIXED VOICES.

		Cents.
1	Dulce Domum. S. A. T. B., G. A. Macfarren	05
2	Down among the dead men. S. A. T. B., G. A. Macfarren	05
3	The girl I've left behind me. S. A. T. B., G. A. Macfarren	05
4	British Grenadiers. S. A. T. B., G. A. Macfarren	08
5	Long live England's future Queen. S.A.T.B. Dr. Rimbault	08
6	My task is ended (Song and Chorus). A.T.B. B. Balfe	12
7	Thus spake one summer's day. S.A.T.B., Abt	08
8	Soldiers' Chorus. Gounod	12
9	The Kermesse Scene (from "Faust").. "	15
10	Up, quit thy bower. S.A.T.B. Brinley Richards	12
11	Maidens, never go a-wooing. S.S.T.T.B. G. A. Macfarren	08
12	Faggot Binders' Chorus. Gounod	12
13	Sylvan Hours (for six female voices) Joseph Robinson	15
14	The Gipsy Chorus. T.T.B.B. Balfe	12
15	Ave Maria. Arcadelt	05
16	Hark! the herald angels sing. S.A.T.B. Mendelssohn	05
17	England yet (Solo and Chorus). S.A.T.B. Jules Benedict	08
18	The Shepherd's Sabbath Day. S.A.T.B. J. L. Hatton	08
19	Thoughts of Childhood. S.A.T.B. Henry Smart	08
20	Spring's Return. S.A.T.B. " "	08
21	An old Church Song. S.A.T.B. " "	08
22	Sabbath Bells. S.A.T.B. " "	08
23	Serenade. S.A.T.B. " "	08
24	Cold Autumn Wind. S.A.T.B. " "	08
25	Orpheus with his lute. S.S.S. Bennett Gilbert	08
26	Lullaby. S.A.A. " "	05
27	This is my own, my native land. S.A.T.B. G. A. Macfarren	05
28	March of the Men of Harlech. S.A.T.B. Dr. Rimbault	08
29	God Save the Queen. S.A.T.B. Dr. Rimbault	05
30	Rule, Britannia. S.A.T.B " "	05
31	The Retreat. T.T.B.B. L. de Rille	08
32	Lo! morn is breaking. S.S.S. Cherubini	08
33	We are Spirits. S.S.S. G. A. Macfarren	12
34	Market Chorus (Masaniello). S.A.T.B. Auber	12
35	The Prayer (Masaniello). S.A.T.B. "	05
36	The Water Sprites. S.A.T.B. Kücken	08
37	Eve's glittering star. S.A.T.B. "	08
38	When first the primrose. S.A.T.B. "	08
39	O dewdrop bright. S.A.T.B. "	05
40	Sanctus, from the "Messe Solenelle." S.A.T.B. Rossini	12
41	Nine Kyries, Ancient and Modern. Rossini	08
42	Sun of my soul. S.A.T.B. Brinley Richards	08
43	'Twas fancy and the ocean's spray. S.A.T.B. G. A. Osborne	08
44	A Prayer for those at Sea. S.A.T.B. G. A. Osborne	08
45	O Thou whose power (Prayer from "Mose in Egitto"). Rossini	08
46	The Guard on the Rhine. S.A.T.B. G. A. Macfarren	05
47	The German Fatherland. S.A.T.B. G. A. Macfarren	05
48	The Lord is my Shepherd (Quartet). S.A.T.B G. A. Osborne	08
49	Te Deum, in F. Jackson	08
50	Te Deum, in F. Nares	08
51	Charity (La Carita). S.S.S. Rossini	12
52	Cordelia. A.T.T.B. G. A. Osborne	12
53	I know. S.A.T.B. Walter Hay	08
54	Chorus of Handmaidens (from "Fridolia") A. Randegger	12
55	The Offertory Sentences. Edmund Rogers	12
56	The Red Cross Knight. Dr. Calcott	08
57	The Chough and Crow. Sir H. R. Bishop	10
58	The "Carnovale." Rossini	08
59	Softly falls the moonlight. Edmund Rogers	12
60	Air of Himmel. Henry Leslie	08
61	Offertory Sentences. E. Sauerbrey	12
62	The Ressurection. C. Villiers Stanford	15
63	Our Boys. New Patriotic Song. H. J. Byron and W. M. Lutz	12
64	The Men of Wales. Brinley Richards	08
65	Dame Durden	05
66	A little farm well tilled. Hook	05
67	There was a simple maiden. G. A. Macfarren	05
68	Fair Hebe. G. A. Macfarren	05
69	Once I loved a maiden fair. G. A. Macfarren	05
70	The joval man of Kent. G. A. Macfarren	05
71	The oak and the ash. G. A. Macfarren	05
72	Heart of Oak. G. A. Macfarren	05
73	Come to the sunset Tree. W. A. Philpott	12
74	May S.A.T.B. W. F. Banks	08
75	Pure, lovely innocence. "Il Re di Lahore." Chorus for Female voices. G. Massenet	12
76	A Love Idyl. S.A.T.B. E. R. Terry	08
77	Hail to the Woods! A.T.T.B. J. Yarwood	08
78	Near the town of Taunton Dean. Dudeney	08
79	Our merry boys at sea. Yarwood	08
80	The shepherd's Farewell. Berlioz	10
81	When the sun sets o'er the mountains ("Il Demonio,"). A. Rubinstein	10
82	Hymn of Nature. Beethoven	10
83	Michaelmas Day. (Humorous Part Songs, No. 1.). Walter Maynard	12
84	Sporting Notes. (Humorous Part Songs, No. 2.). Walter Maynard	12
85	Austrian National Hymn. Haydn	12
86	A May Carol. S.S.C. Joseph Robinson	12
87	The bright-hair'd Morn is glowing. S.A.T.B. Theodor L. Clemens	10
88	Oh Rest. ("Valleda.") C. H. Lenepveu	12
89	Love reigneth over all. T.T.B.B. C. G. Elsasser	15
90	Joy Waltz. T.T.B.B. C. G. Elsasser	15
91	The Star of Bethlehem. (Christmas Carol.) Theodor L. Clemens	08
92	Busy, Curious, Thirsty Fly. T.A.T.B. Theodor L. Clemens	10
93	Love Wakes and Weeps. A.T.B.B. Felix W. Morley	08

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO SONG BOOK.

PRICE—CLOTH, $1.25: PAPER, 90c.

TORONTO, CANADA: I. SUCKLING & SONS, PUBLISHERS.